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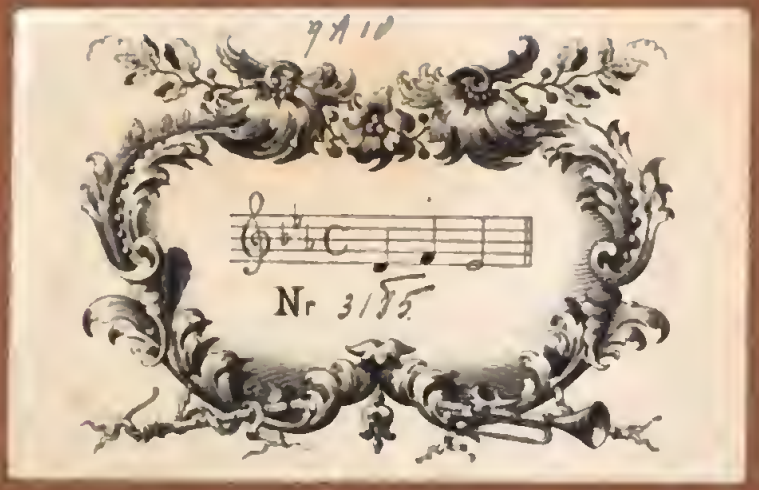

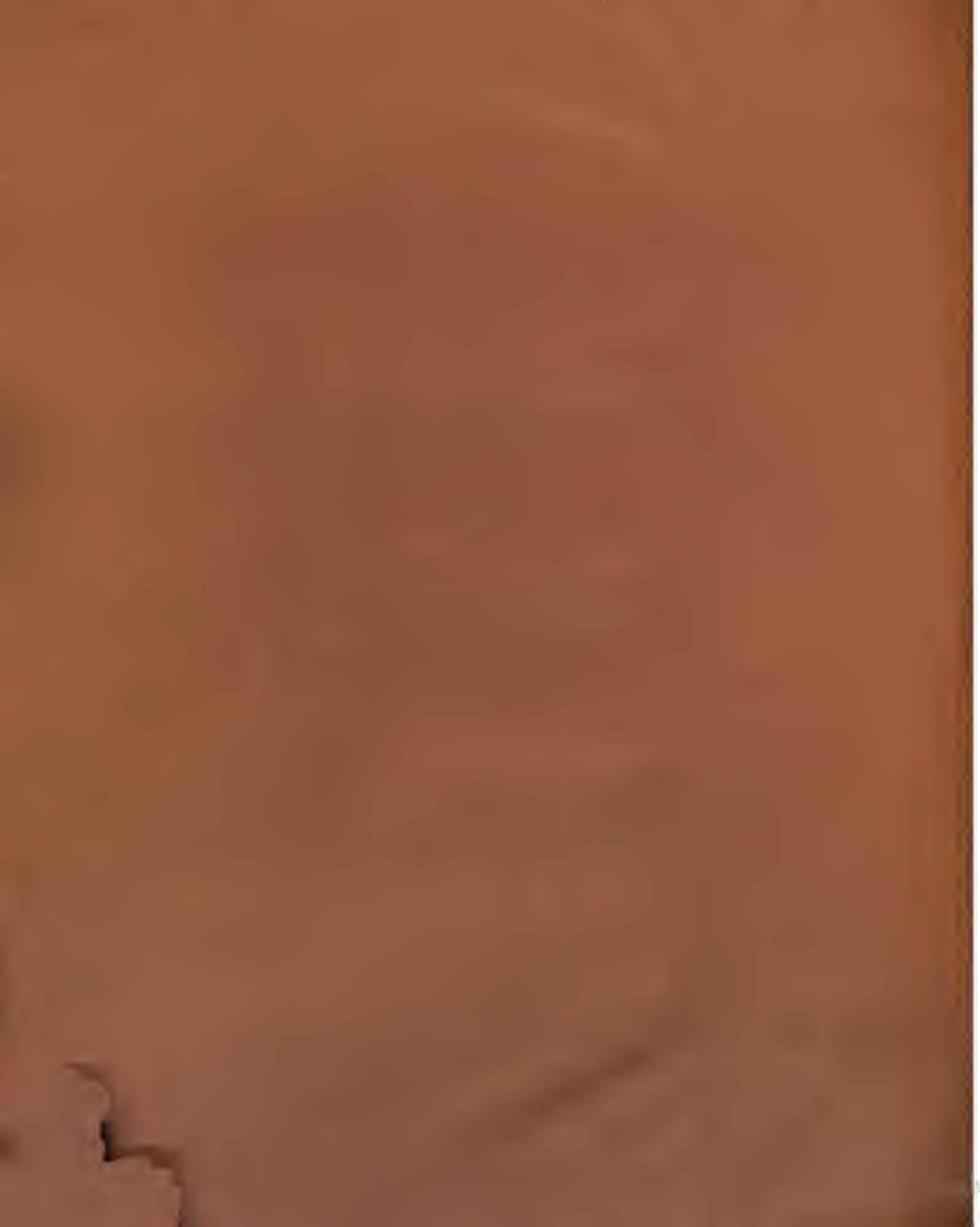

THE

GERMAN ERATO,

OR

A COLLECTION OF FAVOURITE SONGS

TRANSLATED IN-TO ENGLISH,

WITH THEIR ORIGINAL MUSIC.

THE THIRD EDITION.

BERLIN,

SOLD BY H. FRÖLICH; AND BY MESSIEURS BAUMGÄRTNERS, LEIPSIC.

1800.

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KONINKLIJKE
BIBLIOTHEEK

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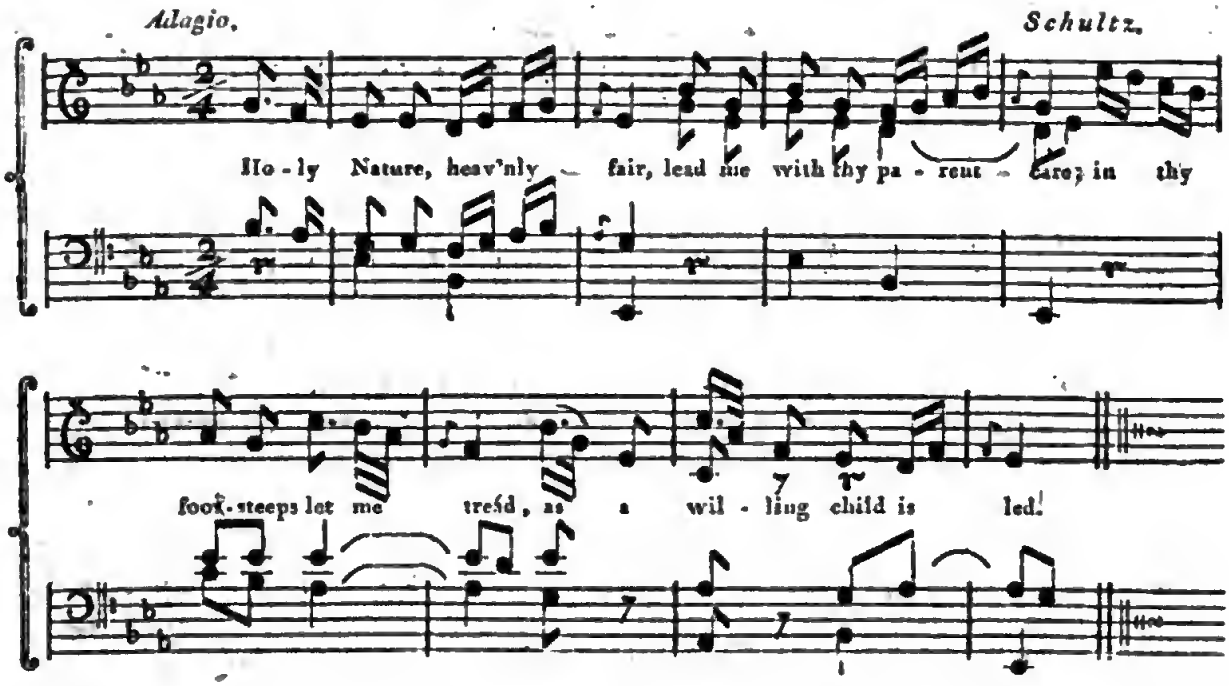
HYMN TO NATURE.



I.

HOLY Nature, heav'nly fair,
Lead me with thy parent care;
In thy footsteps let me tread,
As a willing child is led.

II.

When, with care and grief oppress,
Soft I sink me on thy breast;
On thy peaceful bosom laid,
Grief shall cease, nor care invade!

III.

O congenial pow'r divine,
All my votive shout is thine!
Lead me with thy parent care,
Holy Nature, heav'nly fair!

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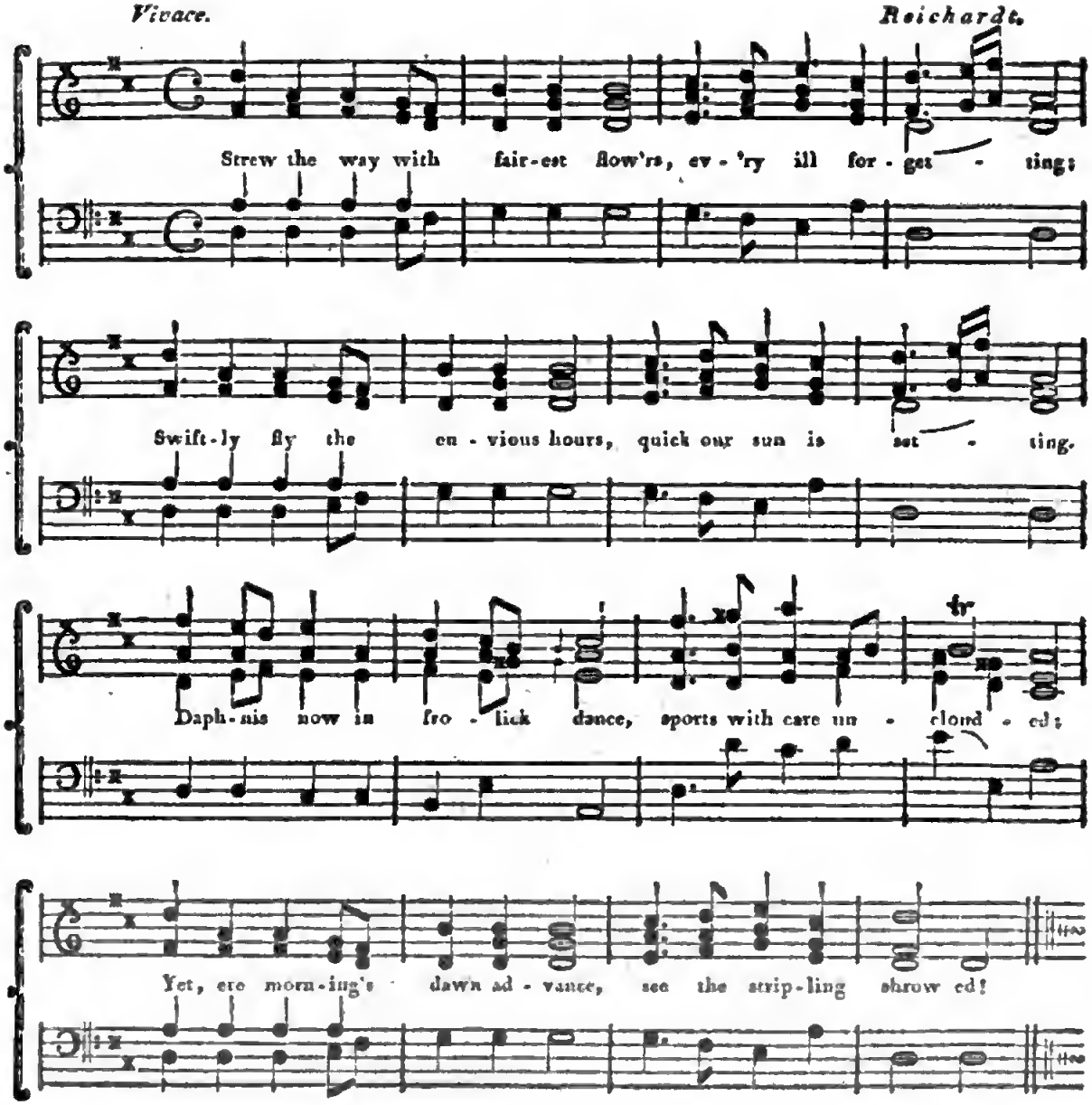
SONG.

Vivace. *Reichardt.*



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I.

STREW the way with fairest flow'rs,
Ev'ry ill forgetting;
Swiftly fly the envious hours,
Quick our sun is setting!
Daphnis now in frolick dance,
Sports with care unclouded;
Yet, ere morning's dawn advance,
See the stripling shrowded!

II.

See, in Hymen's joyous band
Blushing Phœbe plighting;
See, ere ev'ning's dews expend,
Death her eyes benighting!
Give then grief and moping care
To the breeze that passes;
'Neath this beechen grove so fair
Quaff the jingling glasses!

III.

Let not Philomel's soft strain
Trill neglected numbers,
Nor the hum of bees in vain
Lull to soothing slumbers.
Snatch, as long as fortune smiles,
Love and drinking pleasures;
Ruthless death no art beguiles,
Soon he steals our treasures!

IV.

O'er the dark and silent grave,
Where his prey reposes,
Vain their wings the zephyrs wave,
Scatt'ring breath of roses;
Vain the glasses tinkling sound,
Death's dull ear invading;
Vain the frolic dance around,
Direst measures treading!

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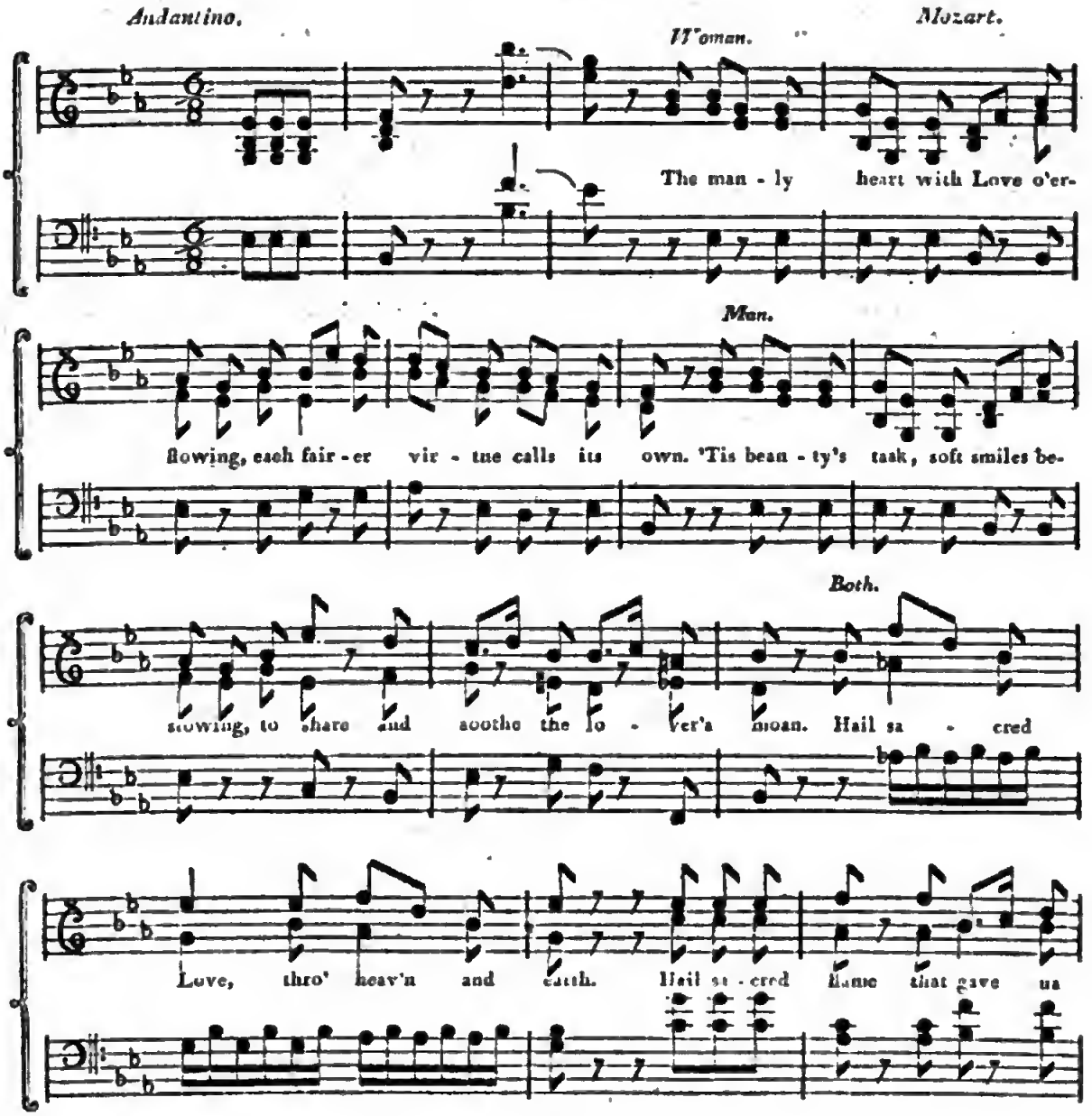
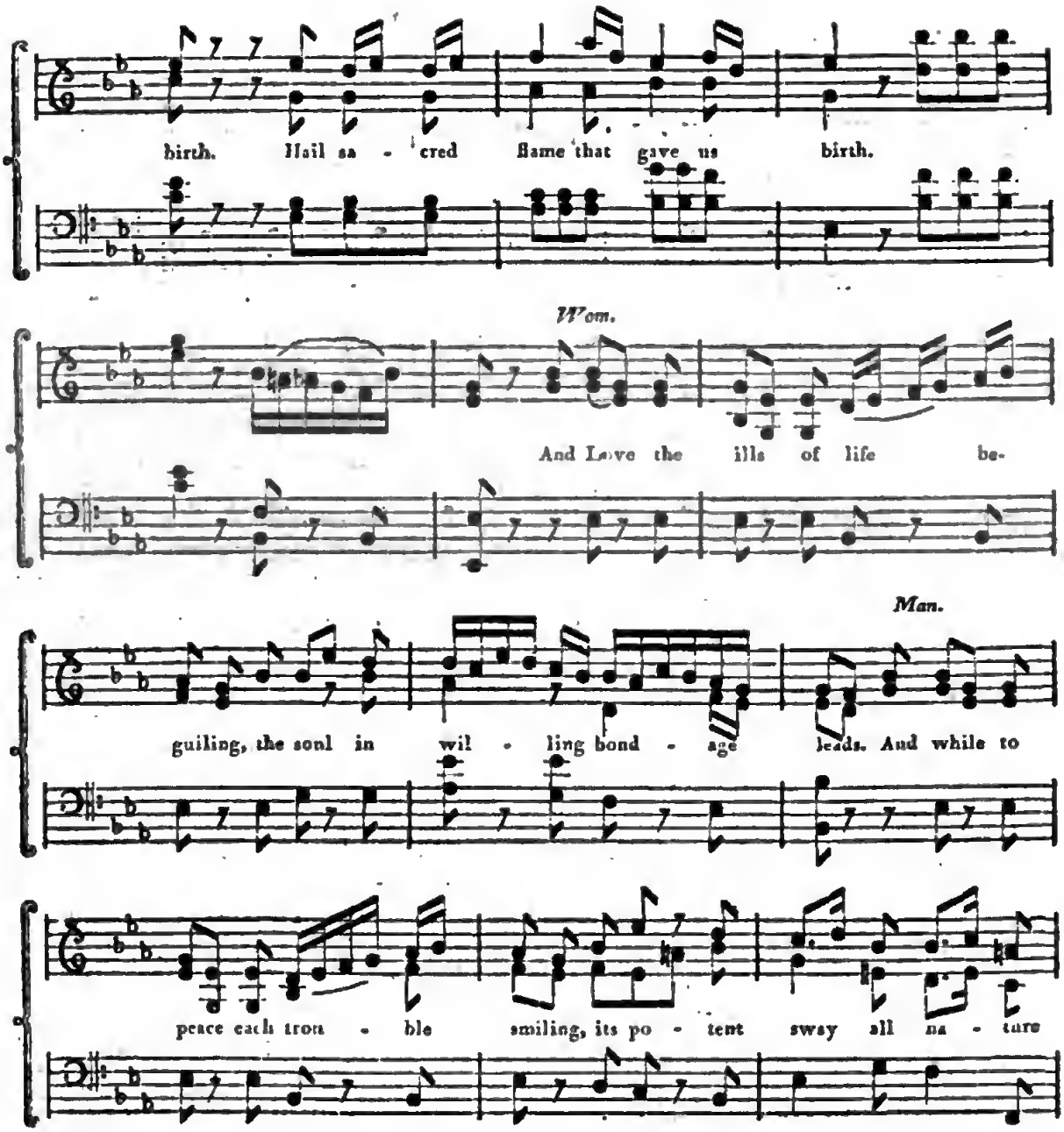
DUET.


Andantino.
Mozart.
Woman.
The man - ly heart with Love o'er-
Man.
flowing, each fair - er vir - tue calls its own. 'Tis beau - ty's task, soft smiles be-
Both.
stowing, to share and soothe the lo - ver's moan. Hail sa - cred
Love, thro' heav'n and earth. Hail sa - cred flame that gave us



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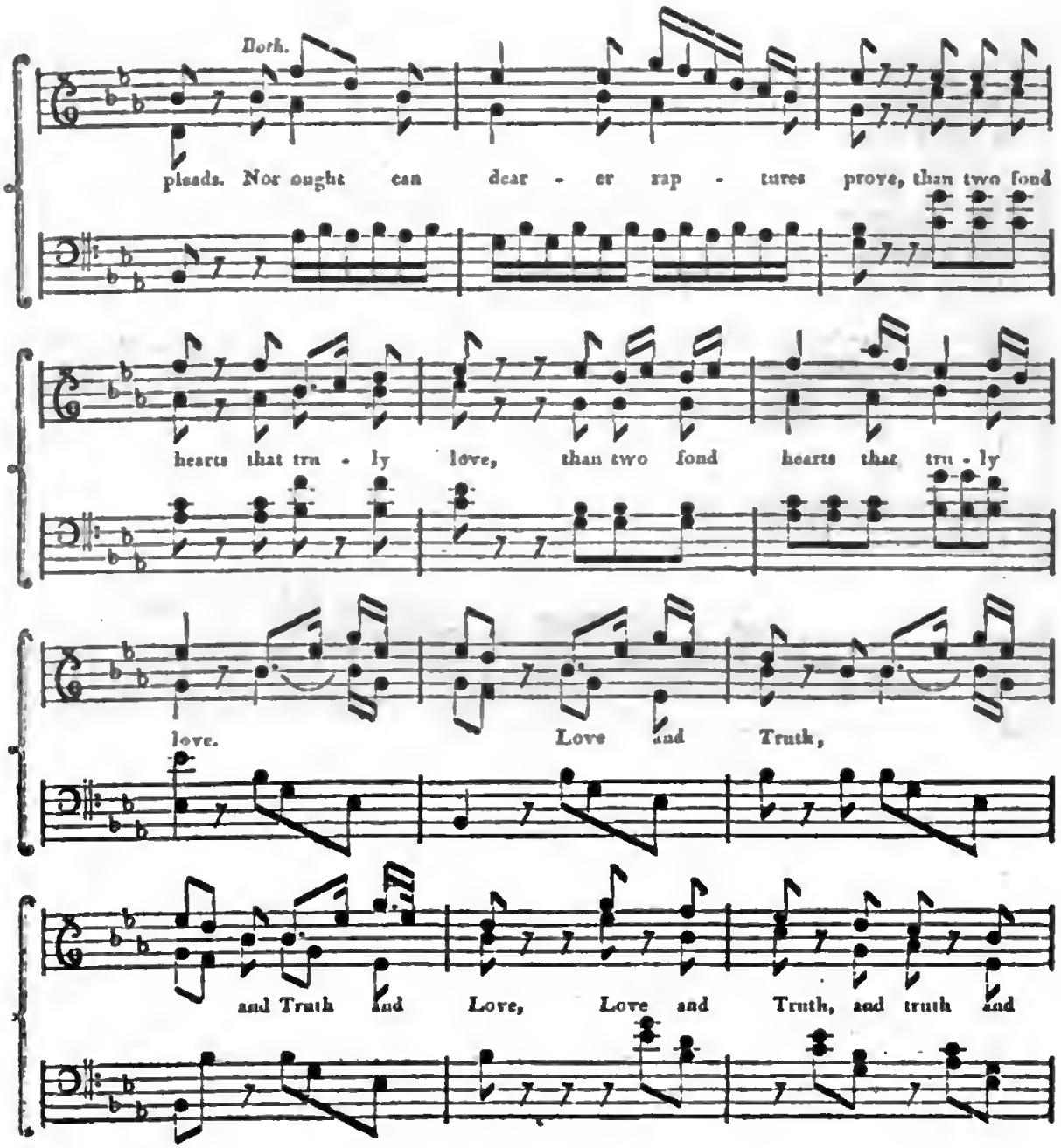

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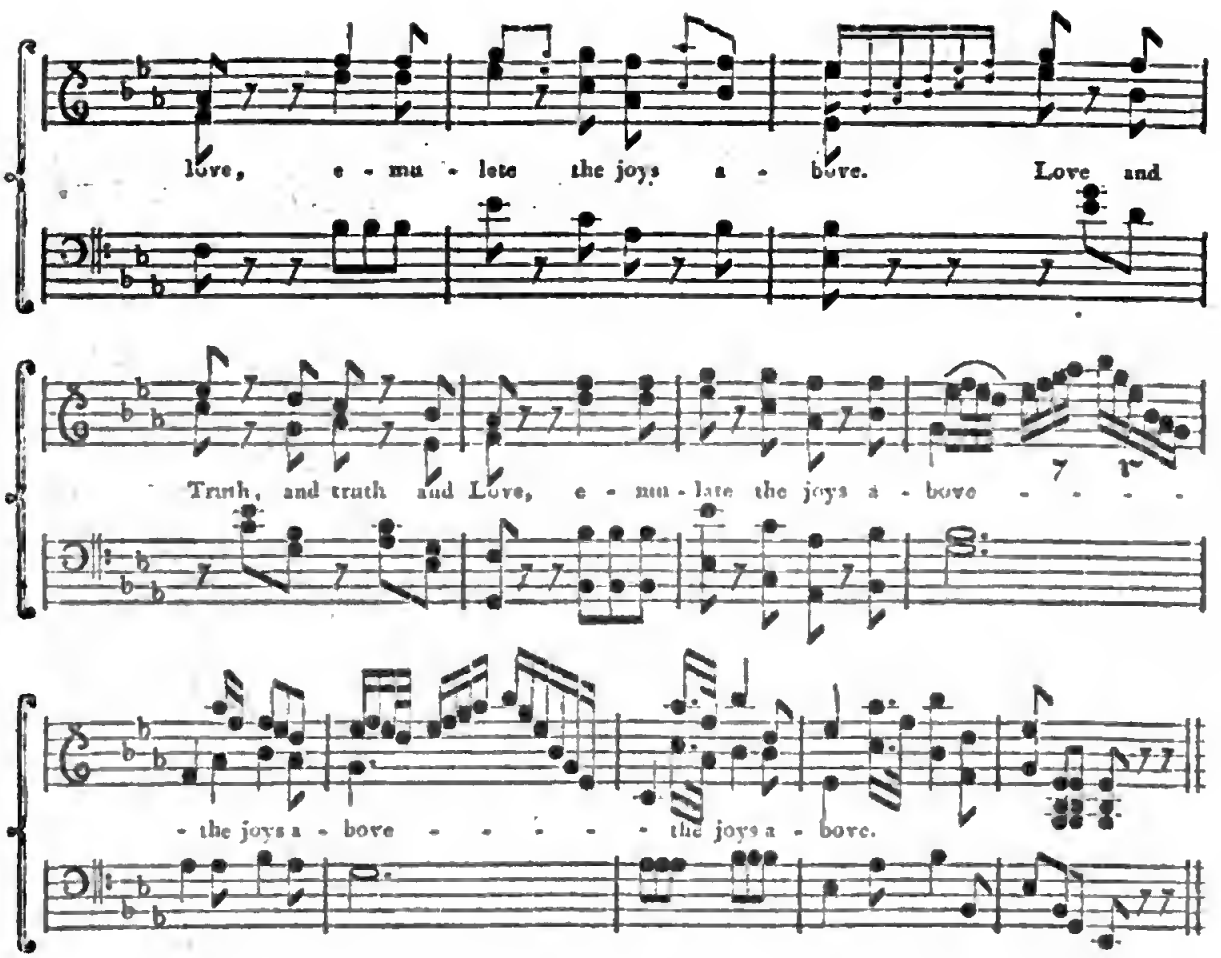


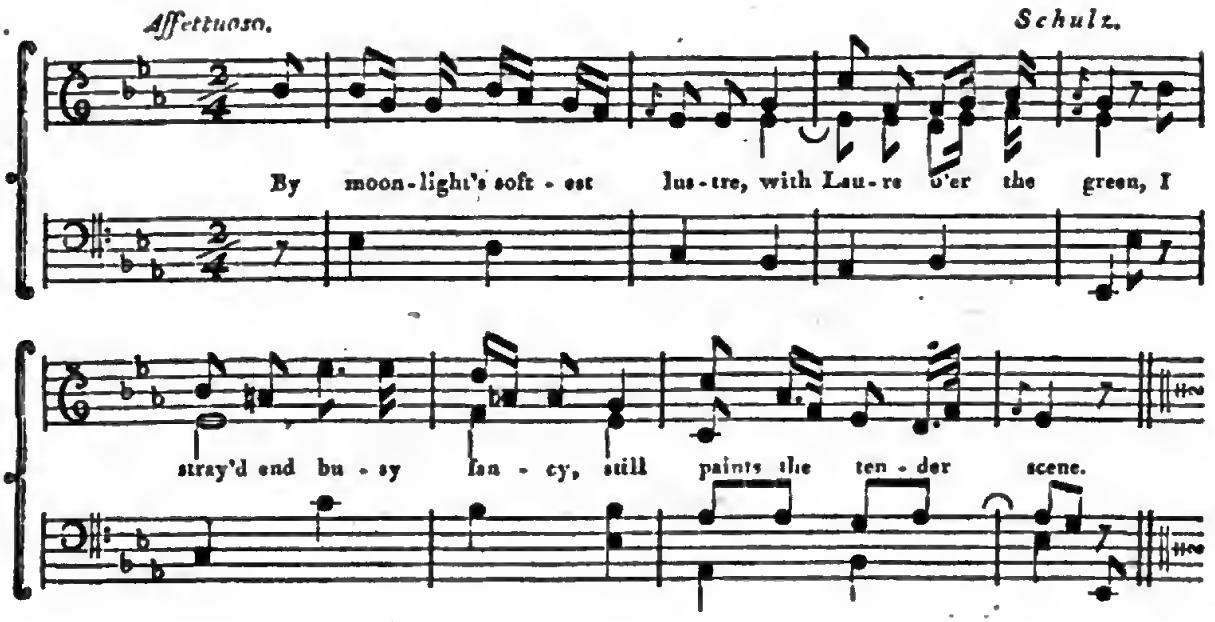
I.

Wom. THE manly heart with Love o'erflowing,
Each fairer virtue calls its own.
Man. 'Tis beauty's task, soft smiles bestowing,
To share and soothe the lover's moan.
Both. Hail sacred Love, thro' heav'n and earth!
Hail sacred flame that gave us birth!

II.

Wom. And Love the ills of life beguiling
The soul in willing bondage leads:
Man. And while to peace each trouble smiling,
Its potent sway all nature pleads.
Both. Nor ought can dearer raptures prove,
Than two fond hearts, that truly Love.
Love and Truth, and Truth and Love,
Emulate the joys above!

SONG.



I.

BY moon-light's softest lustre
With Laure o'er the green,
I stray'd, and busy fancy,
Still paints the tender scene.

II.

Soon breath'd the zephyr warmer,
As hand in hand we came;
And soon a gentle tremor
Seiz'd all my troubled frame.

III.

My Laura's eye reflected
Mild Cynthia's silver ray;
And on her lip it trembled,
And shed a sweeter day.

IV.

A tear of love quick starting,
Fell glist'ning from my eye;
And tender sighs half stifled,
To Laura softly fly.

V.

All silent was the maiden,
A tear bedimm'd her sight:
The moon the tear illumin'd,
I mark'd its pearly light.

VI.

Nor dreamt my gentle Laure
Her eye that tear betray'd:
The drop still paly glimmer'd,
As down her cheek it strey'd.

VII.

The landscape faded round me,
And vanish'd from my view: —
Ah, surely shall I never
Such tender joys renew!

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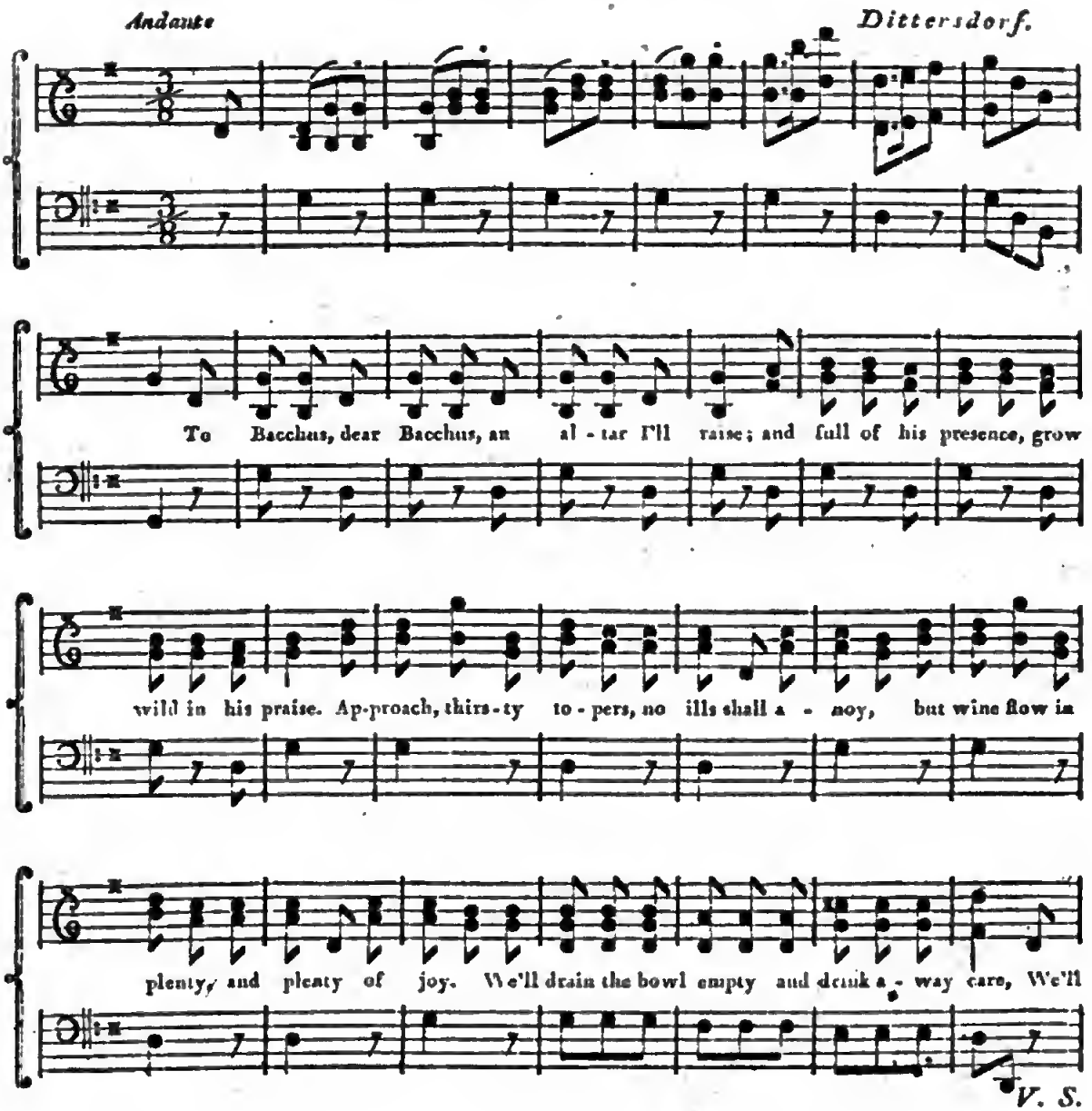
A DRINKING SONG.

Andante *Dittersdorf.*



V. S.

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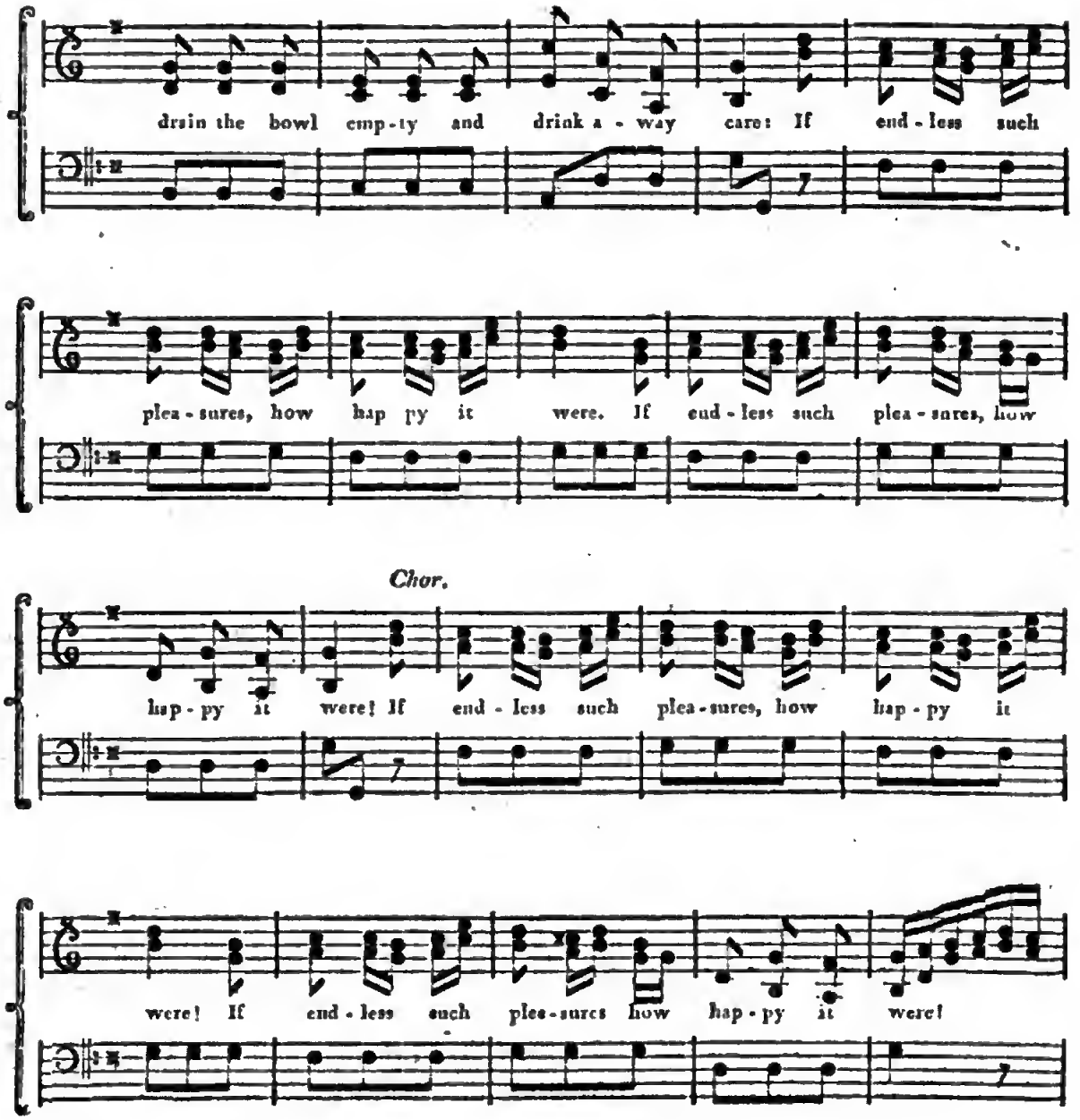
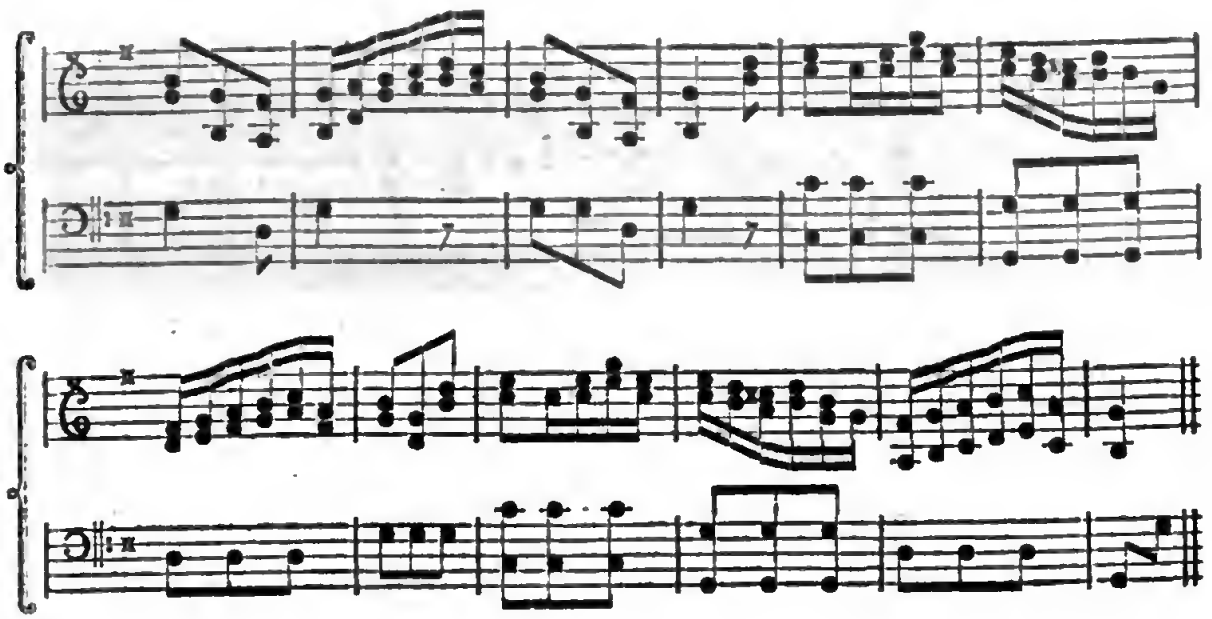

drain the bowl emp-ty and drink a - way care: If end - less such
plea - sures, how hap py it were. If end - less such plea - sures, how
Chor.
hap - py it were! If end - less such plea - sures, how hap - py it
were! If end - less such plea - sures how hap - py it were!



I.

TO Bacchus, dear Bacchus, an altar I'll raise!
And, full of his presence, grow wild in his praise.
Approach, thirsty topers, no ills shall annoy,
But wine flow in plenty, and plenty of joy.
We'll drain the bowl empty and drink away cares
If endless such pleasures, how happy it were!

II.

And Venus, bright goddess, the incense shall share,
And bumpers be quaff'd to the health of each fair.
In loves happy triumph each beauty shall shine,
And heighten the joys of the juice of the vine.
We'll drink, and we'll love, and we'll laugh away care.
If endless such pleasures, how happy it were!

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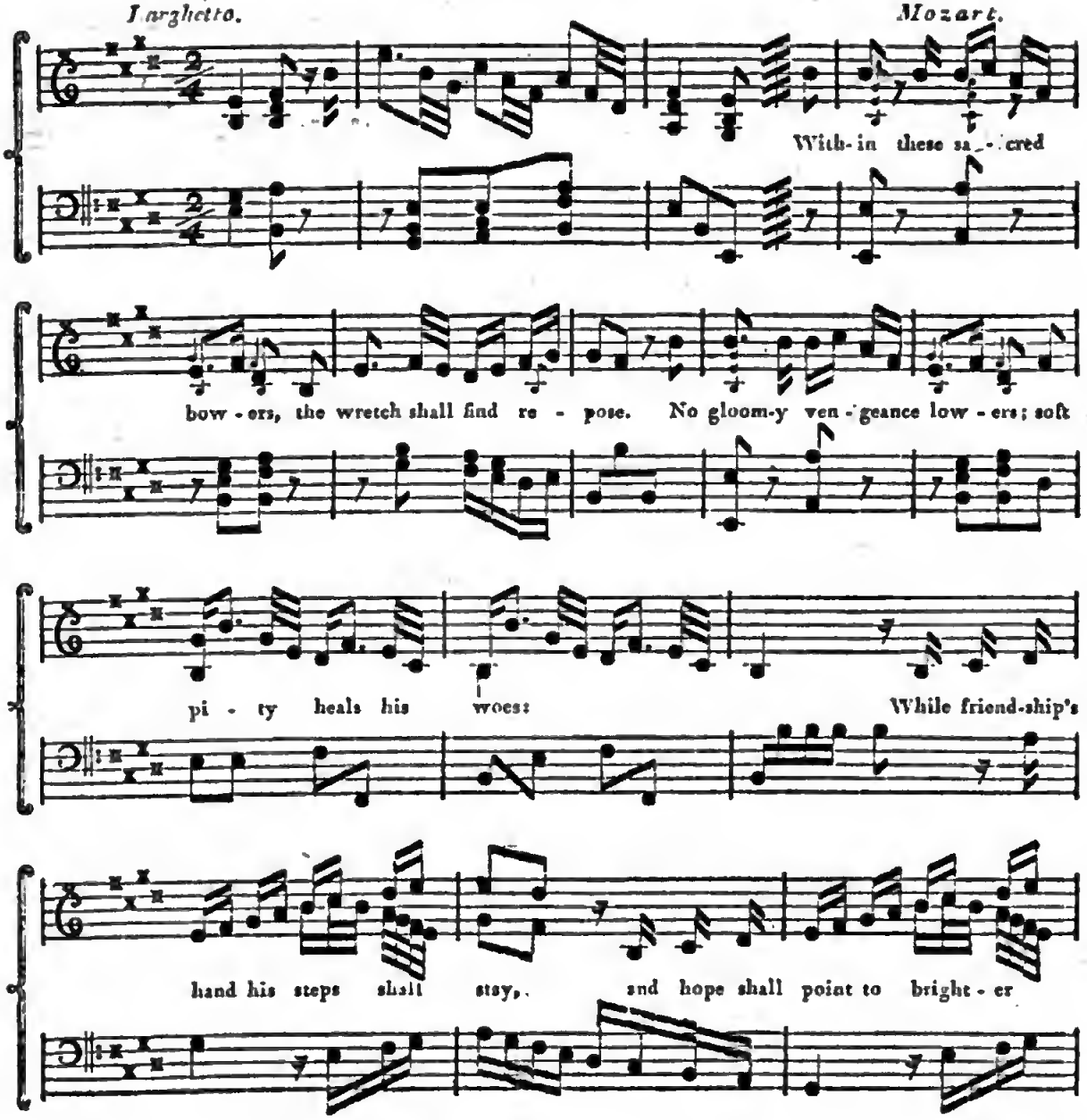
SONG.

Larghetto. *Mozart.*



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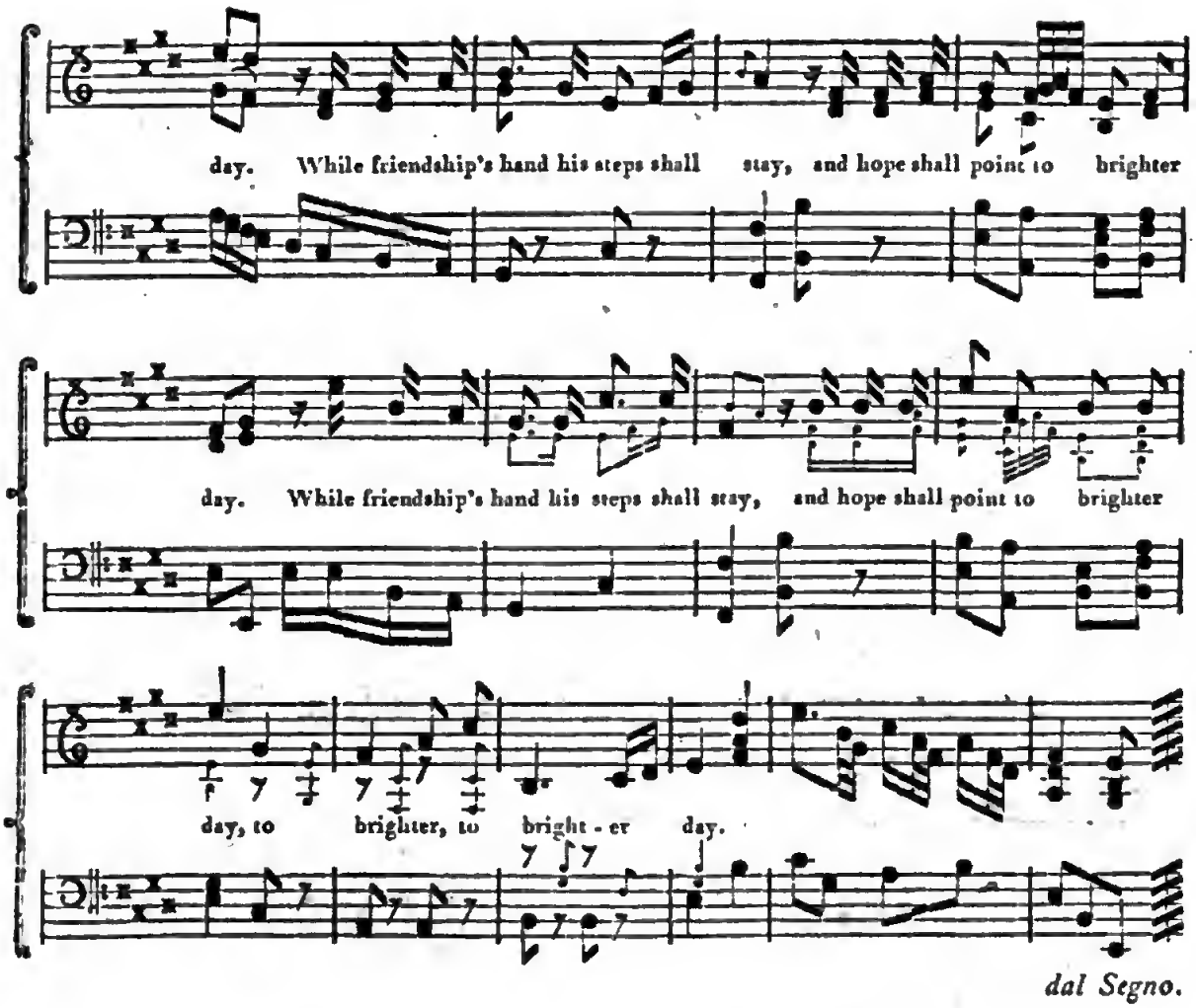


I.

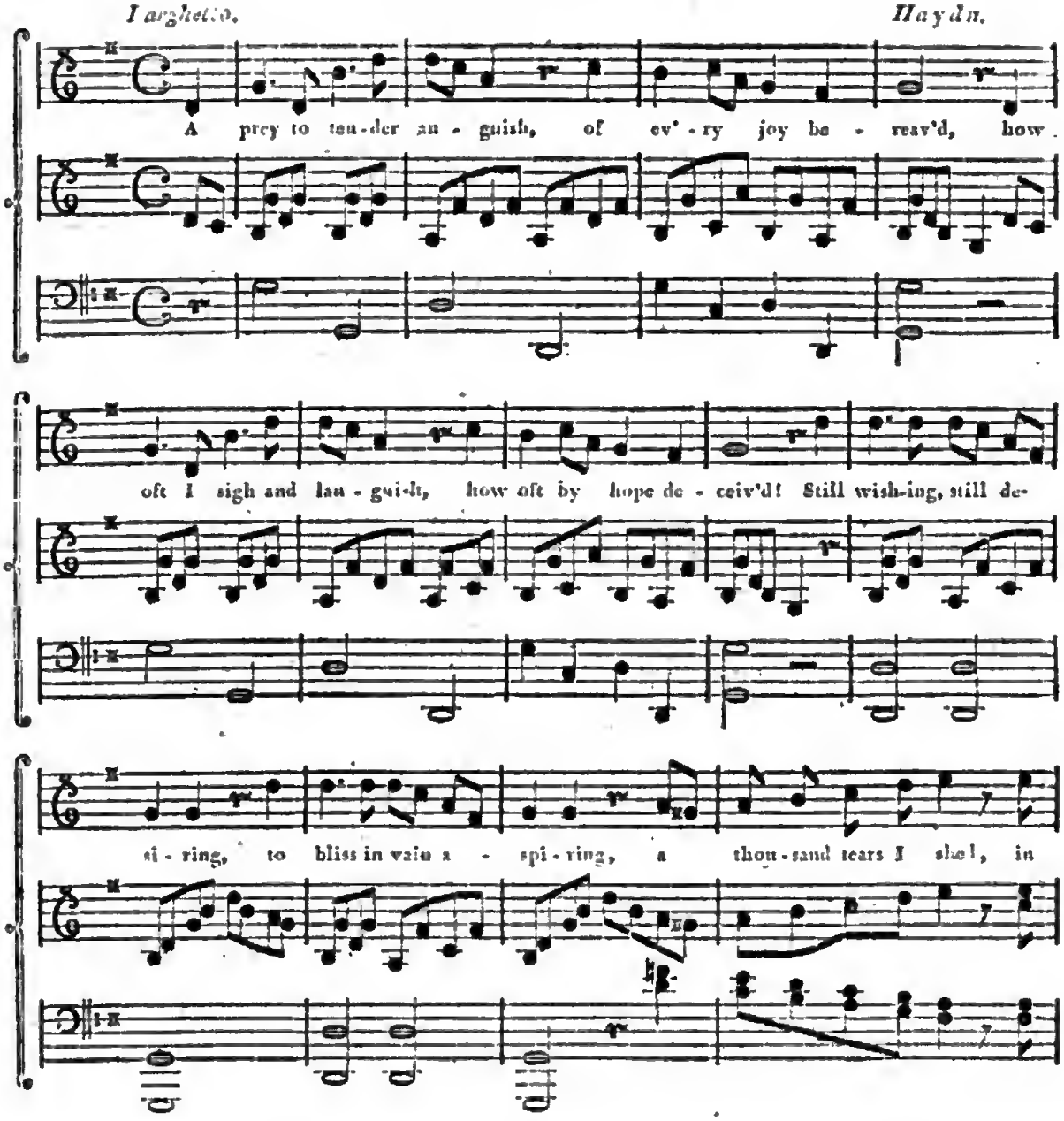
WITHIN these sacred bowers,
The wretch shall find repose:
No gloomy vengeance lowers;
Soft pity heals his woes;
While friendship's hand his steps shall stay,
And hope shall point to brighter day.

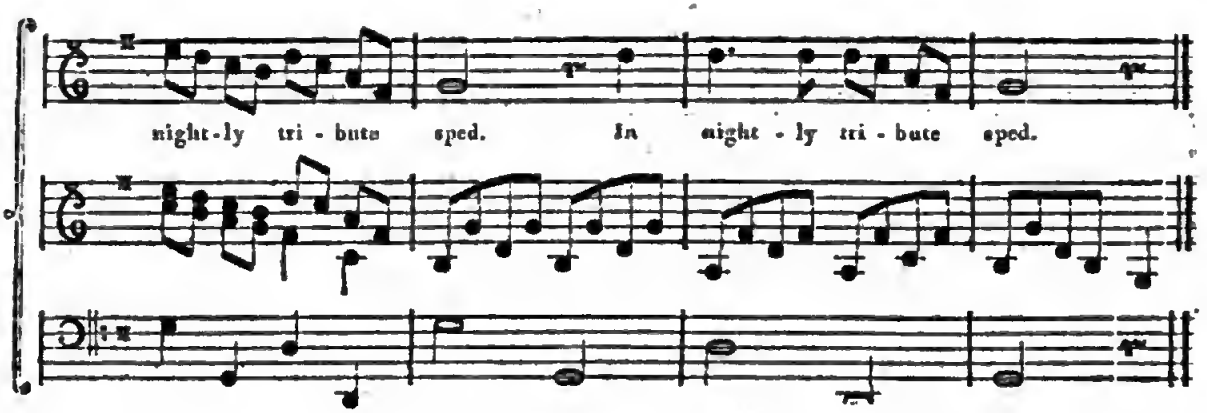
II.

Here, far from noise and folly,
Fraternal love presides;
And sweetest melancholy
A hallow'd guest resides.
If scenes like these thy heart can share,
Then bide a welcome pilgrim here.

SONG.

Larghetto. *Haydn.*





I.

A PREY to tender anguish,
Of ev'ry joy bereav'd,
How oft I sigh and languish!
How oft by hope deceiv'd!
Still wishing, still desiring,
To bliss in vain aspiring,
A thousand tears I shed,
In nightly tribute sped.

II.

And love and fame betraying,
And friends no longer true;
No smiles my face arraying,
No heart so fraught with woe!
So pass'd my life's sad morning:
Young joys no more returning!
Alas, now all around,
Is dark and cheerless found!

III.

Ah, why did nature give me
A heart so soft and true;
A heart to pain and grieve me,
At ills that others rue?
At other's ills thus wailing,
And inward griefs assailing,
With double anguish fraught,
To throb each pulse is taught.

IV.

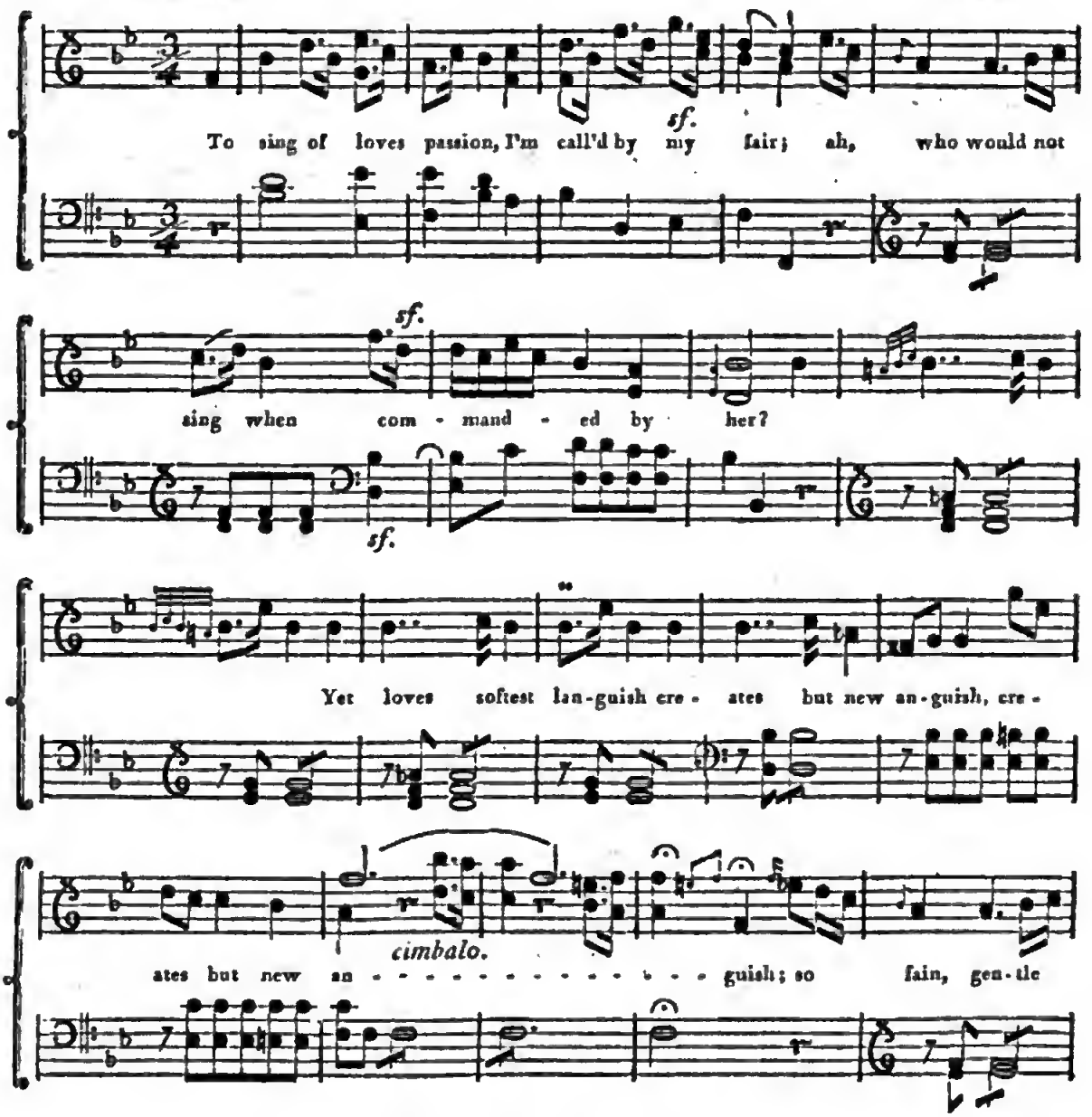
Ere long perchance my sorrow
Shall find its welcome close,
Nor distant far the morrow
That brings the wish'd repose:
When death, with kind embracing,
Each bitter anguish chasing,
Shall mark my peaceful doom,
Beneath the silent tomb.

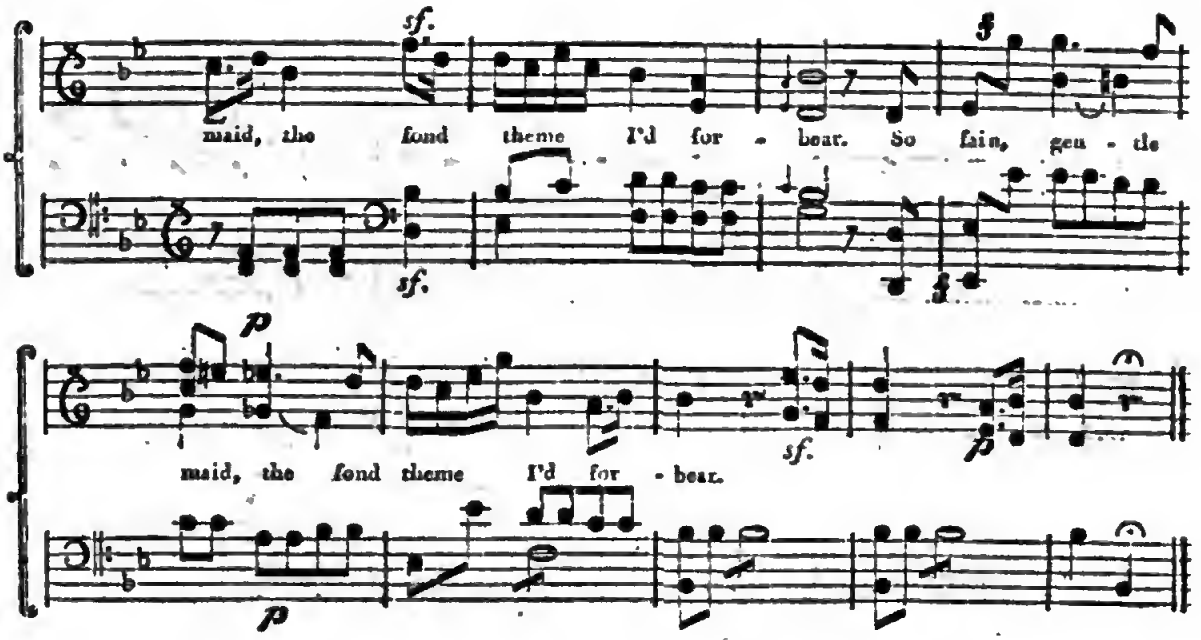
V.

Then cease, my heart, to languish,
And cease to flow, my tears;
Though nought be here but anguish,
The grave shall end my cares.
On earth's soft lap reposing,
Life's idle pageant closing,
No more shall grief assail,
Nor sorrow longer wail.

SONG.

Poco Adagio. *Haydn.*





I.

TO sing of loves passion, I'm call'd by my fair.
Ah! who would not sing when commanded by her?
Yet loves softest languish
Creates but new anguish;
So fain, gentle maid, the fond theme I'd forbear.

II.

Young Cupid triumphant, in mischief well skill'd
Soubdues mighty princes and keeps the fair field.
Ambition declining,
To beauty resigning,
Each chief for the myrtle the laurel shall yield.

III.

The coward grows daring and pants for the fray:
The miser free-hearted, the splenetic gay:
Grave wisdom admiring,
Grows mad with desiring;
The bachelor sighs for the fair till he's grey.

IV.

Yet when the fond heart is bewilder'd in joy,
And loves softest raptures the moments employ,
Dear plessures so cheating!
Soft transports so fleeting!
A smile can give life, and a frown can destroy!

V.

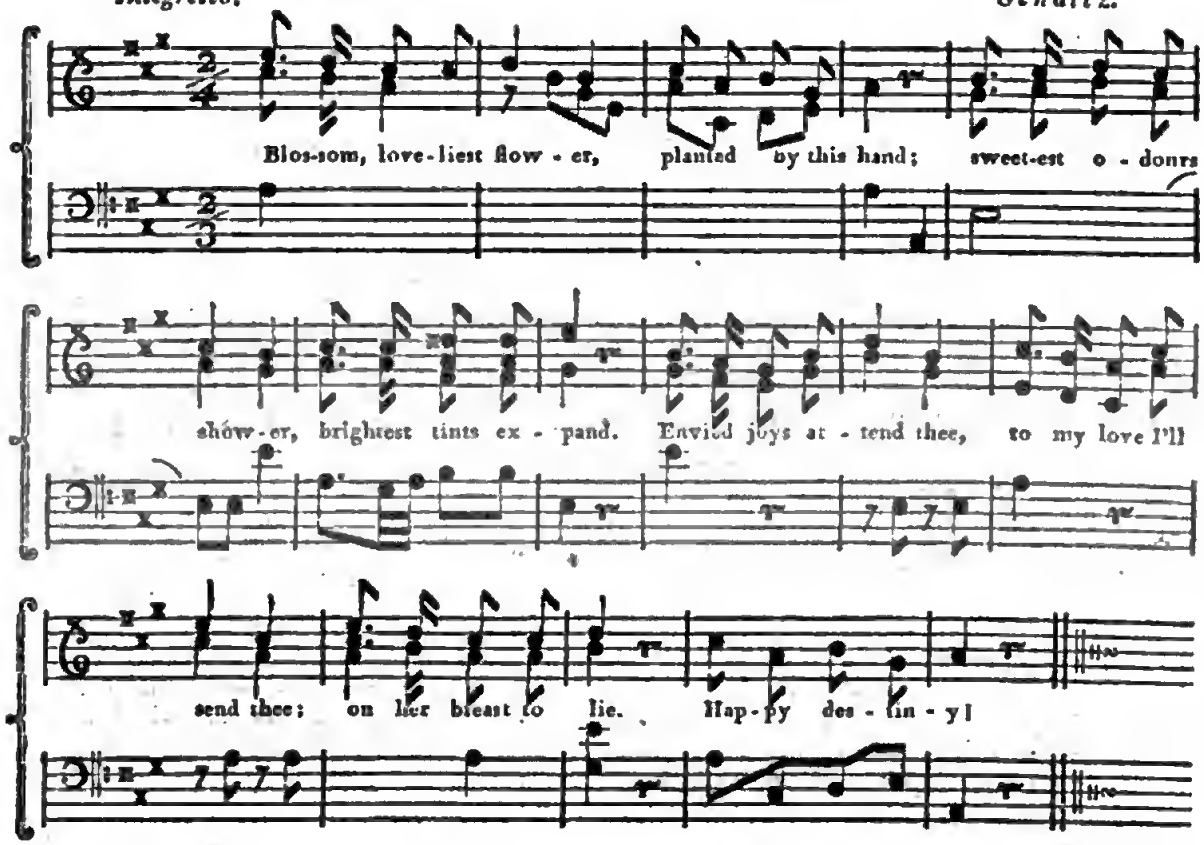
Should jealousy's torments embitter the woe
That arises from absence, what anguish shall flow!
What moaning and sighing!
Despairing and dying!
Ah! who shall describe what the lover shall know?

VI.

To urge the soft subject, then cease, gentle fair.
I'm ill at such numbers, nor further shall dare:
For loves softest languish
Creates but new anguish,
And hence, dearest maid, the fond theme I forbear.

SONG.

Allegretto. *Schultz.*



I.

BLOSSOM, loveliest flower,
Planted by this hand;
Sweetest odours shower,
Brightest tints expand.
Envied joys attend thee,
To my love I'll send thee,
On her breast to lie.
Happy destiny!

II.

Peggy, little charmer,
Is my best lov'd maid;
Should ill fortune harm her,
Sure I'd weep me dead.
Other maids excelling
She alone has dwelling
In my inmost breast;
There she reigns confess'd.

III.

Sure a girl so pretty
Nowhere shall be found:
And though blooming Kitty
Charms the village round;
Yet I must avow it,
Careless who may know it,
Might I Kitty wed,
"No," should soon be said.

IV.

Yes, the little smiler
Holds my heart alone.
Nor will I beguile her
When I'm older grown
Yes, her beauties move me;
Next to Heav'n above me,
Nothing have I here,
Half as she so dear!

V.

Oft the lads and lasses
Mock my tender care,
Oft, as Peggy passes,
Slyly at me stare.
Nought their jeering moves me,
Dearest Peggy loves me;
Soon they all shall see,
Peggy wed with me.

VI.

Happy-fated flower,
Ere to her you fly,
Blossom near my bower,
'Neath the vernal sky.
Soon, thy joy increasing,
Peggy's bosom gracing,
Kisses wait for thee.
One, perchance for me!

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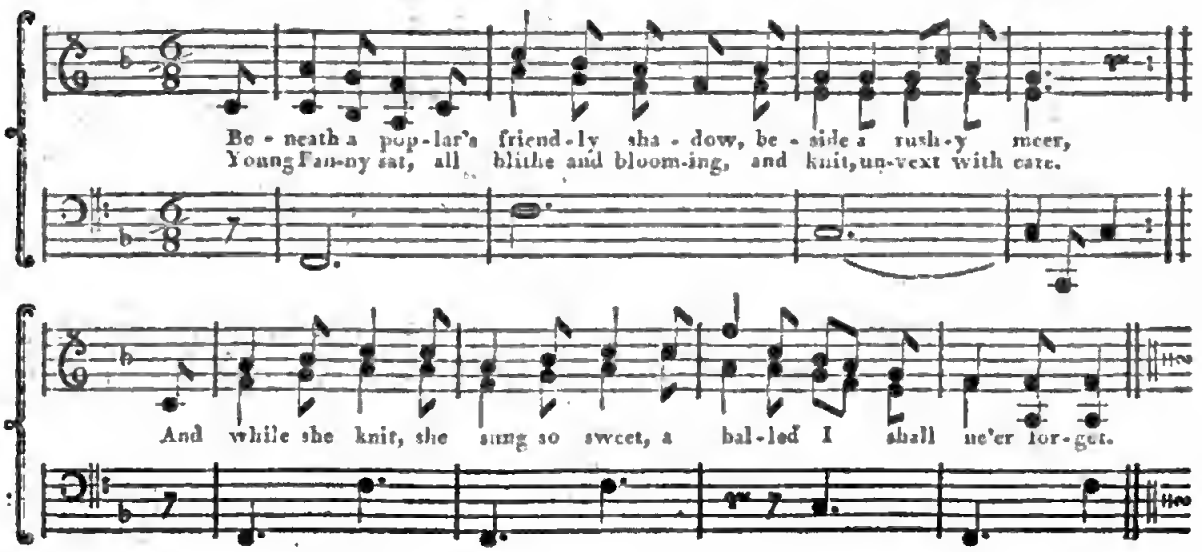
SONG.

Adagio. *Schultz.*



I.

BENEATH a poplar's friendly shadow,
Beside a rushy meer,
Young Fanny sat, all blithe and blooming,
And knit, unvaxt with care.
And while she knit, she sung so sweet,
A ballad I shall ne'er forgat.

II.

When idly n'er the meadow wand'ring,
To lure the finny train;
Conceal'd beneath the alder bushes,
I heard dear Fanny's strain.
My useless angle down I laid,
And soft approach'd the blushing maid.

III.

"Why all alone? — shall I intrude me?"
"Fresh breathes the Zephyr here"
"Good swain," she cries, "I've just been straying"
"Along this glassy meer."
"But now the sun ascends the sky"
"And to the cooling shade I fly."

IV.

I sat me down, and soon soft tremors
My listless limbs invade,
And Fanny's foot so neat and shapely,
By mine was closely laid;
And stretch'd upon the flow'ry green,
Her taper ancle too was seen.

V.

We trembl'd like two aspen branches,
And naither knew for why,
We talk'd of corn and kine and weather;
Then ceas'd, then 'gan to sigh.
And list'ned to the lapwing's strain,
And heard the bittern 'loud complain.

VI.

Now boldar grown, her work I tangled;
I stole her yarn away:
And she, with knitting-pins assailing,
Provok'd the am'rous fray;
'Till quite incens'd, in playful spite,
She shew'd her teeth and vow'd she'd bite.

VII.

But see, I cried, the sun's beams darting,
Across the quiv'ring spray;
They paint thy lip and tinge thy dimples
With purest, sweetest ray.
O'er av'ry charm his glories beam,
As when he gilds the placid stream.

VIII.

She smil'd; — her bosom gently flutter'd,
And heav'd a stifled sigh;
I stole a kiss, and swore to love her;
She blush'd in kind reply.
And when I break my plighted vow,
The conscious stream shall cease to flow!

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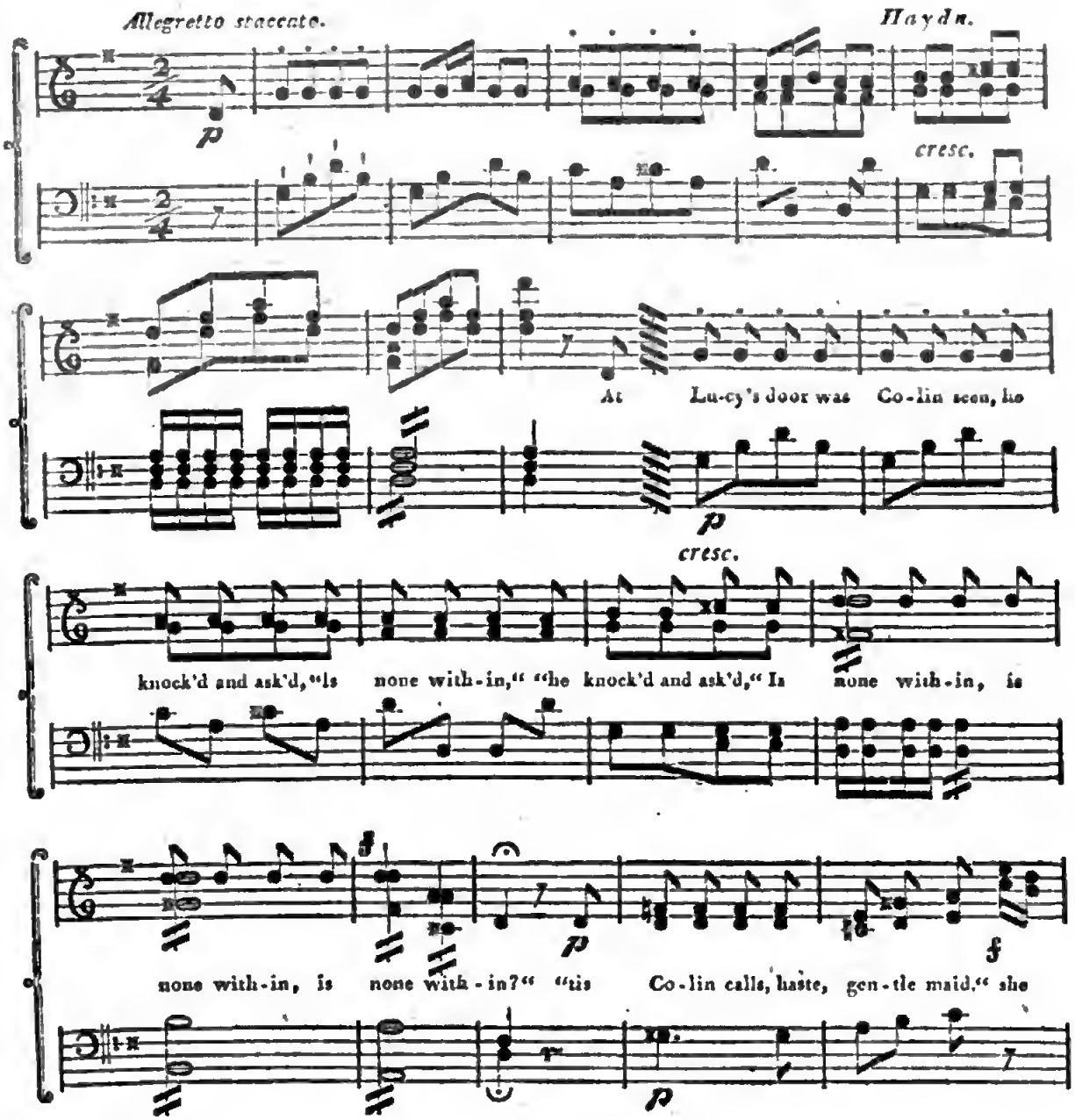
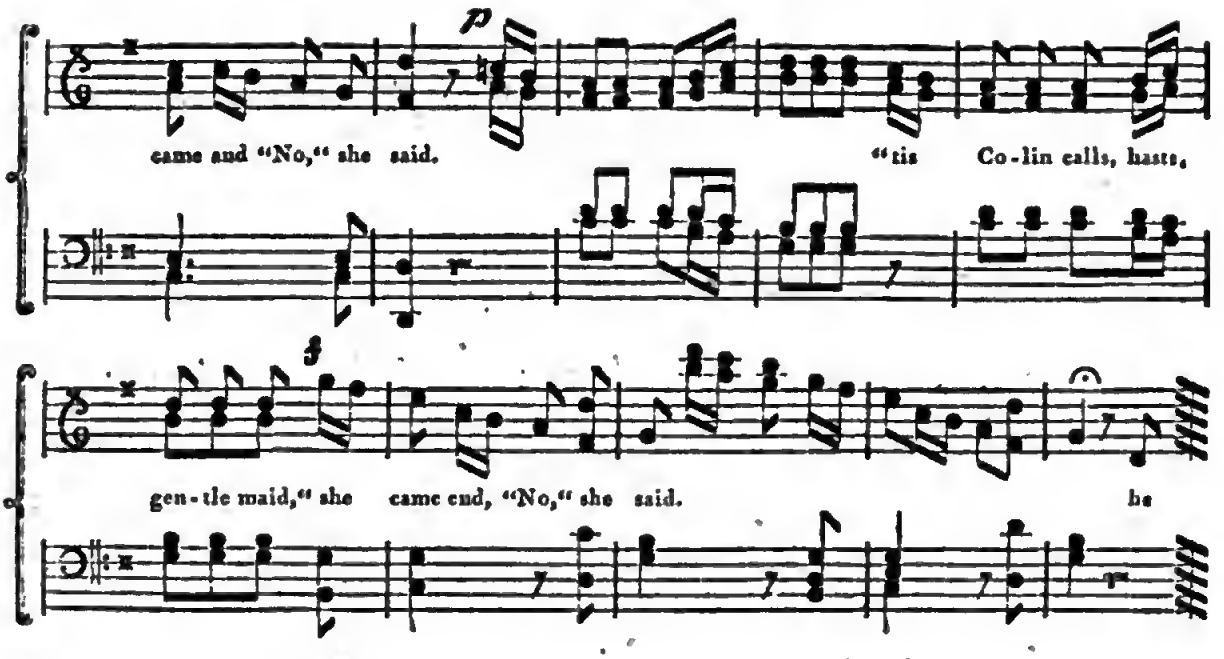
SONG.

Allegretto staccato. *Haydn.*





I.

AT Lucy's door was Colin seen,
He knock'd and ask'd, "Is none within?"
"Tis Colin calls, haste; gentle maid,"
She came and, "No," she said.

II.

He sigh'd and sued in piteous plight,
"No, No," she cries, "I die with fright,"
"Tis late, tis dark, I'm all alone,"
"It must not be, — be gone."

III.

O'erwhelm'd with grief he moves away,
Now lists, now hears her turn the key,
And softly cry, "A moment, come,"
"One word, then speed thee home."

IV.

With prying wish the neigbours burn,
And watch and wait the youth's return;
And true he came; — but not till day.
They laugh'd — he slunk away!

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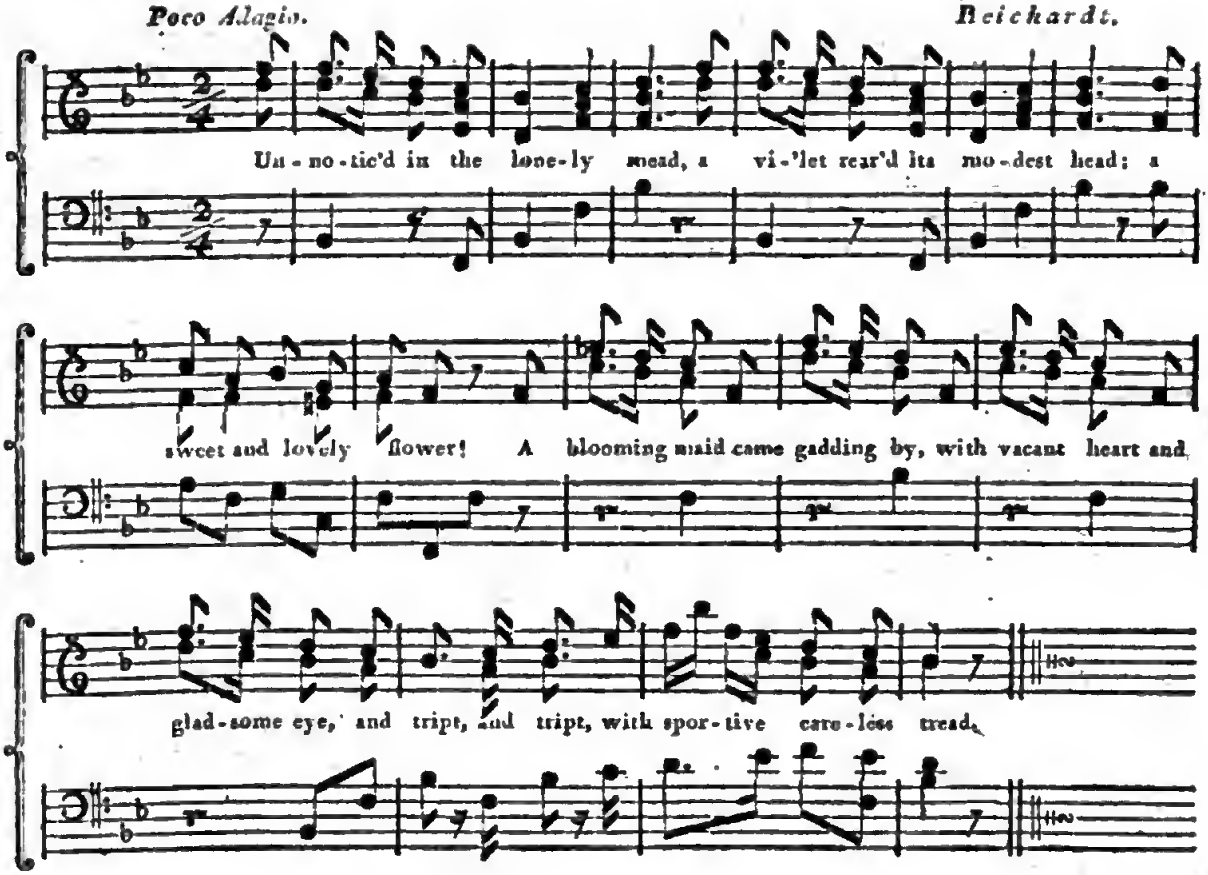
SONG.

Poco Adagio. *Reichardt.*



I.

UNNOTIC'D in the lonely mead,
A violet rear'd its modest head;
A sweet and lovely flower!
A blooming maid came gadding by,
With vacant heart and gladsome eye,
And tript, and tript, with sportive careless tread.

II.

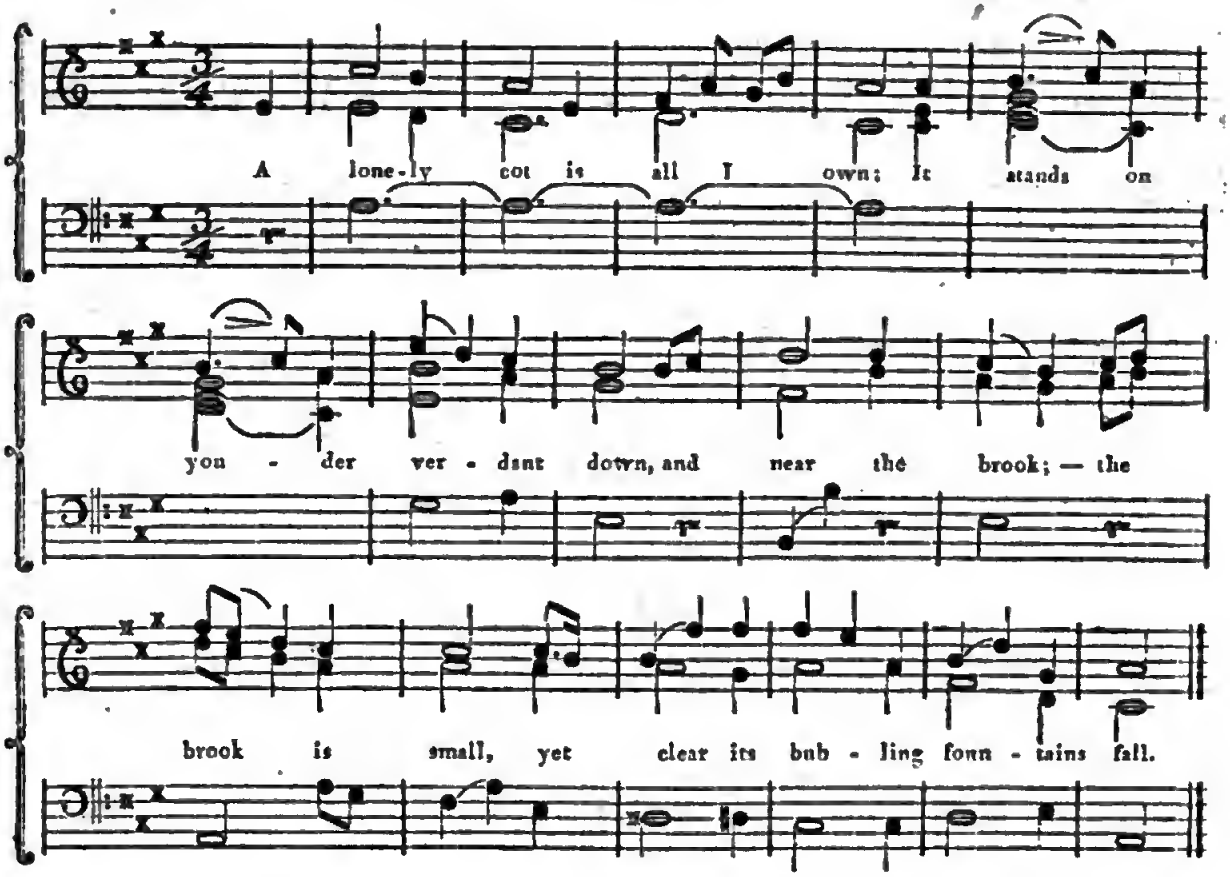
"Aht" thought the vi'let, "had I now,"
"The roses matchless form and glow;"
"Tho' transient were the power;"
"To be but pluckt by that sweet maid,"
"And on her virgin bosom laid;"
"Blest fate! blest fate! what more could heav'n bestow?"

III.

Along the lovely maiden past,
Nor on the ground a look she cast,
But trod the hapless flower:
It sunk, it died, and yet was gay;
"And let me die," 'twas heard to say,
"If 'neath, if 'neath her feet, I breathe my last!"

THE INVITATION.

Andante. *Spatzier.*



I.

A LONELY cot is all I own:
It stands on yonder verdant down;
And near the brook; — the brook is small,
Yet clear its bubbling fountains fall!

II.

A spreading beech upreats its head,
And half conceals the humble shed:
From chilling winds a safe retreat;
A refuge from the noon-tide heat!

III.

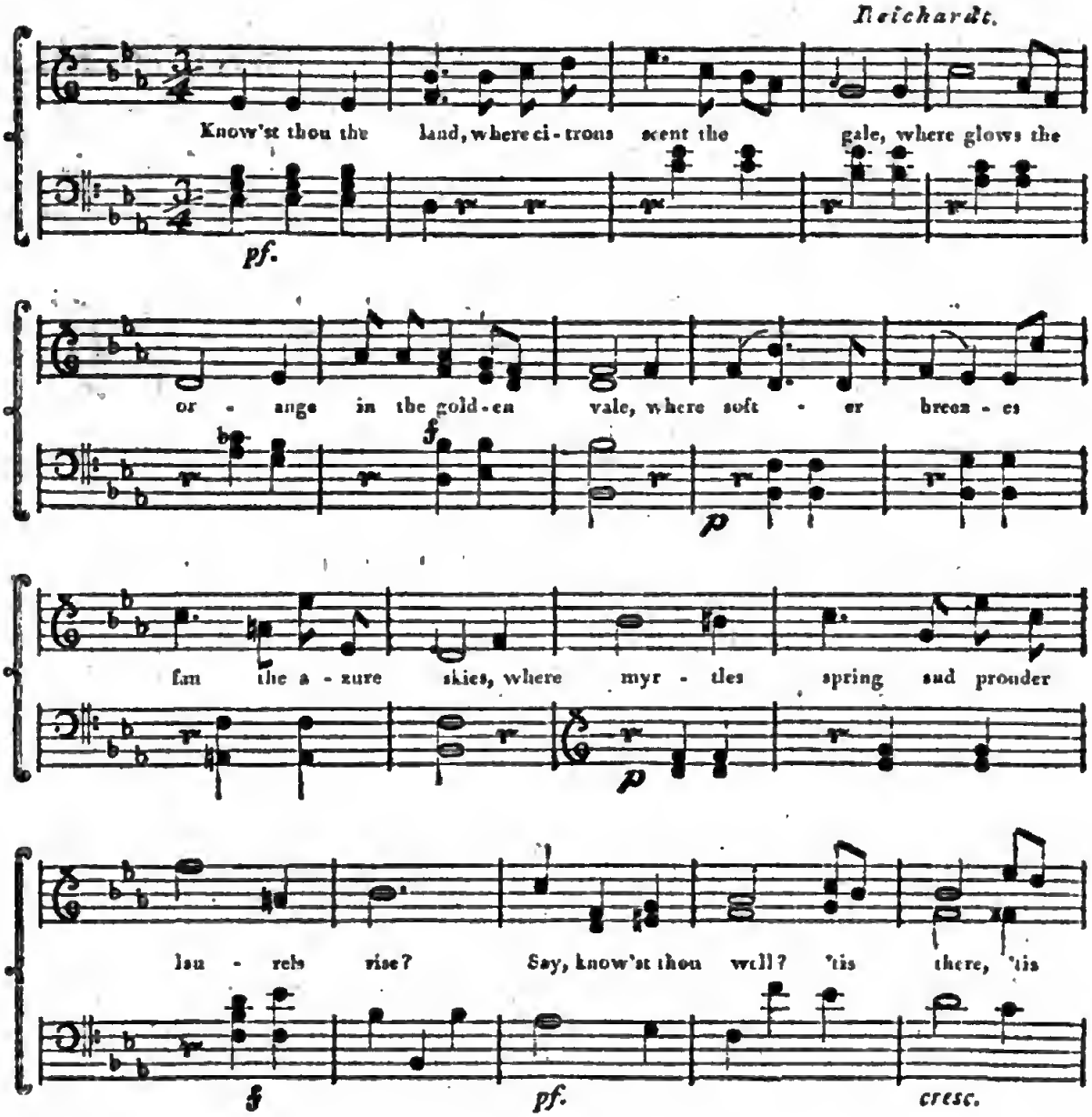
And on its boughs the nightingale
So sweetly tells her plaintive tale,
That oft the passing rustics stray,
With knit'ring step to catch the lay!

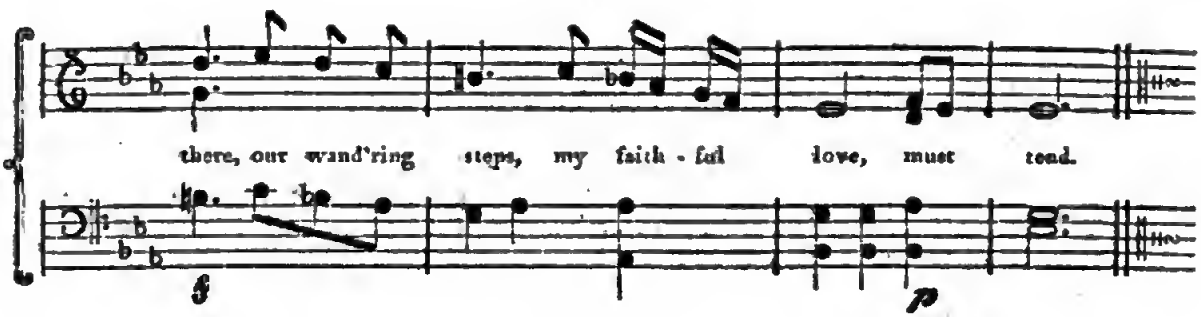
IV.

Sweet blue-ey'd maid with locks so fair,
My heart's dear pride, my fondest care!
I hie me home; — the storm doth low'r.
Come share, sweet maid, my shelt'ring bow'r!

SONG.

Reichardt.





I.

KNOW'ST thou the land, where citrons scent the gale,
Where glows the orange in the golden vale,
Where softer breezes fan the azure skies,
Where myrtles spring and prouder laurels rise?
Say, know'st thou well?
'Tis there, 'tis there,
Our wand'ring steps, my faithful love, must tend.

II.

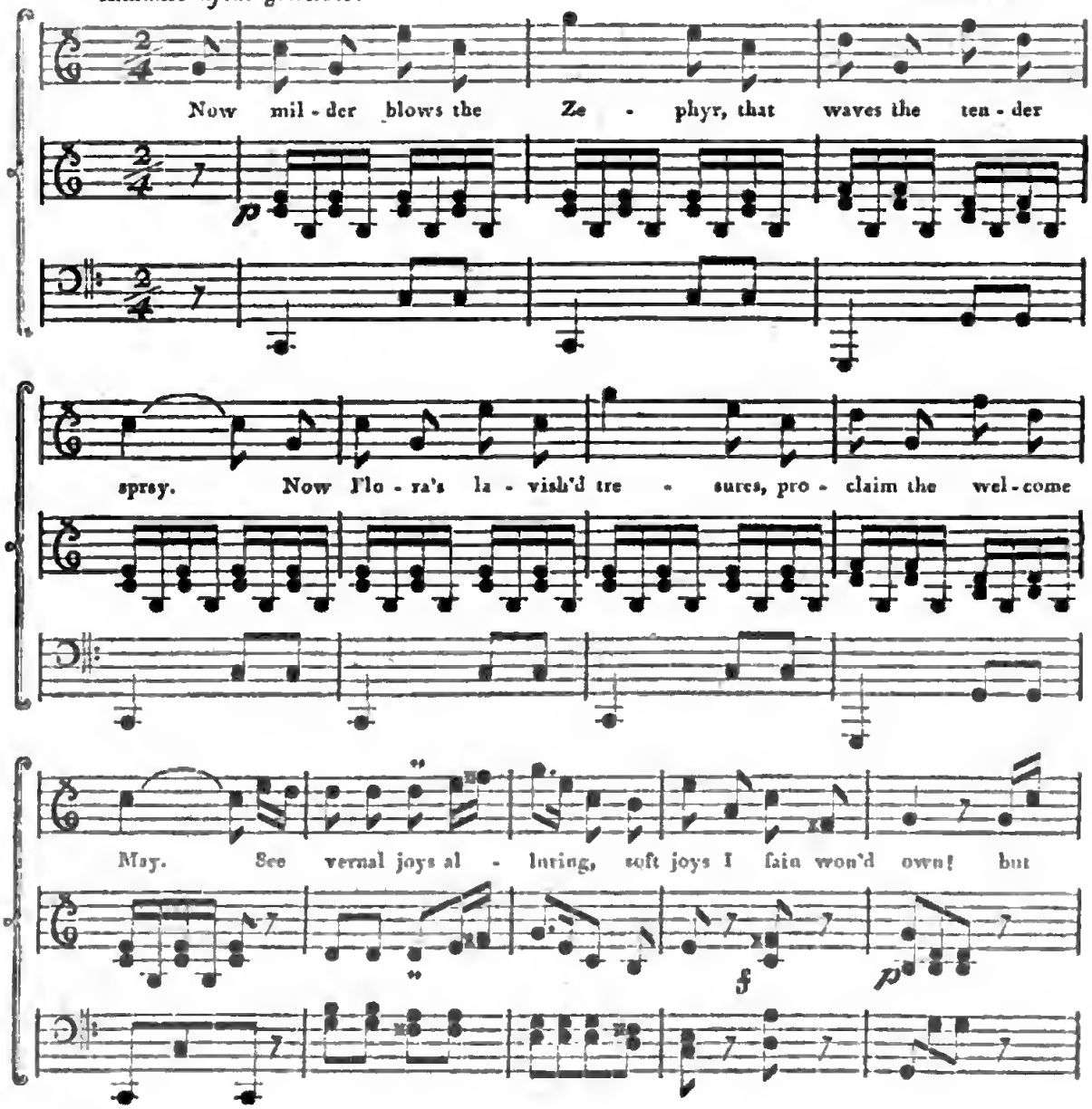
Know'st thou the pile, the colonade sustains,
Its splendid chambers and its rich domains,
Where breathing statues stand in bright array,
And seem, "what ails thee, hapless maid," to say?
Say, know'st thou well?
'Tis there, 'tis there,
My gentle guide, our wand'ring steps must tend.

III.

Know'st thou the mount, where clouds obscure the day
Where scarce the mule can trace his misty way;
Where lurks the dragon and her scaly brood;
And broken rocks oppose the headlong flood?
Say, know'st thou well?
'Tis there, 'tis there,
Our way must lead; ah, thither let us tend!

THE ABSENT FAIR.

Andante assai grazioso. *Hurka.*



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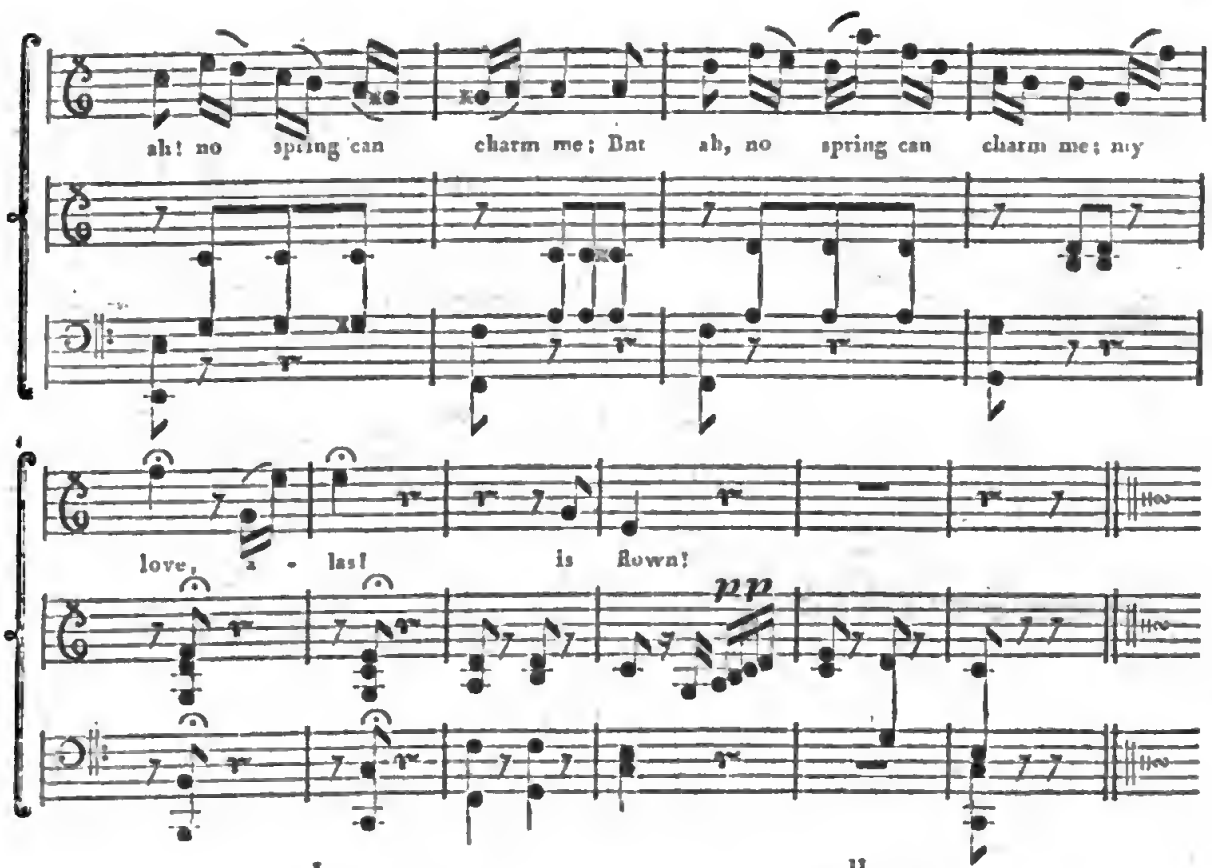

I.

NOW milder blows the Zephyr
That waves the tender spray; —
Now Flora's lavish'd treasures,
Proclaim the welcome May.
See vernal joys alluring;
Soft joys, I fain won'd own!
But ah! no spring can charm me; —
My love, alas! is flown!

II.

In vain the lap of Nature
Is rob'd in freshest green; —
In vain the rose-bud opens,
And vi'lets deck the scene.
No more I cull the flow'ret:
Dear task! 'twas once my own!
Ah then, it deck'd her bosom, —
But now, alas! she's flown!

III.

In vain the leafy bower
Now spreads its cooling shade; —
In vain the moon's soft lustre
Invites me o'er the mead.
Ah! once the bow'r could charm me; —
Its sweets I once could own!
There first I saw and lov'd her: —
But now, alas! she's flown!

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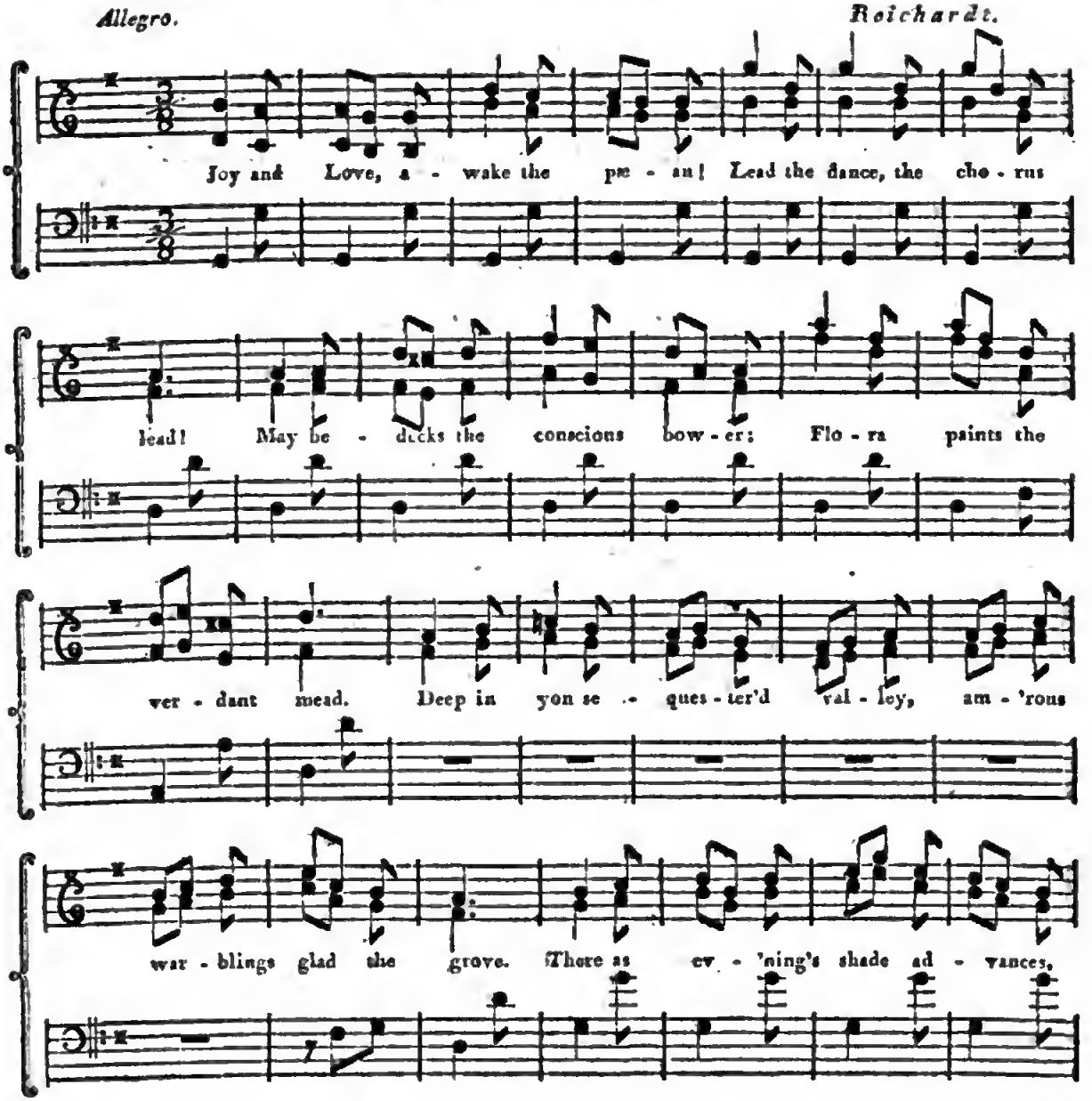
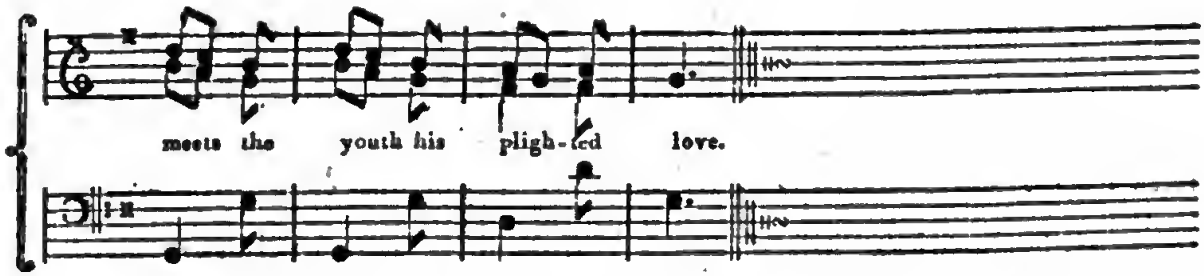
MAY SONG.

Allegro. *Reichardt.*





I.

JOY, and Love, awake the pæan!
Lead the dance, the chorus lead;
May bedecks the conscious bower,
Flora paints the verdant mead.
Deep in yon sequester'd valley,
Am'rous warblings glad the grove;
There as ev'ning's shade advances,
Meets the youth his plighted love.

II.

Gay assembly, ball and op'ra,
Charm the city youth and maid;
Shepherds court the vernal Zephyrs:
Shepherds haunt the bow'ry shade.
Crown the cup with new blown roses,
List as waves the whisp'ring pine;
Seek the woodland's inmost shelter,
Near the mossy fount recline.

III.

Crop the flow'ret, cull the posy,
Garlands wreathe for beauty's hair;
Dance where hawthorns scatter odours,
Hail the twilight, pair and pair.
Now the nectar'd kiss be rifled!
Now attun'd the rapture'd lay!
Gayly seize life's fleeting treasures;
May and youth soon haste away!

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THE

GERMAN SONGSTER,

OR

A COLLECTION OF FAVOURITE AIRS,

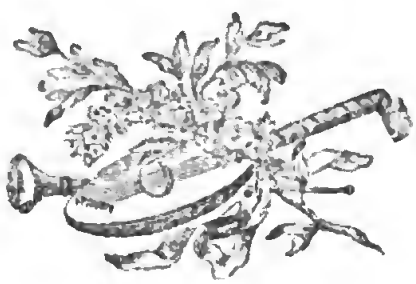
WITH THEIR ORIGINAL MUSIC,

DONE INTO ENGLISH, BY THE TRANSLATOR

OF

THE GERMAN ERATO, ETC.

THE SECOND EDITION.



BERLIN,

SOLD BY H. FRÖLICH; AND BY MESSIEURS BAUMGÄRTNERS, LEIPSIC.

1800.

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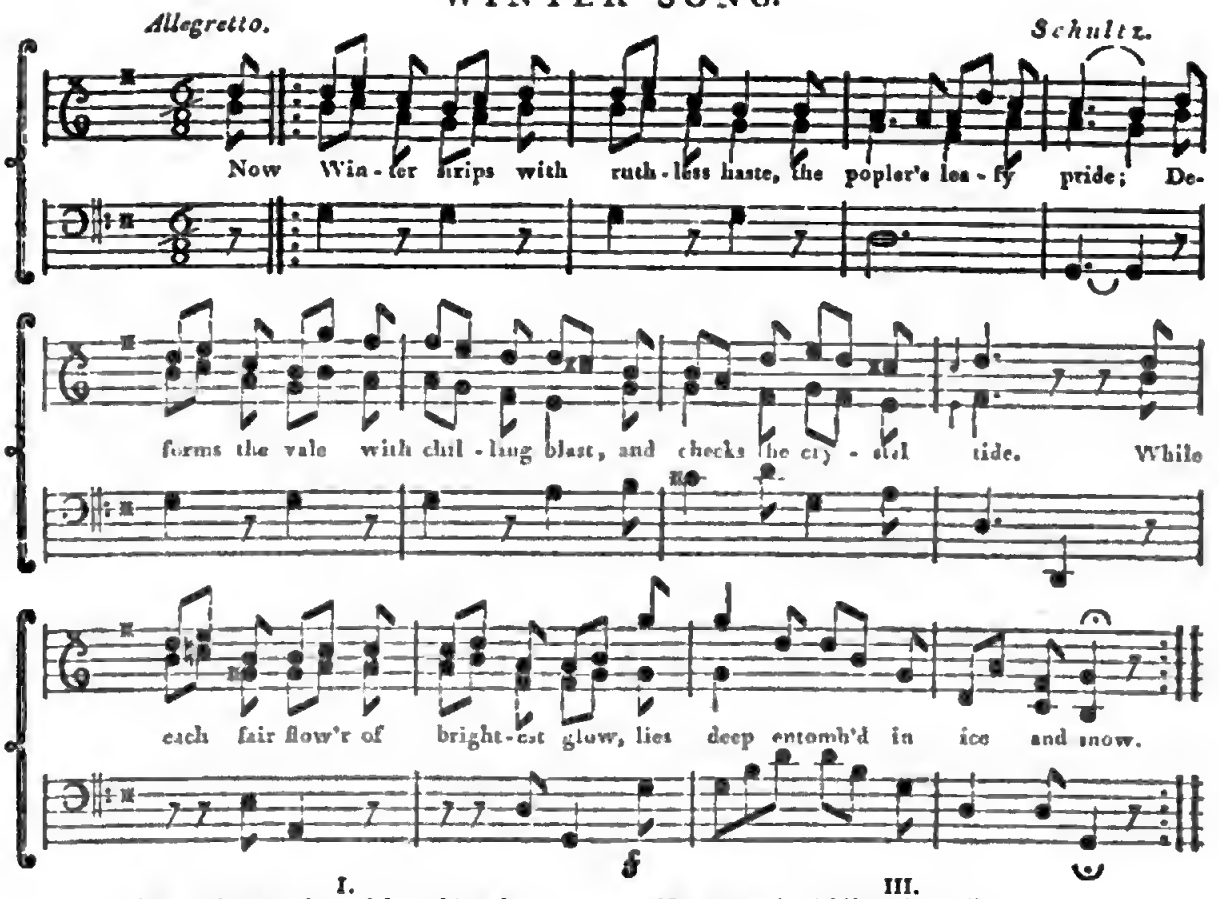
WINTER SONG.



I.

NOW Winter strips with ruthless haste,
The popler's leafy pride;
Deforms the vale with chilling blast,
And checks the crystal tide. —
While each fair flow'r of brightest glow,
Lies deep entomb'd in ice and snow.

II.

Yet, luckless blossoms, cease to claim
The sympathetic lay,
In Fanny's face your colours beam,
And sweeter hues display;
Bright azure shines in either eye,
Her lips the rose's tints defy.

III.

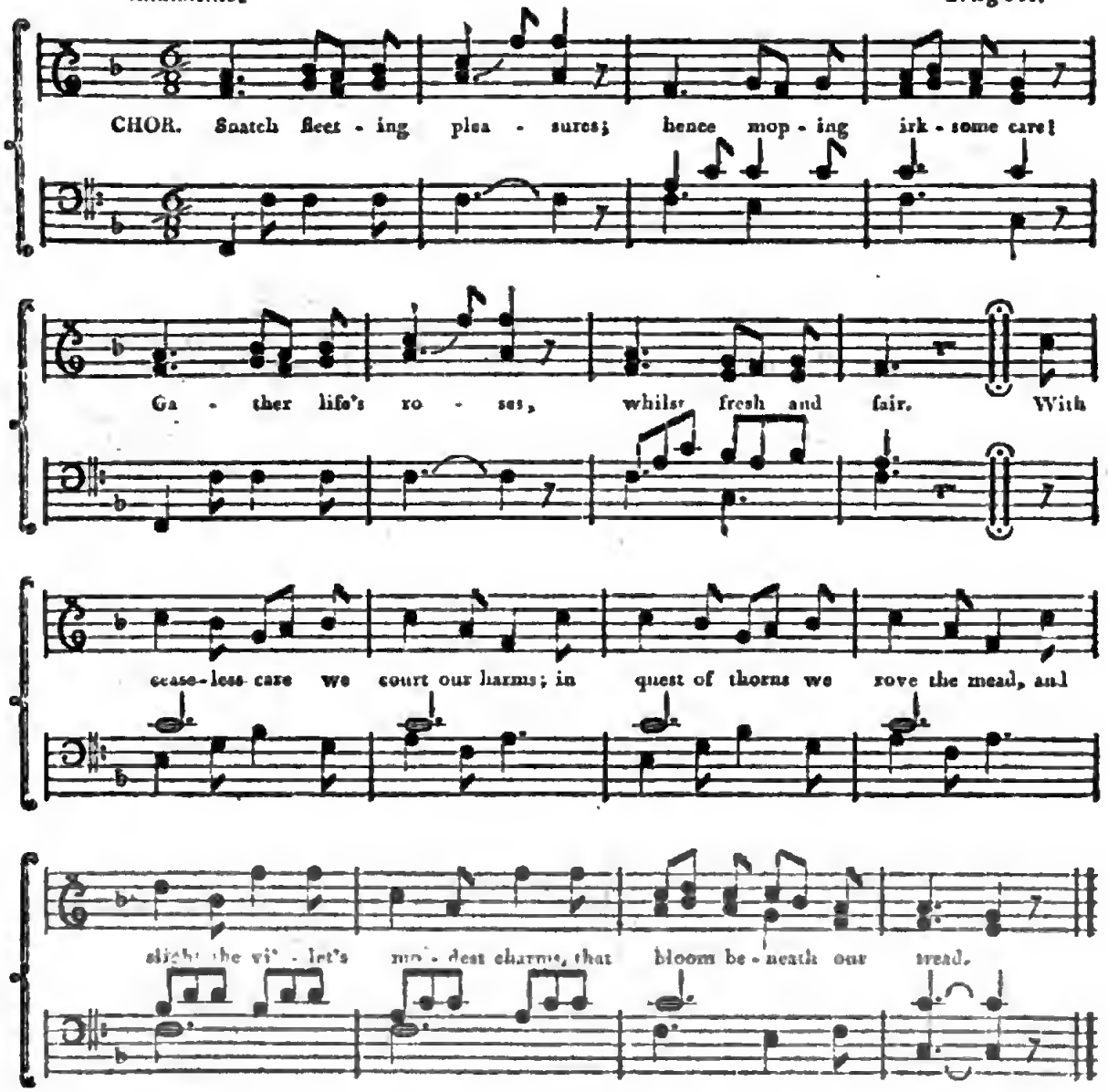
Nor more let Philomela weil,
And let the lark be still,
While Fanny's dearer notes prevail,
And softer warblings trill;
Her lips exhale the breath of Spring,
Fresh winnow'd by the zephyr's wing.

IV.

And when the melting kiss I snatch,
And hold her to my heart,
The cherry and the juicy peach,
Not half such sweets impart.
What then for May have I to care,
While Spring and Summer bloom in her!

SONG.

Andantino. *Nägeli.*



I.

WITH ceaseless care we court our harms;
In quest of thorns we rove the mead,
And slight the vilet's modest charms,
That bloom beneath our tread.
Snatch fleeting pleasures; etc.

II.

What tho' at morn the tempest lour,
And round the forky lightnings play;
Erelong the stormy blast is o'er,
And gladsome smiles the day.
Snatch fleeting pleasures; etc.

III.

The breast that Envy ne'er alarms,
Seeks pure delight in calm retreat;
And all alive to Nature's charms,
Meets bliss that flies the great.
Snatch fleeting pleasures; etc.

IV.

Who courts fair Truth with vow sincere,
Nor checks Compassion's sigh;
His home Contentment's smile shall cheer;
Blest smile, no wealth can buy!
Snatch fleeting pleasures; etc.

V.

Whene'er intruding gloom prevails,
And sorrow prompts the starting tear,
Kind Friendship's smile the cloud dispels,
And softens ev'ry care.
Snatch fleeting pleasures; etc.

VI.

For Friendship stills Affliction's sigh,
And smooths Misfortune's rugged way;
To twilight turns the darksome sky,
And twilight into day.
Snatch fleeting pleasures; etc.

VII.

Hail, sacred Friendship, heav'nly pow'r!
To thee the daily vow shall rise;
So blithe shall glide the fleeting hour,
And lead to brighter skies!
Snatch fleeting pleasures; etc.

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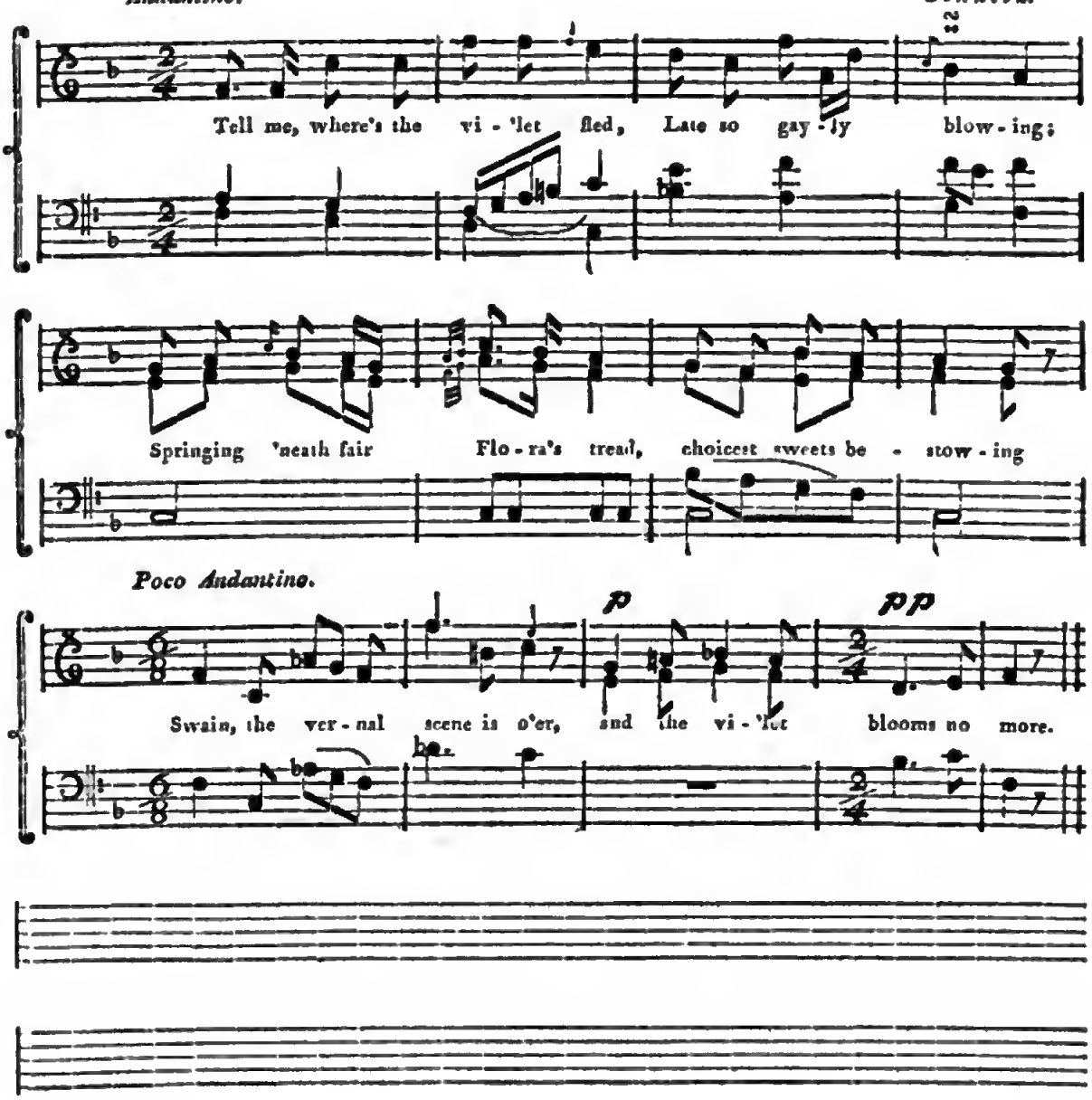
SONG.

Andantino. *Schultz.*



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I.

TELL me, where's the vi'let fled,
Late so gayly blowing;
Springing 'neath fair Flora's tread,
Choicest sweets bestowing?

Swain, the vernal scene is o'er,
And the vi'let blooms no more!

II.

Say, where hides the blushing rose,
Pride of fragrant morning;
Garland meet for beauty's brows;
Hill and dale adorning?

Gentle maid, the Summer's fled,
And the happless rose is dead!

III.

Bear me then to yonder rill,
Late so freely flowing;
Wat'ring many a daffodil,
On its margin glowing.

Sun and wind exhaust its store;
Yonder riv'let glides no more!

IV.

Lead me to the bow'ry shade,
Late with roses flaunting;
Lov'd resort of youth and maid,
Am'rous ditties chanting.

Hail and storm with fury show'r;
Leafless mourns the rifled bow'r!

V.

Say, where bides the village maid
Late yon cot adorning? —
Oft I've met her in the glade,
Fair and fresh as morning.

Swain, how short is beauty's bloom!
Seek her in her grassy tomb!

VI.

Whither roves the tuneful swain,
Who, of rural pleasures,
Rose and vi'let, rill and plain,
Sung in deftest measures?

Maiden, swift life's vision flies,
Death has clos'd the poet's eyes!

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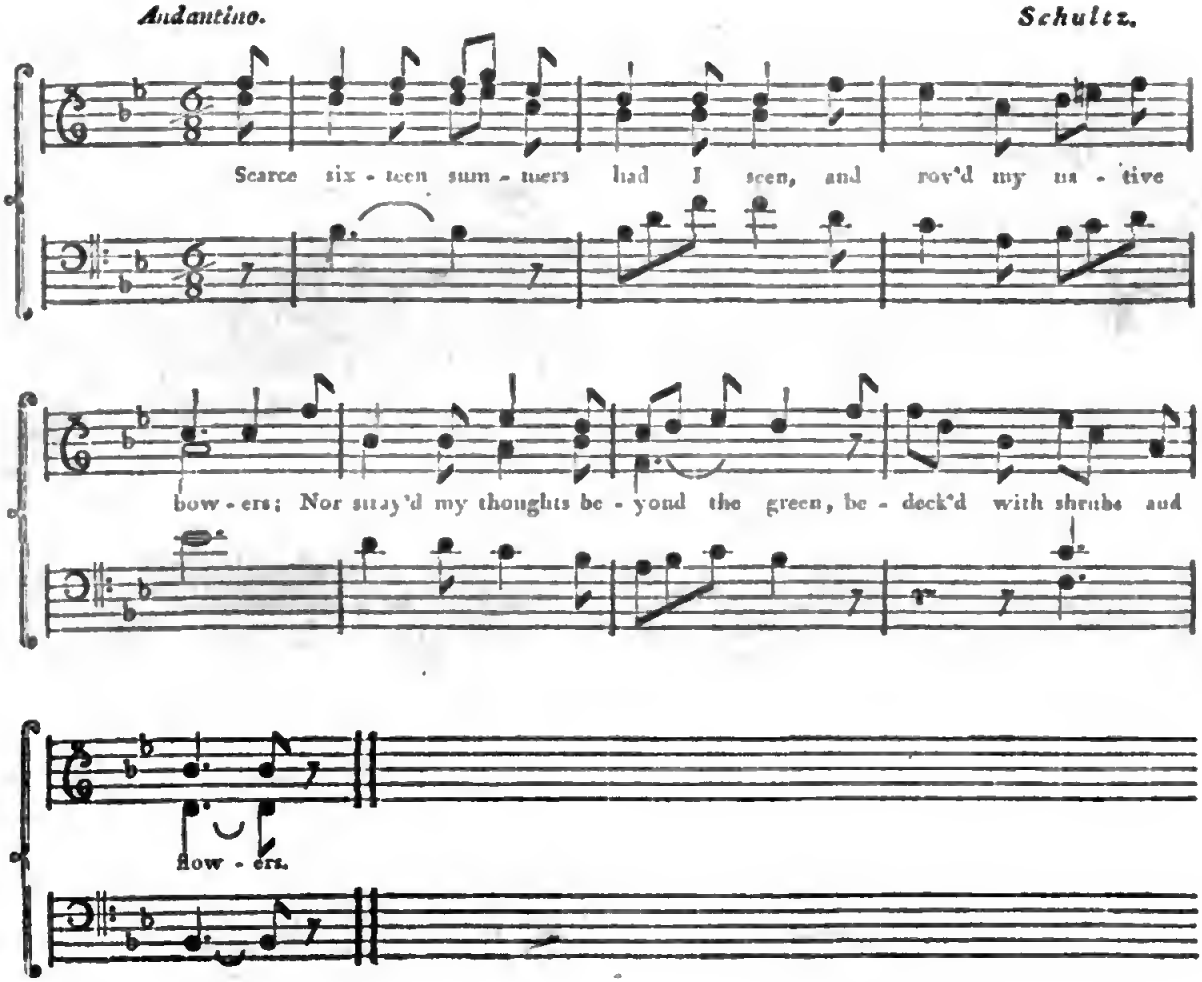
S O N G.

Andantino. *Schultz.*



I.

SCARCE sixteen summers had I seen,
And rov'd my native bowers,
Nor stray'd my thoughts beyond the green,
Bedeck'd with shrubs and flowers.

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II.

When late a stranger youth appear'd,
I neither wish'd nor sought him;
He came, but whence I never heard,
And spoke what love had taught him.

III.

His hair in graceful ringlets play'd,
All eyes are charm'd that view them,
And o'er his comely shoulders stray'd,
As wanton Zephyrs blew them.

IV.

His speaking eye of azure hue
Seem'd ever softly suing; —
And such an eye, so clear and blue,
Ne'er shone for maid's undoing.

V.

His face was fair, his cheek was red,
With blushes ever burning;
And all he spoke was deftly said,
Though far beyond my learning.

VI.

Where'er I stray'd, the youth was nigh,
His looks soft sorrows speaking;
"Sweet maid" he'd say, then gaze and sigh
As if his heart were breaking.

VII.

And once, as low his head he hung,
I fain would ask the meaning;
When round my neck his arms he flung,
Soft tears his griefs explaining.

VIII.

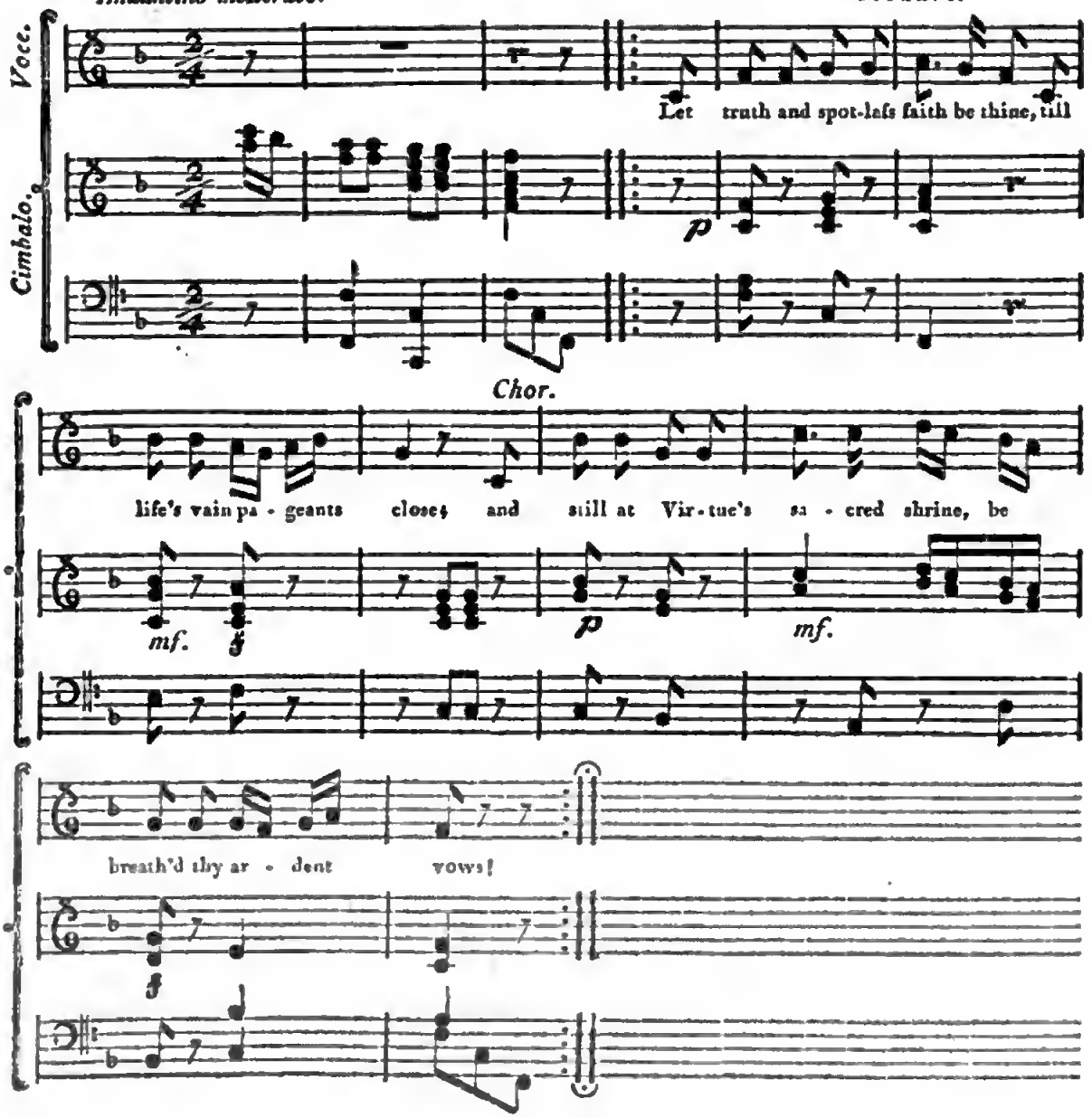
Such freedom ne'er was ta'en till now;
And now t'was unoffending;
Shame spread my cheek with ruddy glow,
My eyes kept downwards bending.

IX.

Nor ought I spoke; — my looks he read,
As if with anger burning;
No, not one word. — Away he sped.
Ah, would he were returning!

FREE-MASON'S SONG.

Andantino moderato. *Mozart.*



I.

LET Truth and spotless Faith be thine,
Till life's vain pageants close;
And still at Virtue's sacred shrine,
Be breath'd thy ardent vows.

II.

Thy pilgrim path with flow'rs shall bloom,
And sun-shine glad the day;
While undismay'd we eye the tomb,
And smile at life's decay.

III

Content serene thy steps shall 'bide;
Fair maid of mien divine!
And sweet shall taste the crystal tide,
As cups of rosy wine.

IV.

The slave to guilt still quakes with fear,
Tho' syren charms invite; —
No joy, his languid day shall cheer,
No soft repose, the night.

V.

In vain shall Spring revive the plain,
And glad the vocal grove;
The breast, where baser passions reign,
No vernal raptures move.

VI.

He shudders at the whisp'ring breeze,
Appall'd with guilt and fear,
In vain the dream of life shall cease; —
Nor end his terrors there!

VII.

O then, let Truth and Faith be thine,
Till life's vain prospects fade;
And still at Virtue's sacred shrine
Thy ardent vows be paid.

VIII.

So shall the friends we leave below,
Bedew with tears our tomb;
And round, the freshest sod shall grow,
And choicest flow'rs shall bloom!

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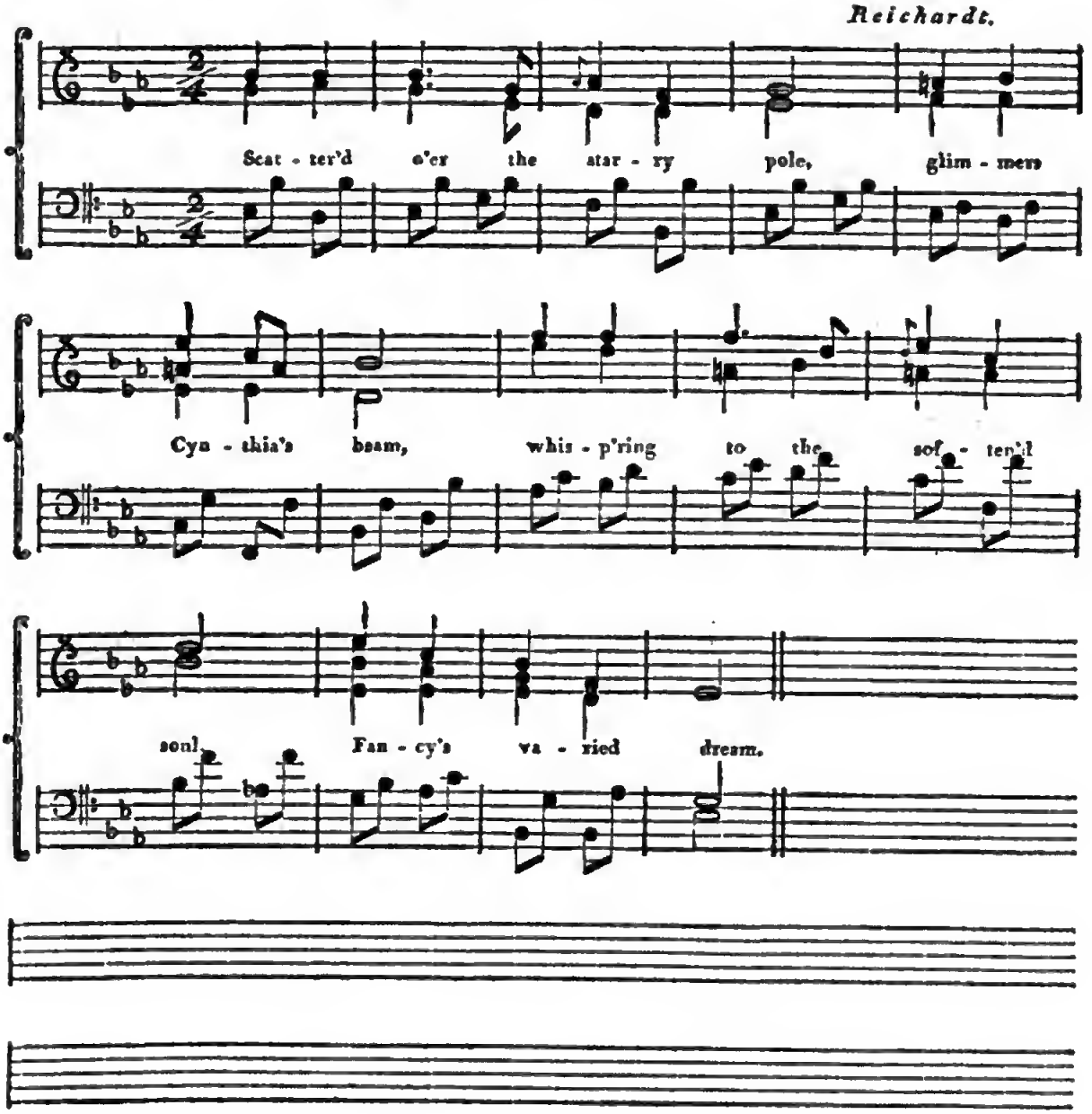
MOON-LIGHT.

Reichardt.



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I.

SCATTER'D o'er the starry pole,
Glimmers Cynthia's beam;
Whisp'ring to the soften'd soul
Fancy's varied dream.

II.

Oer' the landscape, far and nigh,
Gleams the glowing night,
Soft as friendship's melting eye
Bends its soothing light.

III.

Touch'd, in turn, by joy and pain,
Quick responds my heart; —
Floats, as mem'ry paints the scene,
'Twixt delight and smart.

IV.

Riv'let, speed thy flowing maze;
So my years have flown!
Past delights thy lapse displays;
Joys forever gone!

V.

Dear the transports once I knew;
Dear and lov'd in vain! —
Mem'ry's ling'ring fond review
Turns the past to pain.

VI

Riv'let, urge thy ceaseless flow,
Gurgling speed thee on;
Whisp'ring strains of plaintive woe:
Mournful unison! —

VII.

— Whether, at the midnight scene,
Swells thy troubled source;
Or, along the flow'ry green,
Glides with gentler course.

VIII.

Blest the man, who timely wise,
Seeks retirement's shade;
Blest, whose lot a friend supplies,
Partner of the glade; —

IX.

Calmer pleasures there invite;
Joys, nor vain, nor loud;
Joys, that erring mortals slight;
Joys, that shun the crowd!

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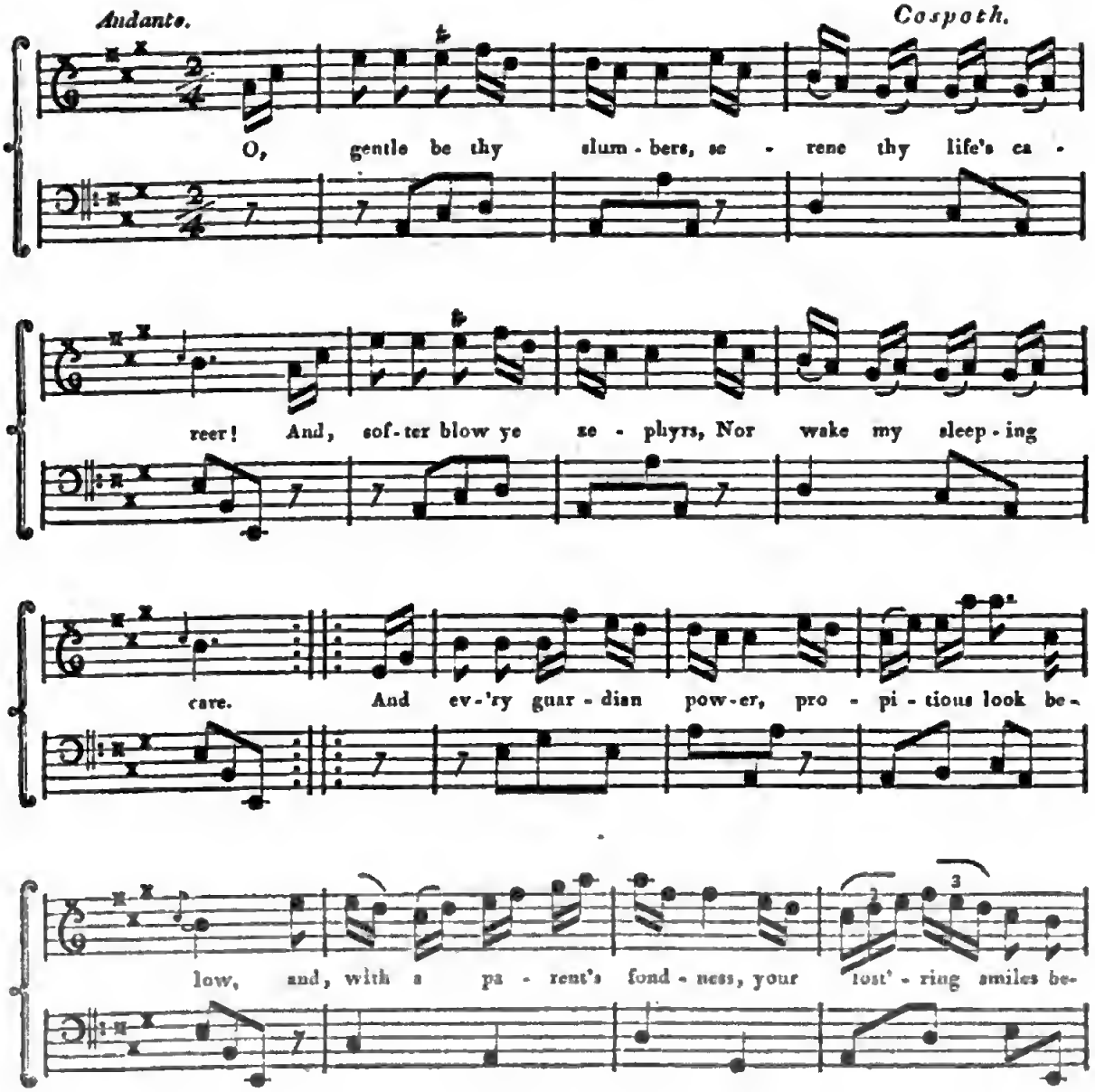
CRADLE-SONG.

Andante. *Cospoth.*



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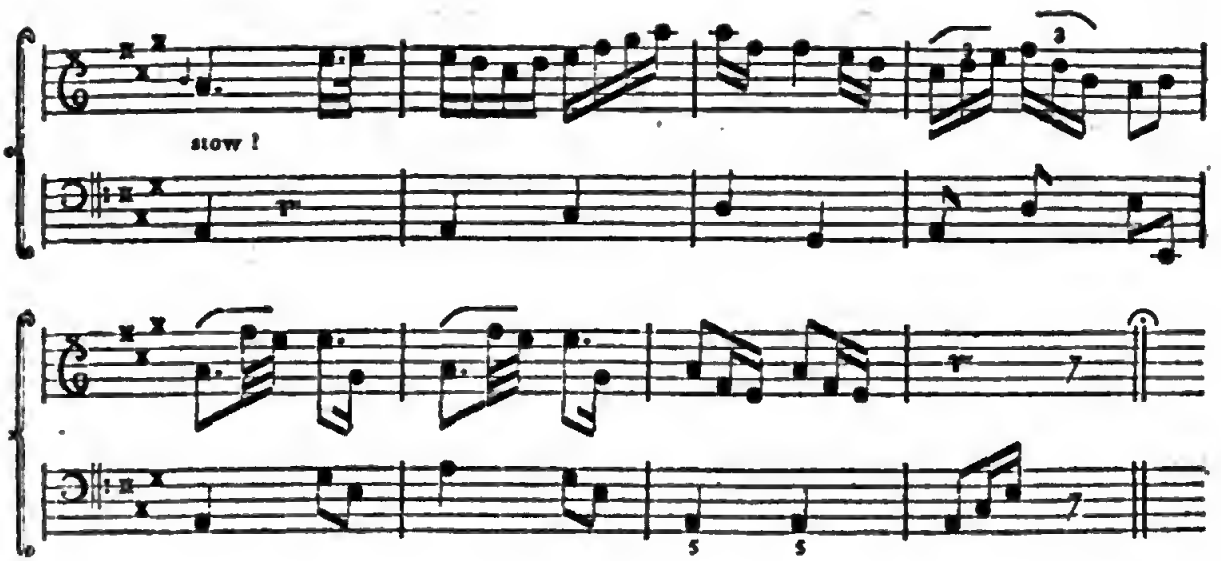

I.

O, gentle be thy slumbers,
Serene thy life's career!
And, softer blow, ye Zephyrs,
Nor wake my sleeping care.
And, ev'ry guardian power,
Propitious look below;
And, with a parent's fondness,
Your fost'ring smiles bestow!

II.

May roses, ever blooming,
Thy devious path bestrew;
Nor passion's lawless fury,
Thy tender heart subdue.
May Virtue e'er attend thee,
And lasting joys provide;
Youth's early dawn still gracing,
Still manhood's noblest pride!

III.

O, thou that gav'st the blessing,
Let Virtue's calm delight,
Betimes his heart encircle,
Betimes his steps invite.
But should these hopes so tender,
All fruitless prove and vain;
At once, O snatch him from me; —
And death shall end my pain!

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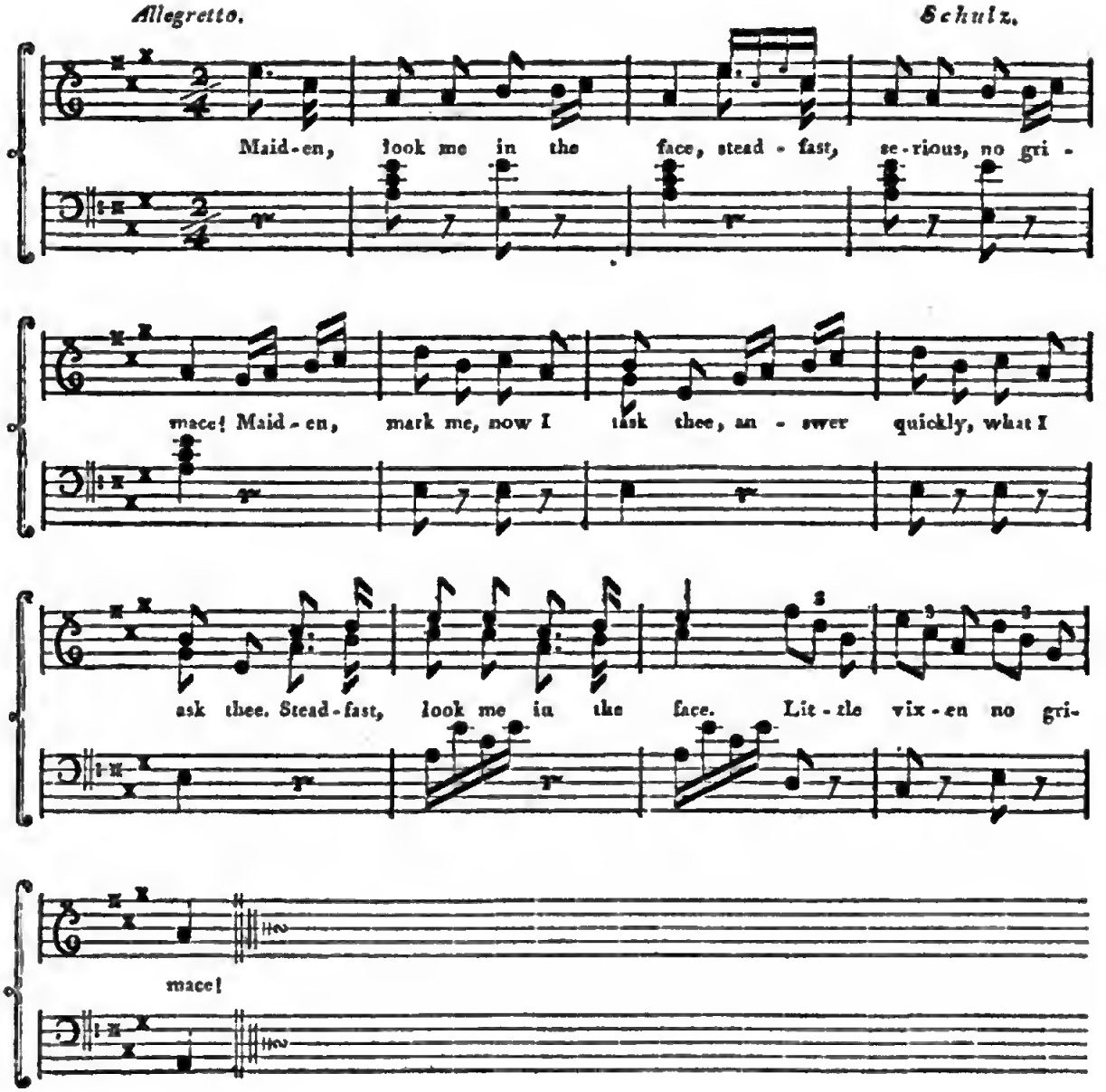
LOVE'S WITCHCRAFT.

Allegretto. *Schulz.*



I.

MAIDEN, look me in the face;
Steadfast, serious, — no grimace!
Maiden, mark me, now I task thee,
Answer quickly, what I ask thee;
Steadfast, look me in the face.
Little vixen, — no grimace!

II.

Frightful art thou not, 'tis true;
Eyes thou hast of lovely blue;
Lips and cheeks, the rose defying,
Bosom, snow in whiteness vying.
Charms thou hast; — ah, sure 'tis true;
Killing eyes of azure hue!

III.

Be thou lovely; — yet, I ween,
Fair thou art, but not a queen.
Not the queen of all that's charming;
Not alone all hearts alarming.
Fair and bright; — but still, I ween,
Bright and fair; but not a queen!

IV.

When I turn me here and there,
Scores of lovely maids appear;
Scores of maids, in beauty blooming,
Claims, as fair as thine, assuming;
Scores of maidens, here and there,
Smile as sweet, and look as fair!

V.

Yet hast thou imperial sway; —
I, thy willing slave, obey; —
Sway imperial, now to teaze me,
Now to soothe and now to please me.
Life and death attend thy sway;
See thy willing slave obey!

VI.

Scores of maidens? — what a train!
Scores and scores! — yet all were vain,
Should e'en thousands strive to chace thee
From the throne where love doth place thee;
Tens of thousands! — what a train!
All their fondest arts were vain!

VII.

Look me, charmer, in the face;
Little vixen, no grimace!
Tell me, why for thee I'm sighing,
Thee alone, and others flying!
Little charmer, no grimace!
Speak, and look me in the face!

VIII.

Long the cause I've vainly scan'd,
Why to thee alone I bend! —
Tortur'd thus, nor know the reason!
Martyr still to am'rous treason!
Fair enchantress; — 'fore me stand.
Speak; — and shew thy magic wand!

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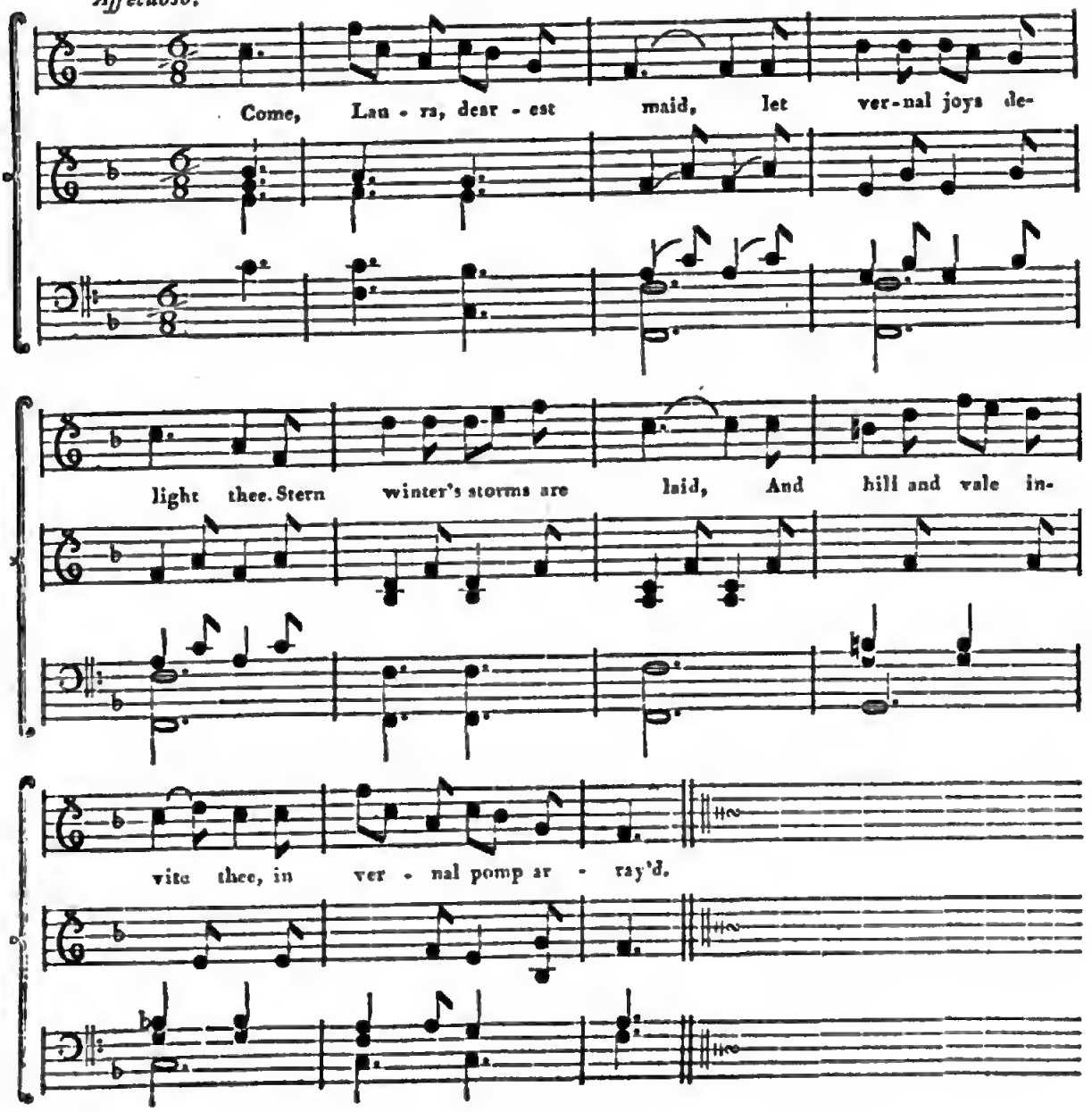
THE INVITATION.

Affetuoso. *Reichardt.*



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I.

COME, Laura, dearest maid,
Let rural joys delight thee;
Stern Winter's storms are laid,
And hill and vale invite thee,
In vernal pomp array'd

II.

Yon lucid lake serene,
See fragrant hawthorns border;
See lambkins, o'er the green,
Disport in gay disorder,
And deck the smiling scene.

III.

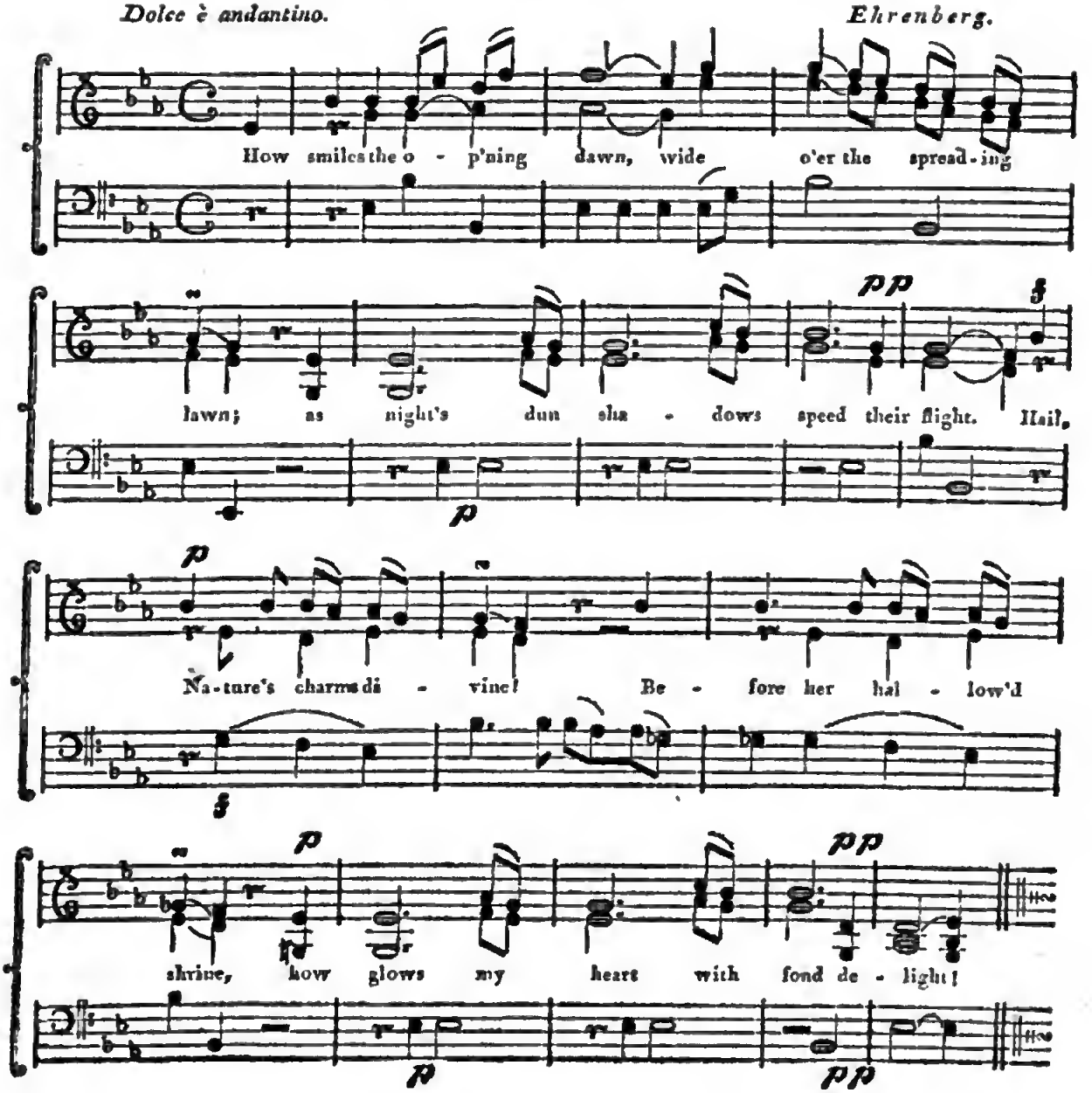
From yonder bow'ry shade,
Sad love-lorn anguish pouring,
The turtle fills the glade;
His absent mate allnring,
That loiters down the mead.

IV.

Nor calls the dove in vain; —
Back flies the soften'd rover.
Dear maid, then, soothe my pain,
Regard thy plaintive lover: —
O come, dear maid, again!

MORNING HYMN.

Dolce è andantino. *Ehrenberg.*



I.

HOW smiles the op'ning dawn,
Wide o'er the spreading lawn,
As night's dun shadows speed their flight!
Hail, Nature's charms divine!
Before her hallow'd shrine,
How glows my heart with fond delight!

II.

Hail, Nature's sov'reign Lord!
At whose creative word,
The awe-inspiring scene arose!
Thy goodness grants me more,
Than dare my pray'rs implore; —
Than dare my ardent fondest vows!

III.

At midnight's silent hour,
While sleep's reviving pow'r
Gives health, and life, and vig'rous joy;
Thy wakeful care presides,
Nor harm my soul betides; —
Nor fears my balmy rest annoy.

IV.

The new-born day, how fair!
How sweet the freshen'd air!
How rings the grove with votive lays!
The tuneful song, I'll join,
And chant thy name divine; —
And swell the grateful note of praise!

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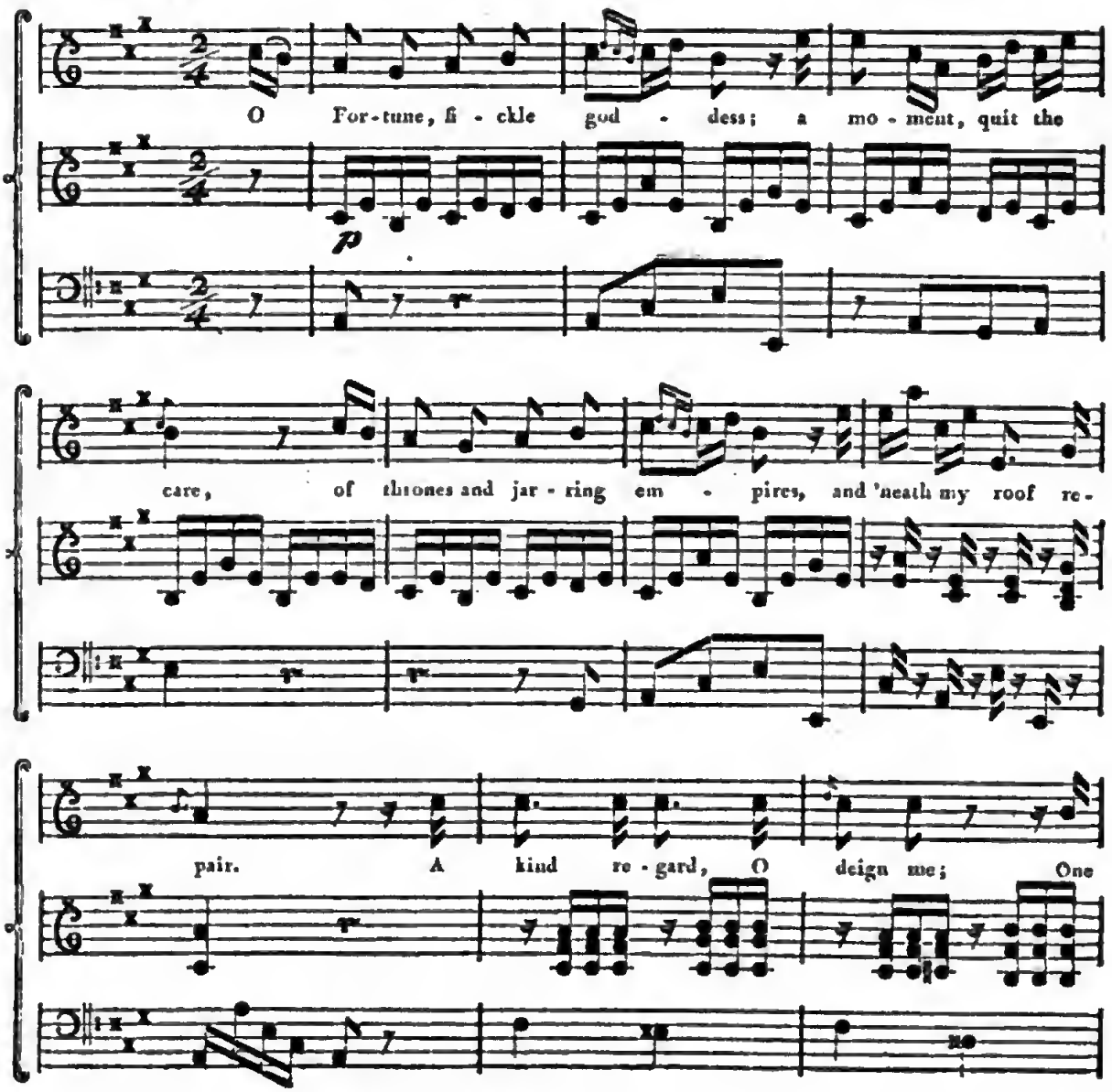
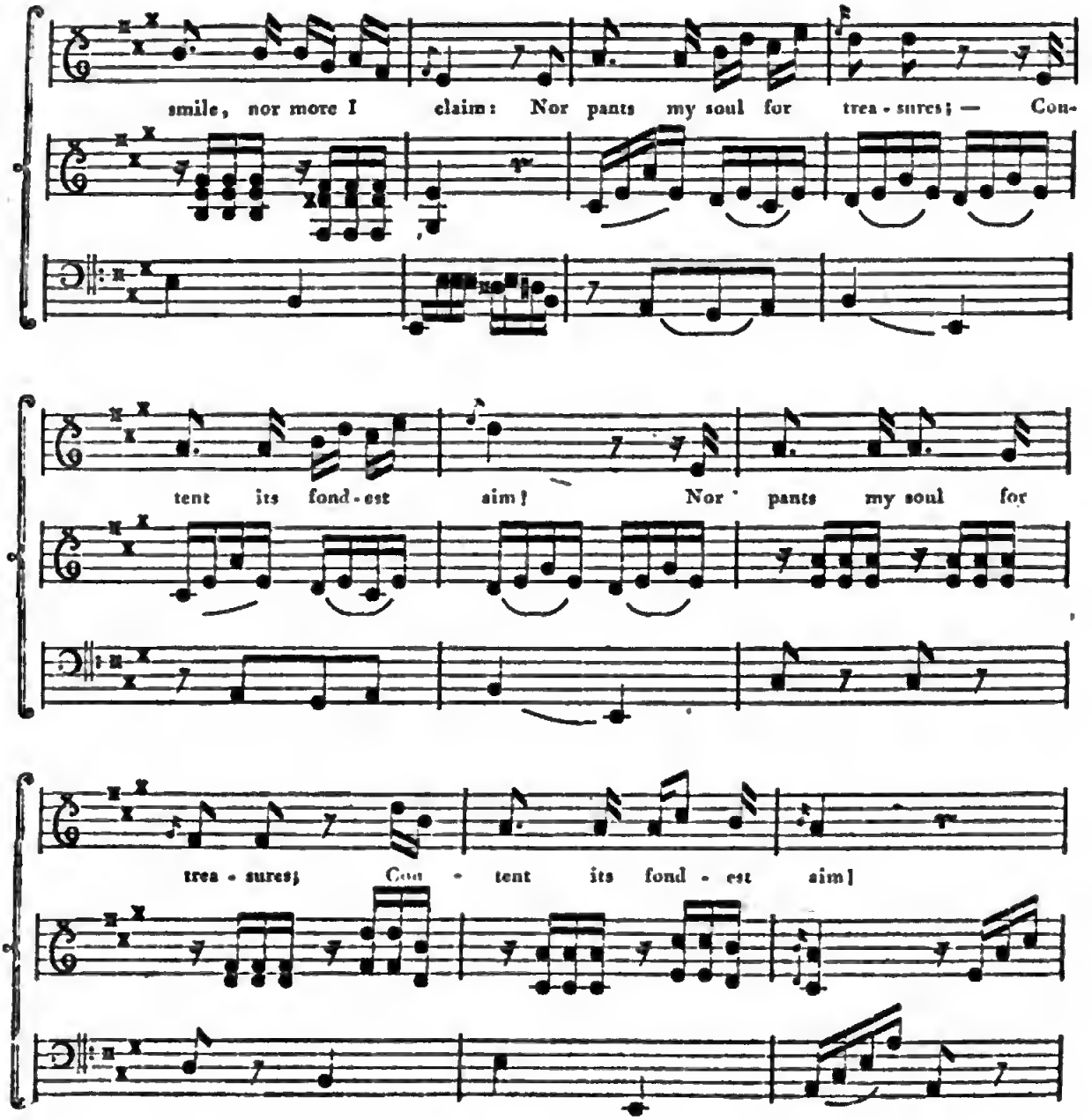
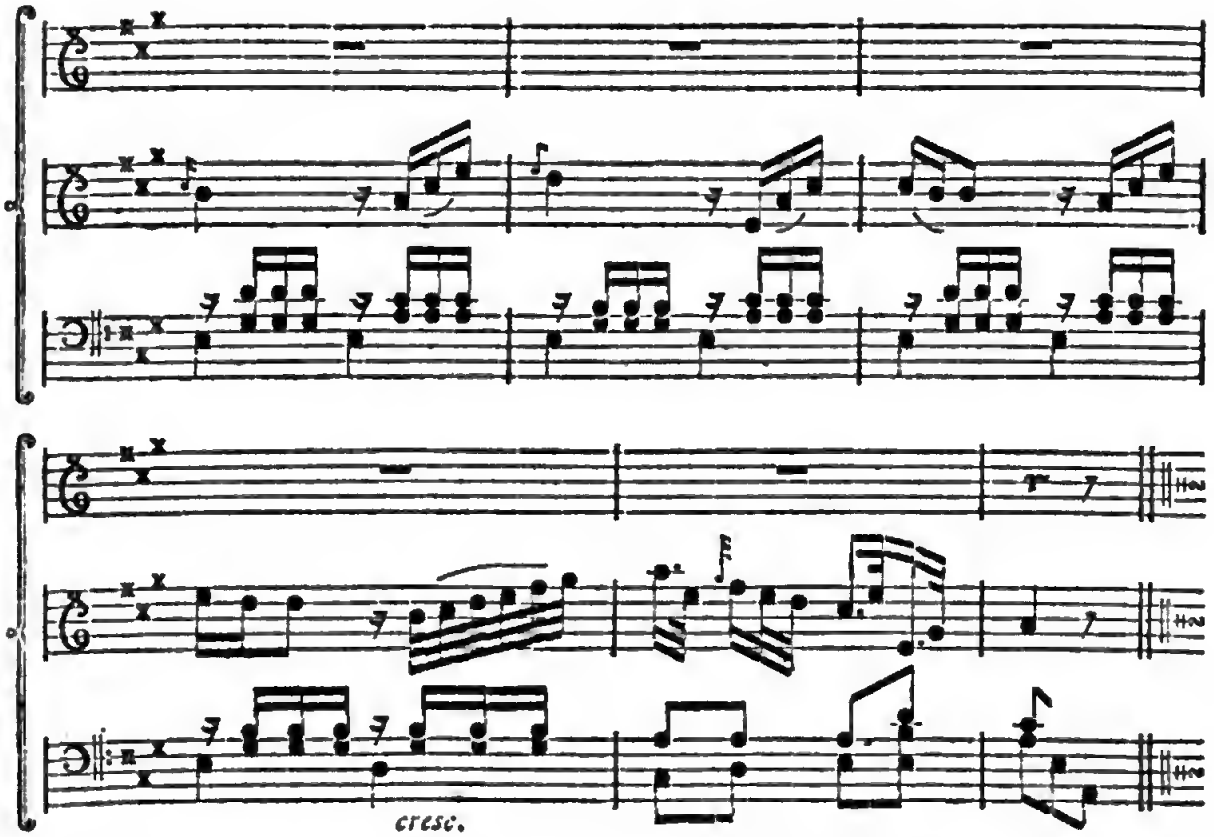
TO FORTUNE.

Adagio. *Stärckel.*




smile, nor more I claim: Nor pants my soul for trea - sures; — Con-
tent its fond - est aim! Nor pants my soul for
trea - sures; Con - tent its fond - est aim!



I.

O, Fortune, fickle goddess,
A moment, quit the care
Of thrones and jarring empires,
And 'neath my roof repair.
A kind regard, O deign me;
One smile; — no more I claim:
Nor pants my soul for treasures; —
Content it's fondest aim!

II.

Be small my simple dwelling,
Nor round with baubles strewn,
Just room for frolic measures,
A gay repast to crown; —
Repast of unbought dainties;
My garden's modest grace;
The woodland's plumy tenants;
The riv'let's finny race.

III.

Let Flora deck my borders
With many a lovely flow'r;
The grape, in mellow clusters,
Intwine my rustic bow'r;
And let the purple nectar,
The gen'rous vine bestows,
Be quaff'd to Love and Friendship
Beneath the pendant boughs: —

IV.

To Love, the choicest blessing,
That favour'd mortals taste! —
To Friendship, gift of heaven,
That sweetens life's repast!
This, grant me, gentle goddess;
No farther boon I crave: —
Thy golden favours, lavish,
On vain ambition's slave!

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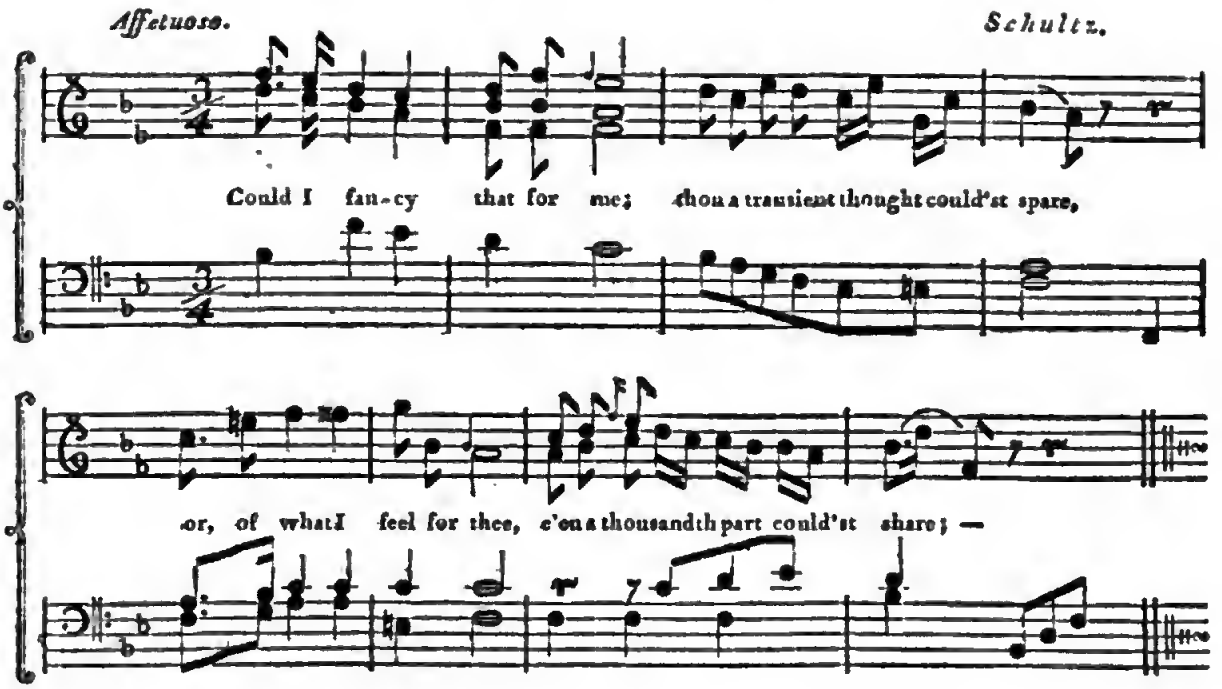
MUTUAL LOVE.



I.

Could I fancy, that for me,
Thou a transient thought could'st spare;
Or, of what I feel for thee,
E'en a thousandth part could'st share; —

II.

When I greet thee, would'st thou deign,
One kind look, to bid me live; —
Or, one kiss return again;
Sweet return, for those I give;

III.

All dissolv'd in tender joy,
High my raptur'd heart would beat;
Fondly at thy feet I'd sigh;
Fondly call my bondage sweet!

IV.

Dear the change of mutual vows;
Love return'd new love shall claim:
And the spark, that faintly glows,
Soon shall blaze an ardent flame!

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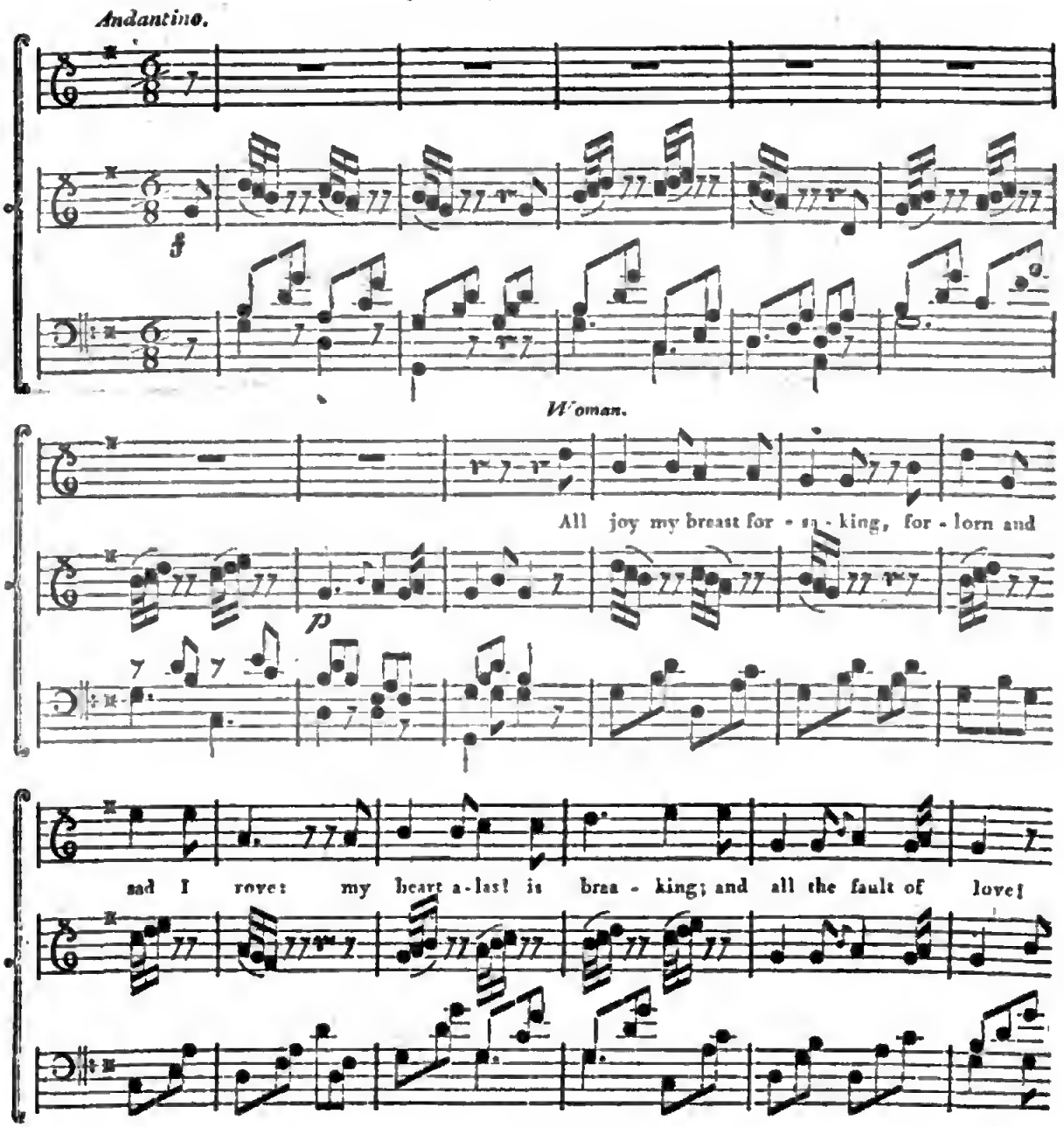
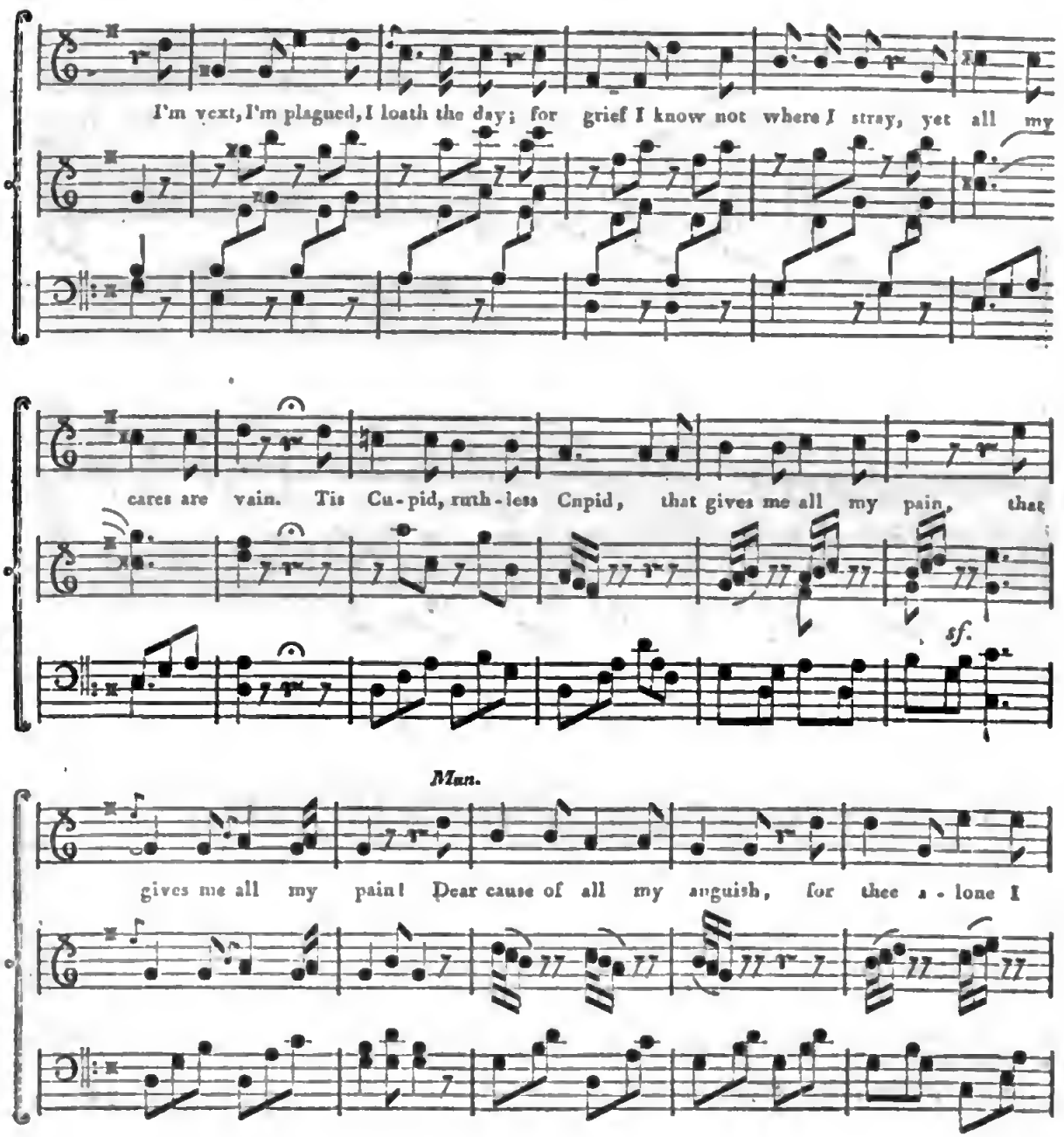
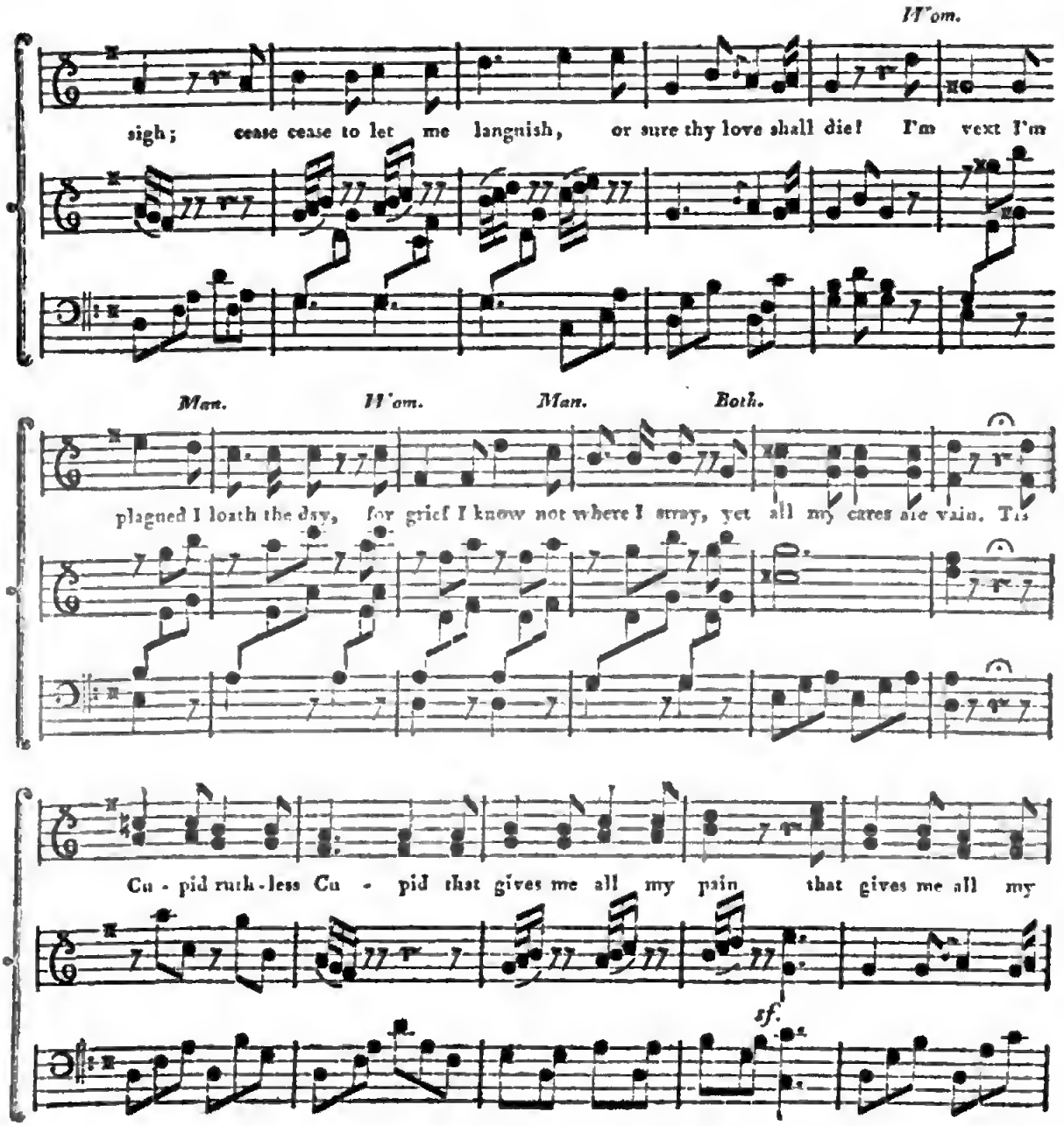
A DUET.


Andantino.
Woman.
All joy my breast for - sa - king, for - lorn and
sad I rove: my heart a-last is brea - king; and all the fault of love!


I'm vext, I'm plagued, I loath the day; for grief I know not where I stray, yet all my
cares are vain. Tis Cu-pid, ruth-less Cupid, that gives me all my pain, that
sf.
Man.
gives me all my pain! Dear cause of all my anguish, for thee a-lone I



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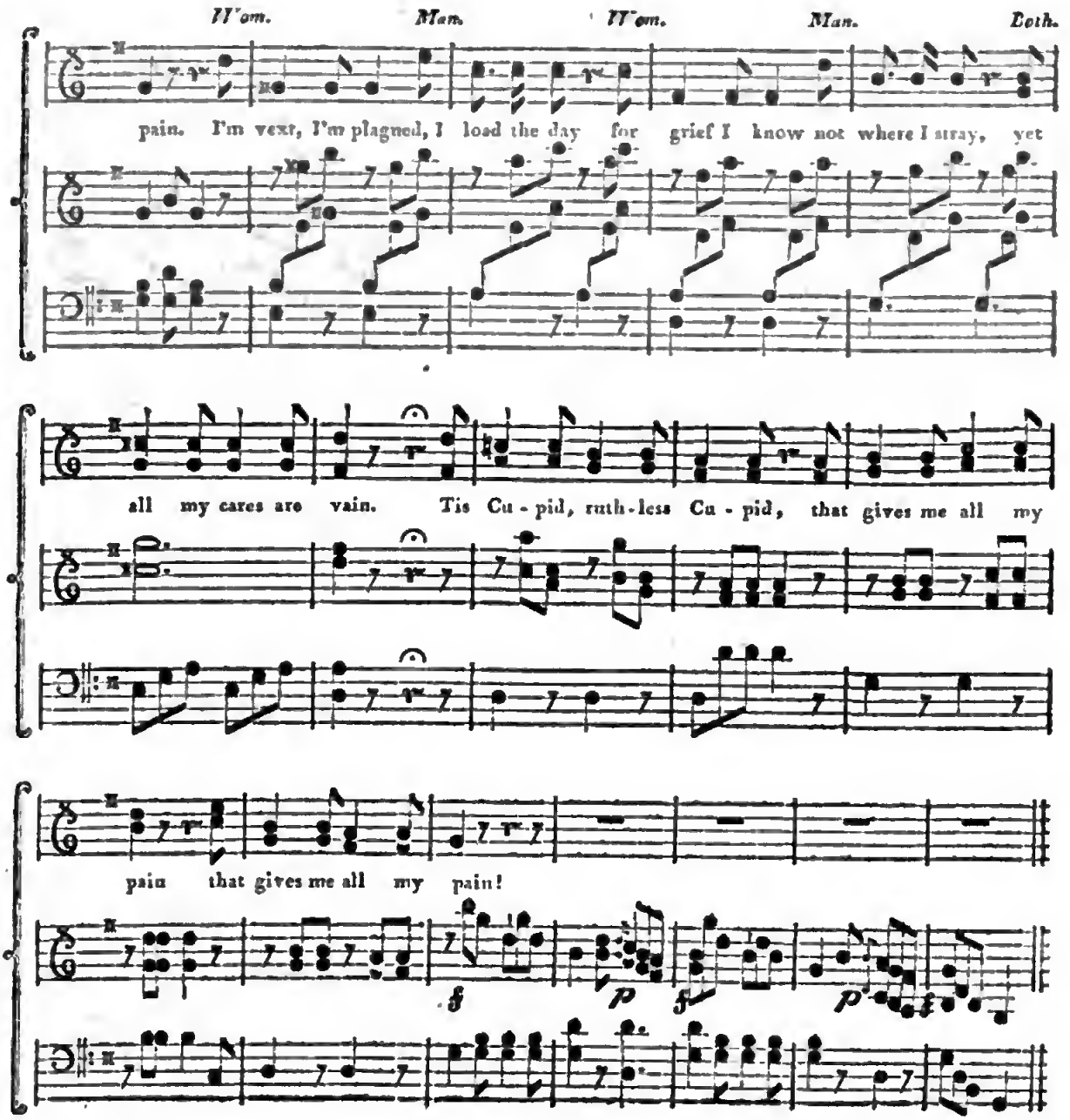
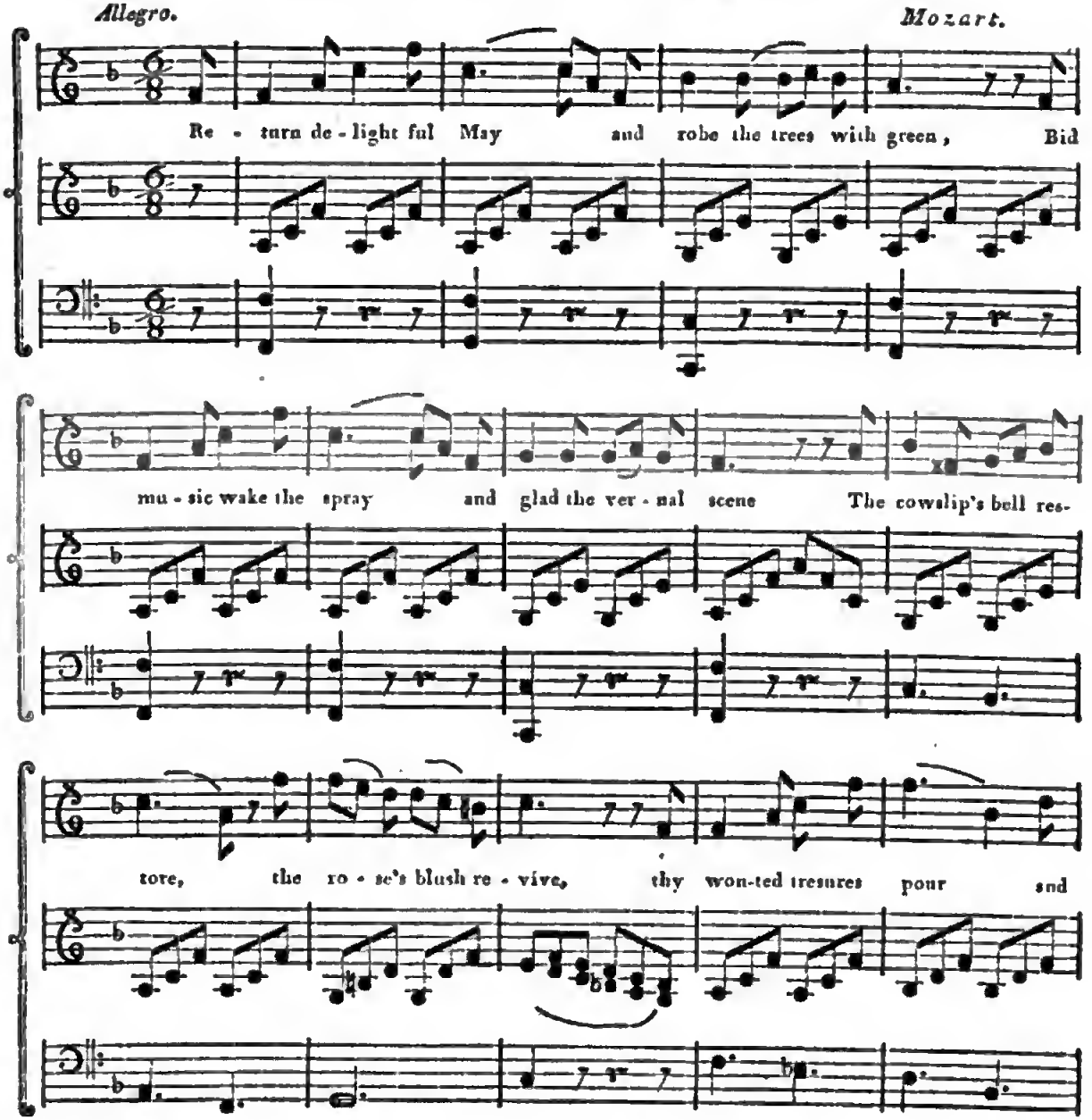

Wom. Man. Wom. Man. Both.
pain. I'm vext, I'm plagued, I load the day for grief I know not where I stray, yet
all my cares are vain. Tis Cu - pid, ruth-less Cu - pid, that gives me all my
pain that gives me all my pain!
f p f p

INVITATION TO MAY.

Allegro. *Mozart.*



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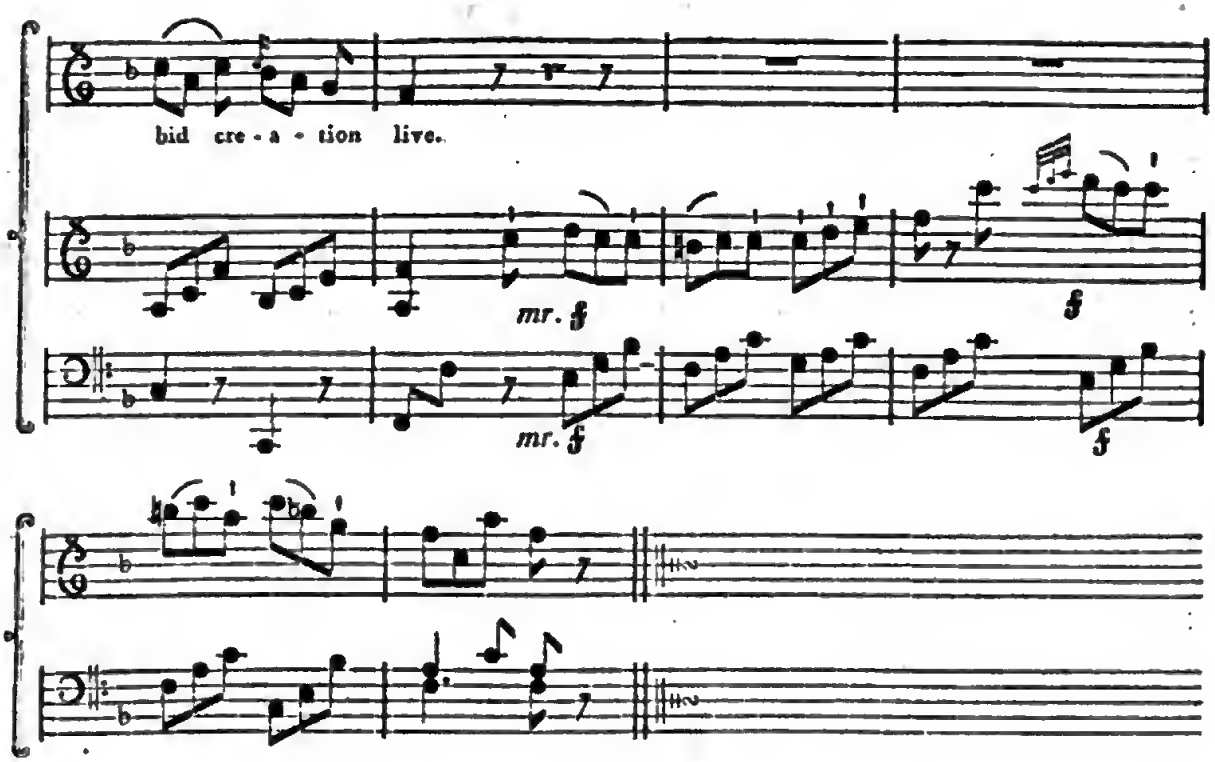

I.

RETURN, delightful May,
And robe the trees with green,
Bid music wake the spray
And glad the vernal scene.
The cowslip's bell restore,
The rose's blush revive,
Thy wonted treasures pour,
And bid creation live!

II.

In vain, while Winter's gloom
Invades the dronping plain,
In quest of joy we roam
Mid fashions's motly train.
Joy shuns the noisy town,
The midnight masquerade:
From courts and cities flown
She haunts the rural shade!

III.

And well the rural shade
Befits a guest so fair.
Then haste, bedeck the mead,
Haste all thy stores prepare.
Sweet month, bring garlands gay,
And bring the nightingale:
O haste, delightful May,
And Winter's gloom dispel!

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All joy my breast forsaking,	*(Mich fliehen alle Freuden,)*	Bürger.	XXVI.
Return, delightful May,	*(Komm lieber Mai und mache)*		XXX.

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A COLLECTION

OF

GERMAN BALLADS AND SONGS

WITH THEIR ORIGINAL MUSIC,

DONE INTO ENGLISH, BY THE TRANSLATOR

OF

THE GERMAN ERATO, ETC.

THE SECOND EDITION.

BERLIN,

SOLD BY H. FRÖLICH; AND BY MESSIEURS BAUMGÄRTNERS, LEIPSIC.

1800.

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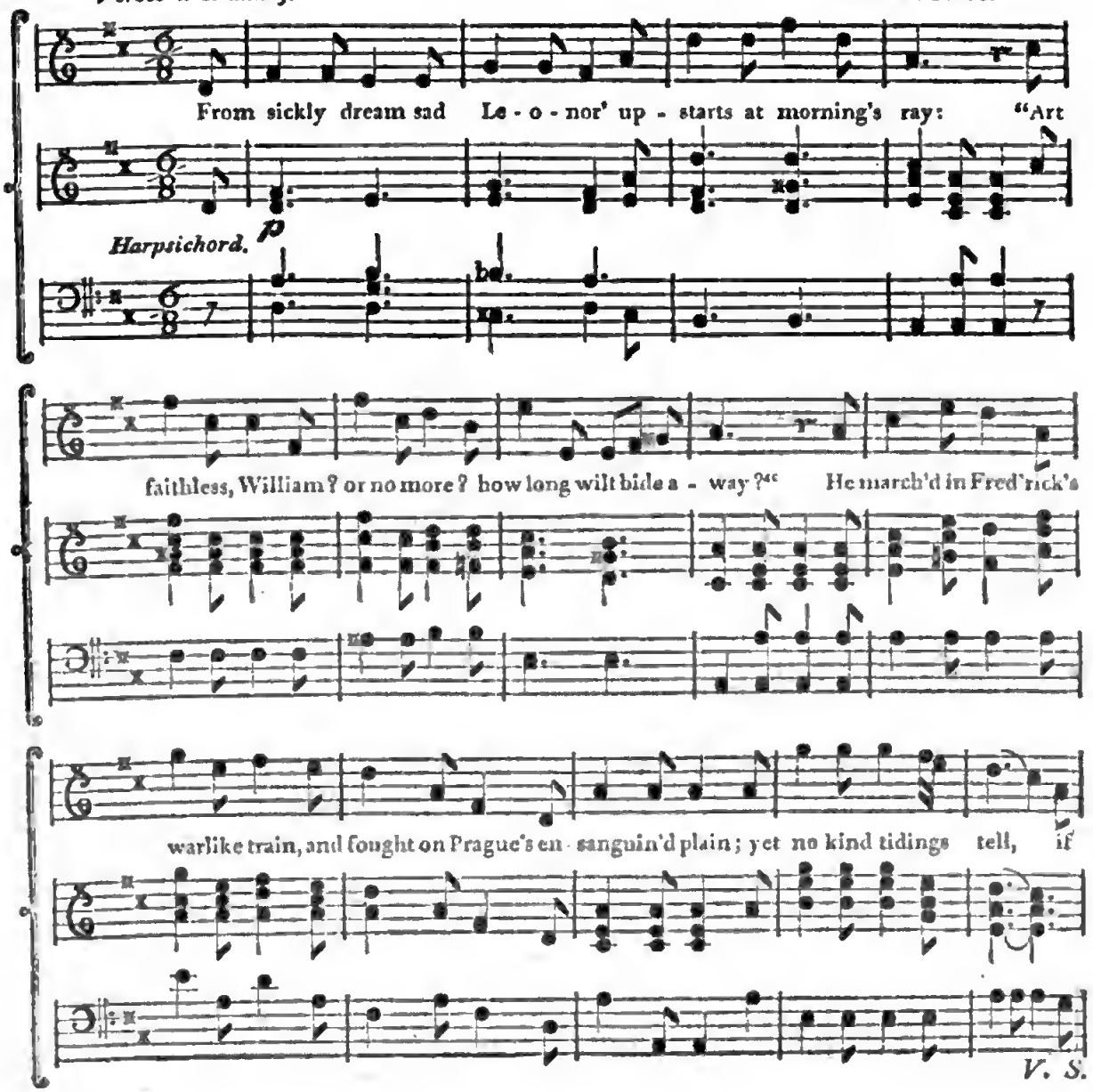
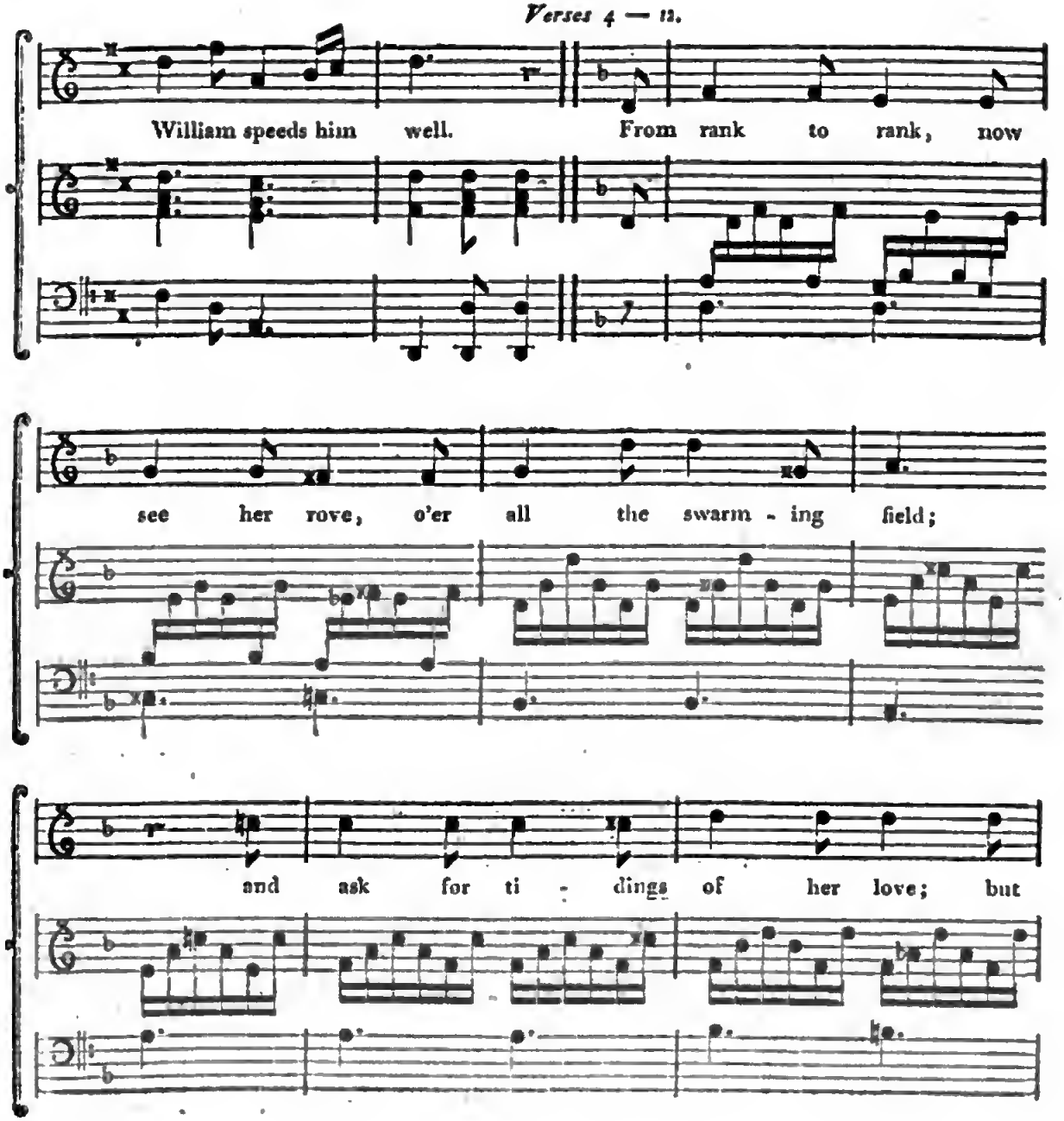
LEONORA.

Verses 1. 2. and 3. *Reichardt.*



Verses 4 — 11.



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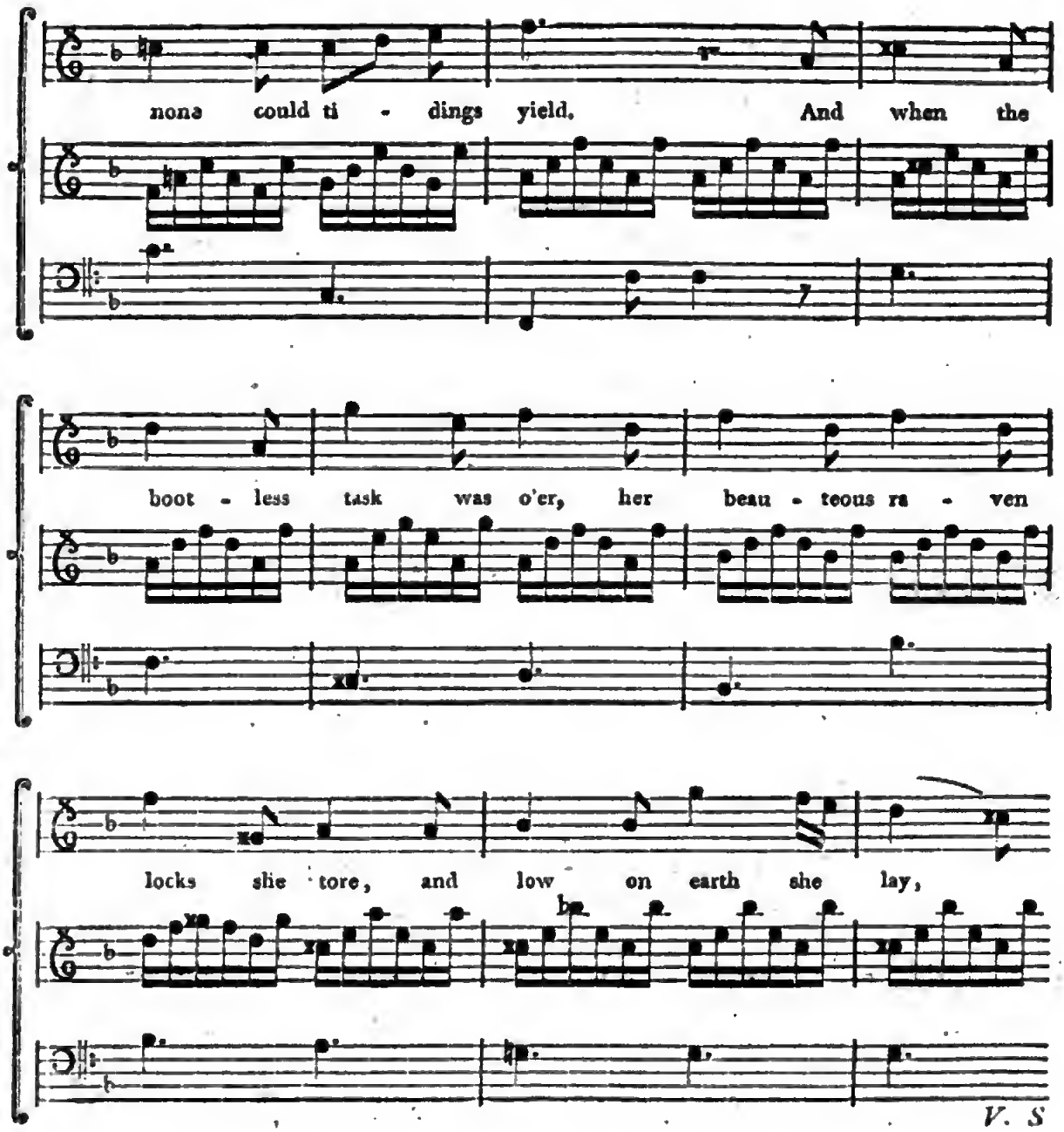
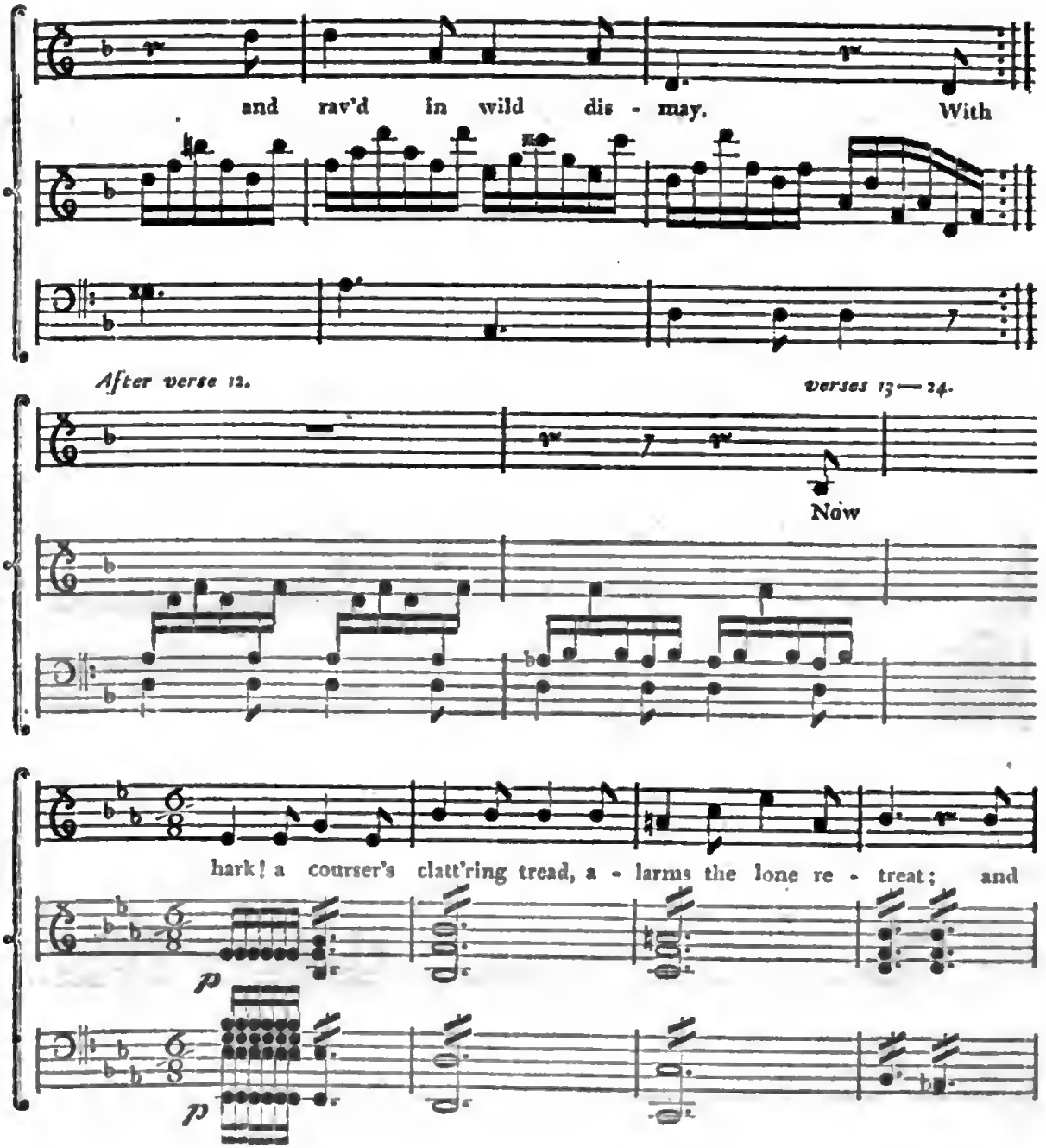

nona could ti - dings yield, And when the
boot - less task was o'er, her beau - teous ra - ven
locks she tore, and low on earth she lay,
V. S



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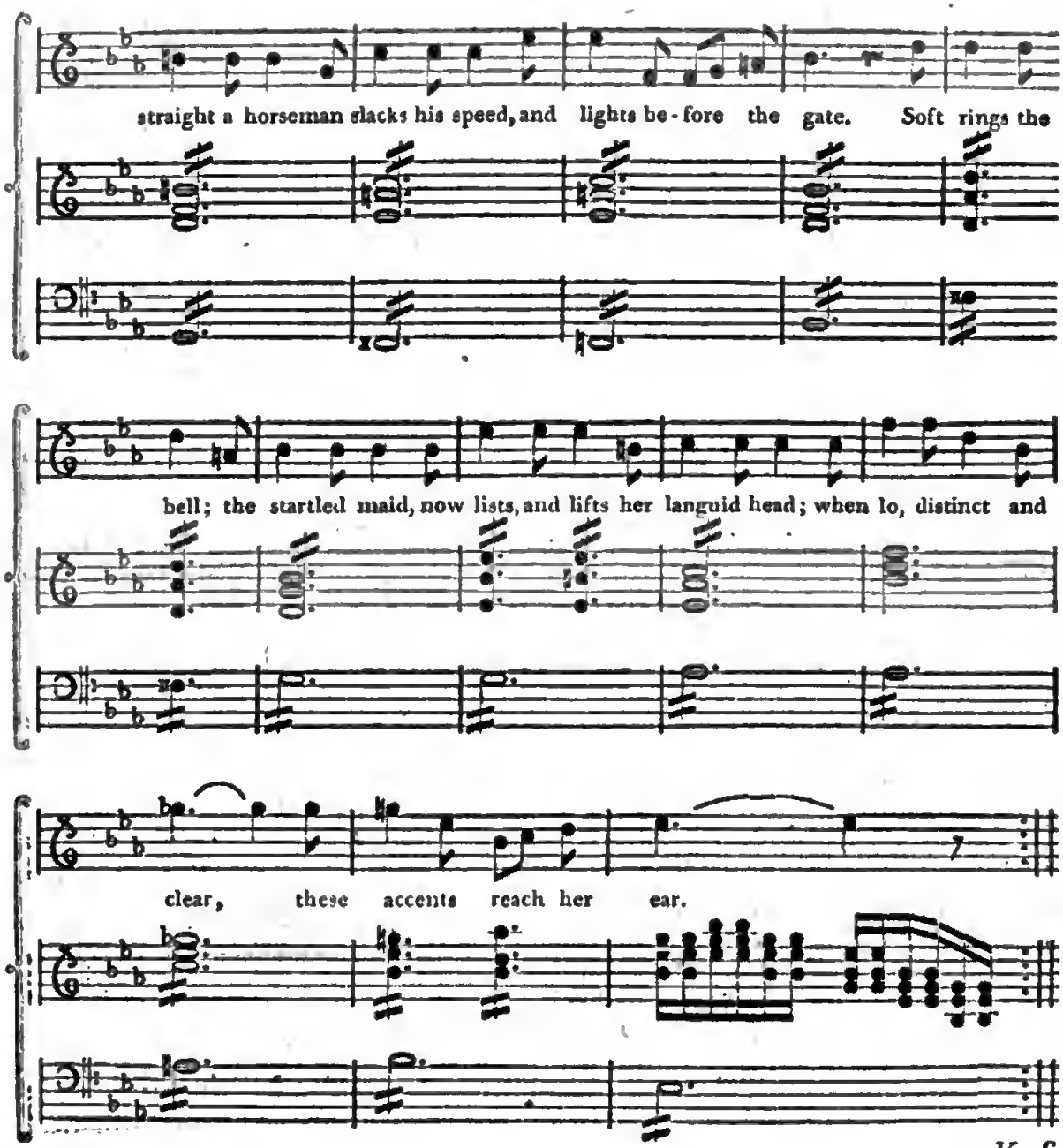

V. S.

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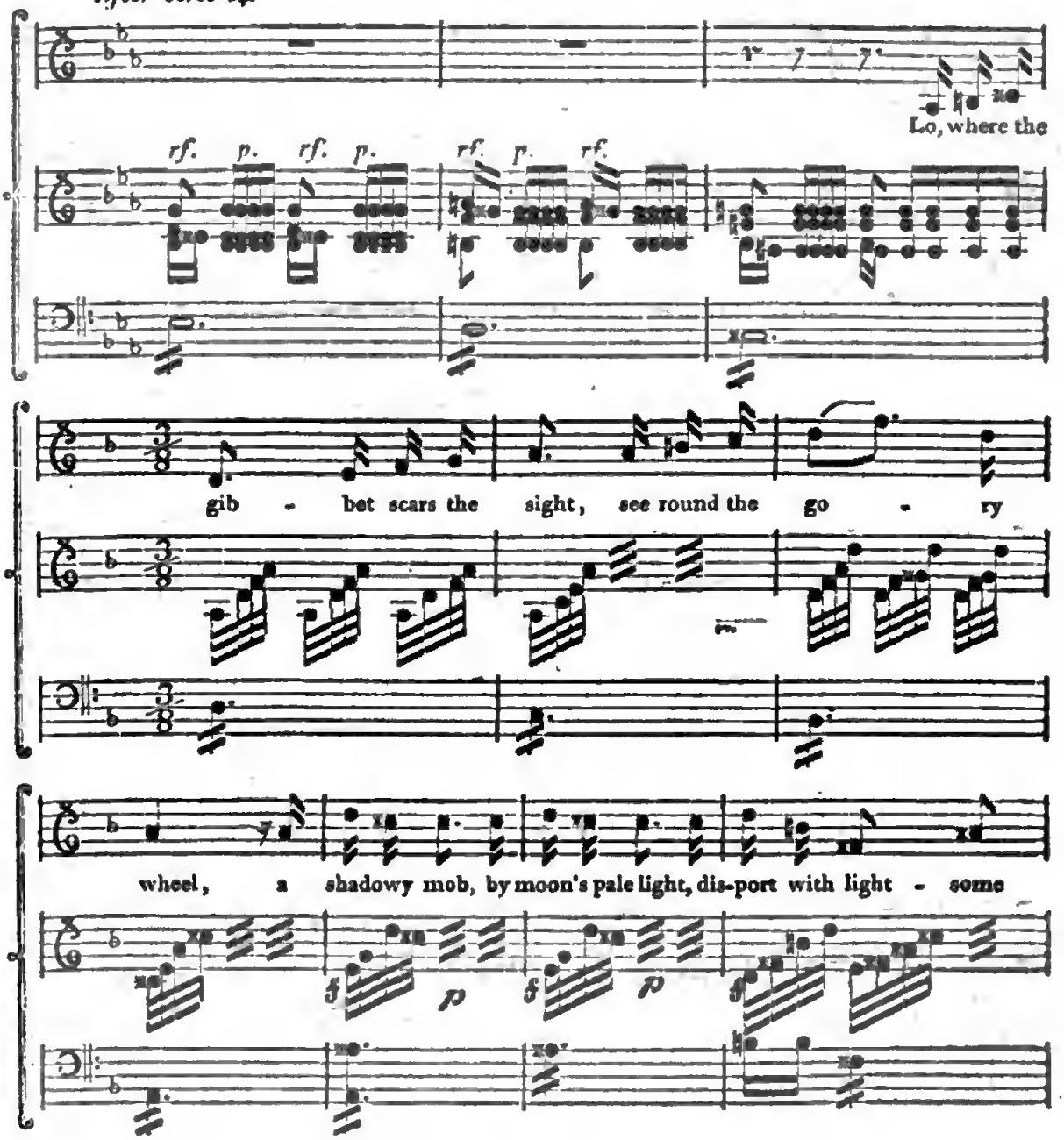
After verse 24.



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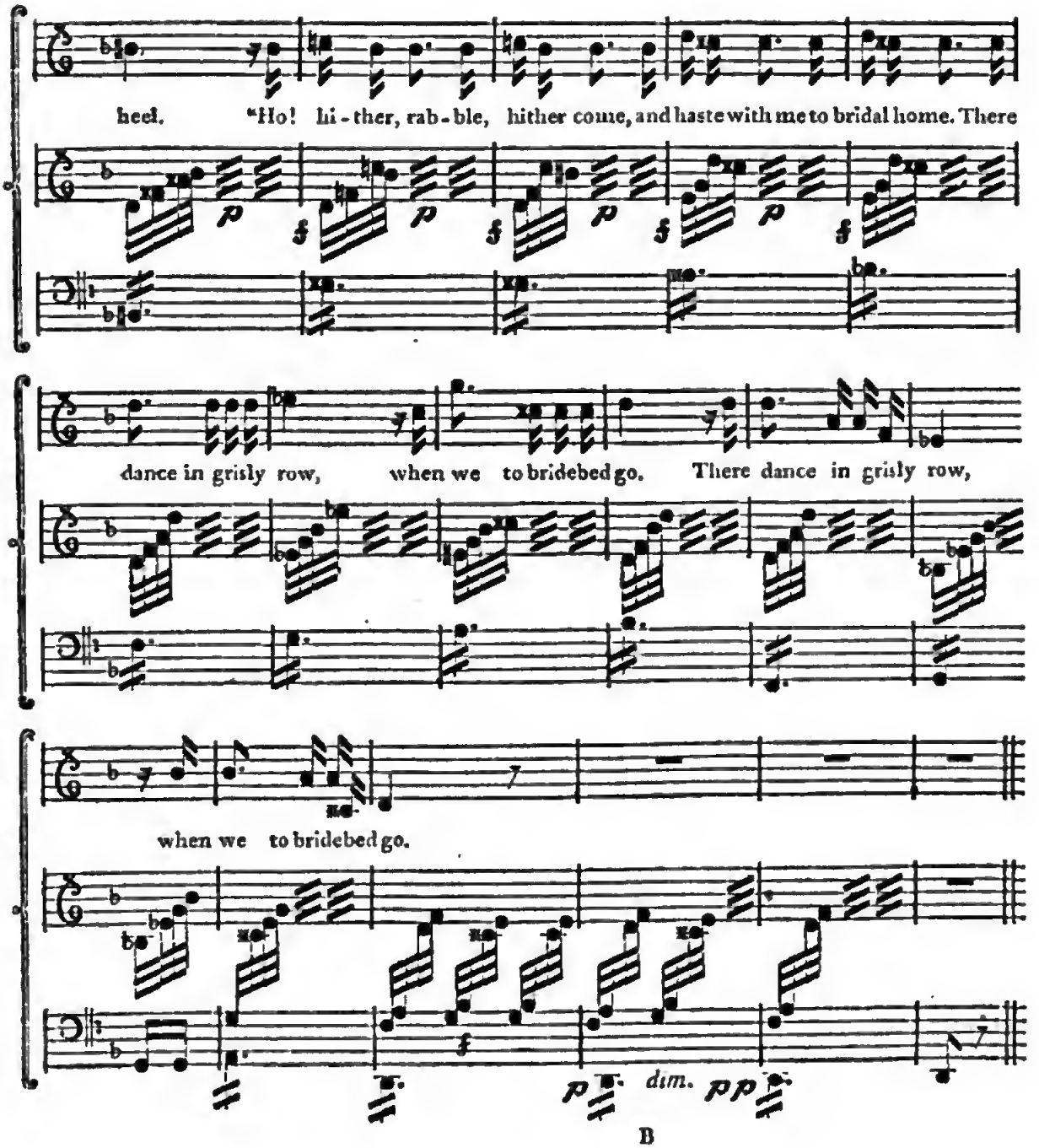
heel. "Ho! hi - ther, rab - ble, hither come, and haste with me to bridal home. There
dance in grisly row, when we to bridebed go. There dance in grisly row,
when we to bridebed go.
dim.

B

I.

FROM sickly dream, sad Leonor'
Upstarts at morning's ray:
"Art faithless, William? — or no more?
How long wilt bide away?"
He march'd in Fred'rick's warlike train,
And fought on Prague's ensanguin'd plain;
Yet no kind tidings tell,
If William speeds him well.

II.

The king and fair Hungaria's queen
At length bid discord cease;
Each other eye with milder mien,
And hail the grateful peace.
And now the troops, a joyous throng,
With drum and uproar, shout and song,
All deck'd in garlands fair,
To welcome home repair.

III.

On ev'ry road, on ev'ry way,
As now the crowd appears,
See young and old their path belay,
And greet with friendly tears.
"Praise God!" each child and matron cry'd;
And: "Welcome!" many a happy bride:
But, ah! for Leonor'
No kiss remains in store!

IV.

From rank to rank, now see her rove,
O'er all the swarming field;
And ask for tidings of her love,
But none could tidings yield,
And, when the bootless task was o'er,
Her beauteous raven-locks she tore;
And low on earth she lay,
And rav'd in wild dismay.

V.

With eager speed the mother flies:
"God shield us all from harms!
What ails my darling child?" she cries,
And snatch'd her to her arms.
"Ah! mother, see a wretch undone!
What hope for me beneath the sun!
Sure heav'n no pity knows!
Ah! me, what cureless woes!"

VI.

"Celestial pow'rs, look gracious on!
Haste, daughter, haste to pray'r!
What heav'n ordains, is wisely done,
And kind its parent-care."
"Ah, mother, mother, idle tales!
Sure heav'n to me no kindness deals.
O, unavailing vows!
What more have I to lose?"

VII.

"O, trust in God! — Who feels aright,
Must own his fost'ring care;
And holy sacramental rite,
Shall calm thy wild despair."
"Alas! the pangs, my soul invade,
What pow'r of holy rite can aid?
What sacrament retrieve
The dead, and bid them live?"

VIII.

"Perchance, dear child, he loves no more,
And, wand'ring far and wide,
Has chang'd his faith on foreign shore,
And weds a foreign bride!
And let him rove and prove untrue!
Erelong his gainless crimes he'll rue.
When soul and body part,
What pangs shall wring his heart!"

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IX.

"Ah, mother, mother, gone is gone!
The past shall ne'er return!
Sure' death were now a welcome boon!
O, had I ne'er been born!
No more I'll bear the hateful light;
Sink, sink, my soul, in endless night!
Sure' heav'n no pity knows!
Ah! me, what endless woes!"

X.

"Help, heav'n, nor look with eye severe,
On this deluded maid!
My erring child in pity spare!
She knows not what she said!
Ah! child, all earthly cares resign,
And think of God and joys divine!
A spouse celestial, see! —
In heav'n he waits for thee!"

XI.

"O, mother! what are joys divine?
What hell! dear mother! say?!
'Twere heav'n, were dearest William mine;
'Tis hell, now he's away!
No more I'll bear the hateful light!
Sink, sink, my soul, in endless night!
All bliss with William flies;
Nor earth, nor heav'n, I prize!"

XII.

Thus rav'd the maid, and mad despair
Shook all her tender frame;
She wail'd at providential care,
And tax'd the heav'ns with blame.
She wrung her hands and beat' her breast,
Till parting daylight streak'd the west;
Till brightest starlight shone
Around 'night's darksome throne.

XIII.

Now, hark! a courser's clatt'ring tread
Alarms the lone retreat;
And straight a horseman slacks his speed,
And lights before the gate:
Soft rings the bell, — the startled maid,
Now lists, and lifts her languid head;
When, lo, distinct and clear,
These accents reach her ear.

XIV.

"What, ho! what, ho! ope wide the door!
Speak, love! — dost wake or sleep?
Think'st on me still? — or think'st no more?
Dost laugh, dear maid! or weep?"
"Ah! William's voice! so late art here?
I've wept and watch'd with sleepless care,
And wail'd in bitter woe!
Whence com'st thou mounted so?"

XV.

"We start at midnight's solemn gloom;
I come, sweet maid, from far.
In haste and late I left my home;
And now I'll take thee there!"
"O, bide one moment first, my love!
Chill blows the wind athwart the grove;
And here, secure from harm,
These arms my love shall warm."

XVI.

"Let blow the wind and chill the grove;
Nor wind, nor cold I, fear.
Wild stamps my steed; come, haste, my love! —
I dare not linger here!
Haste, tuck thy coats, make no delay;
Mount quick behind, for e'en to-day,
Must ten-score leagues be sped
To reach our bridal bed!"

XVII.

"What, ten-score leagues! canst speed so far,
Ere morn the day restore?
Hark! hark! the village clock I hear: —
How late it tells the hour!"
"See there, the moon is bright and high,
Swift ride the dead! — we'll hound, we'll fly.
I'll wager, love, we'll come,
Ere morn, to bridal home."

XVIII.

"Say, where is deck'd the bridal hall?
How laid the bridal bed?"
"Far, far from hence, still, cool and small;
Six planks my wants bestead."
"Hast room for me?" "For me and thee!
Come, mount behind, and haste and see.
E'en now the bride-mates wait,
And open stands the gate."

XIX.

With graceful ease the maiden sprung
Upon the coal-black steed,
And round the youth her arms she flung,
And held with fearful heed.
And now they start and speed amain,
Tear up the ground and fire the plain;
And o'er the boundless waste,
Urge on with breathless haste.

XX.

Now on the right, now on the left,
As o'er the waste they hound,
How flies the heath! the lake! the cliff!
How shakes the hollow ground!
"Art frighted, love? the moon rides high.
What, ho! the dead can nimbly fly!
Dost fear the dead, dear maid?"
"Ah! no, — why heed the dead!"

XXI.

Now knell and dirges strike the ear;
Now flaps the raven's wing;
And now a sable train appear;
Hark! "Dust to dust," they sing.
In solemn march, the sable train,
With bier and coffin, cross the plain.
Harsh float their accents round;
Like night's sad bird the sound.

XXII.

"At midnight's hour, the corpse be laid
In soft and silent rest!
Now home I take my plighted maid,
To grace the wedding feast!
And, sexton, come with all thy train,
And tune for me the bridal strain!
Come, priest, the pray'r bestow,
Ere we to bridebed go!"

XXIII.

The dirges cease — the coffin flies,
And mocks the cheated view;
Now rattling dins around him rise,
And hard behind pursue.
And on he darts with quicken'd speed!
How pants the man! — How pants the steed!
O'er hill, o'er dale, they bound;
How sparks the flinty ground!

XXIV.

On right, on left, how swift the flight
Of mountains, woods, and downs!
How fly on left, how fly on right,
The hamlets, spires, and towns!
"Art frighted, love? — the moon rides high.
What, ho! the dead can nimbly fly!
Dost fear the dead, dear maid?"
"Ah! leave, ah! leave the dead!"

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XXV.

Lo, where the gibbet scars the sight,
See round the gory wheel,
A shadowy mob, by moon's pale light,
Disport with lightsome heel.
"Ho, hither, rabble! hither come;
And haste with me to bridal home;
There dance in grisly row,
When we to bridebed go!"

XXVI.

He spoke, and o'er the cheerless waste,
The rustling rabble move;
So sounds the whirlwind's driving blast,
Athwart the wither'd grove.
And on he drives with fiercer speed;
How pants the man! how pants the steed!
O'er hill and dale they hound;
How sparks the flinty ground!

XXVII.

And all the landscape, far and wide,
That 'neath the moon appears;
How swift it flew, as on they glide!
How flew the heav'ns, the stars!
"Art frighted, love? — the moon rides high.
What, ho! the dead can nimbly fly!
Dost fear the dead, dear maid?"
"O heav'ns! — Ah! leave the dead!"

XXVIII.

"The early cock, methinks, I hear:
My fated hour is come!
Methinks I scent the morning air:
Come, steed, come haste thee home!
Now ends our toil, now cease our cares; —
And, see, the bridal house appears.
How nimbly glide the dead!
See, here, our course is sped!"

XXIX.

Two folding grates the road belay,
And check his eager speed;
He knocks, the pond'rous bars give way,
The loosen'd bolts recede.
The grates unfold with jarring sound;
See, new-made graves bestrew the ground,
And tomb-stones faintly gleam,
By moonlight's pallid beam.

XXX.

And now, O frightful prodigy!
(As swift as lightning's glare)
The rider's vestments piecemeal fly,
And melt to empty air!
His poll a ghastly death's-head shews,
A skeleton his body grows;
His hideous length unfolds,
And sithe and glass he holds!

XXXI.

High rear'd the steed, and sparks of fire
From forth his nostrils flew;
He paw'd the ground in frantic ire,
And vanish'd from the view.
Sad howlings fill the regions round;
With groans the hollow caves resound;
And death's cold damps invade
The shudd'ring hapless maid!

XXXII.

And lo, by moonlight's glimm'ring ray,
In circling measures hie
The nimble sprites, and as they stray,
In hollow accents cry:
"Though breaks the heart, be, mortals, still;
Nor rail at heav'n's resistless will.
And thou, in dying pray'r,
Call heav'n thy soul to spare!"

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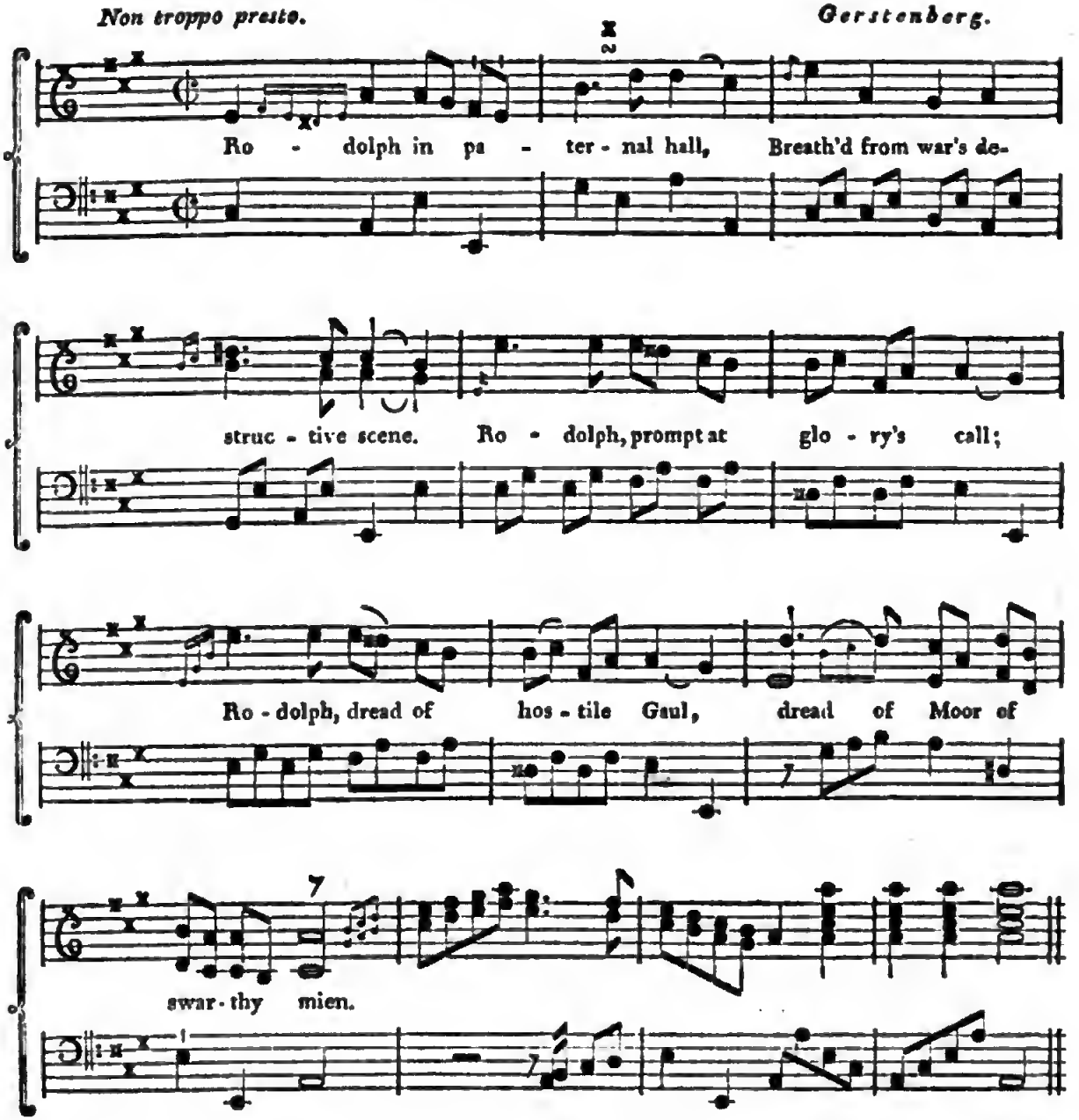
BALLAD.

Non troppo presto. *Gerstenberg.*



I.

RODOLPH, in paternal hall,
Breath'd from war's destructive scene
Rodolph, prompt at glory's call,
Rodolph, dread of hostile Gaul,
Dread of Moor of swarthy mien.

II.

He a gallant son deplores,
Last of all his noble stem:
Whilst, amid the moss-grown tow'rs,
As his tender wail he pours,
Echo wafts the mournful theme.

III.

Agnes, deck'd with golden hair,
Props his age and stills his sigh;
Mild as dove, as lambkin fair,
Soothes a parent's sad despair,
Wipes the tear that dims his eye.

IV.

Yet, herself in silent woe,
Pines by moonlight's solemn gleam:
Albert with the polish'd brow,
Breathes for her the tender vow,
And fair Agnes sighs for him.

V.

Haughty Raymond, at whose side,
Five-score martial youths appear;
Swells with vain heraldic pride,
Vaunts his trophies far and wide,
And old Rodolph held him dear:

VI.

Albert once, on festive day,
Kiss'd her hand as lily fair:
Agnes eyes, in soft dismay,
Chiding frowns would fain betray; —
But they only shew'd a tear!

VII.

Raymond marks the tender dame,
Eyes askance his shining blade;
Love and rage his cheek inflame,
Wild and fierce his eyeballs gleam,
And around their fury shed.

VIII.

Straight his gauntlet, threat'ning war,
On her virgin lap he laid:
"Take it, Albert, and repair
'Neath the mill; — I'll wait thee there"
Swift he mounts and scours the mead.

IX.

Albert hears the fierce defy,
Mounts his steed to seek the foe;
Proud the graceful tear to spy,
Trickling from the maiden's eye; —
Love and honour bade it flow.

X.

Red their burnish'd arms appear,
Gleaming in the setting sun.
Hark! their coursers fierce career
Shakes the plain; the frighted deer
To their inmost covert run.

XI.

Agnes, from the castle wall,
Cast a wistful look beneath.
Boding fears her heart appal;
Straight she saw her Albert fall; —
Saw, — and clos'd her eyes in death.

XII

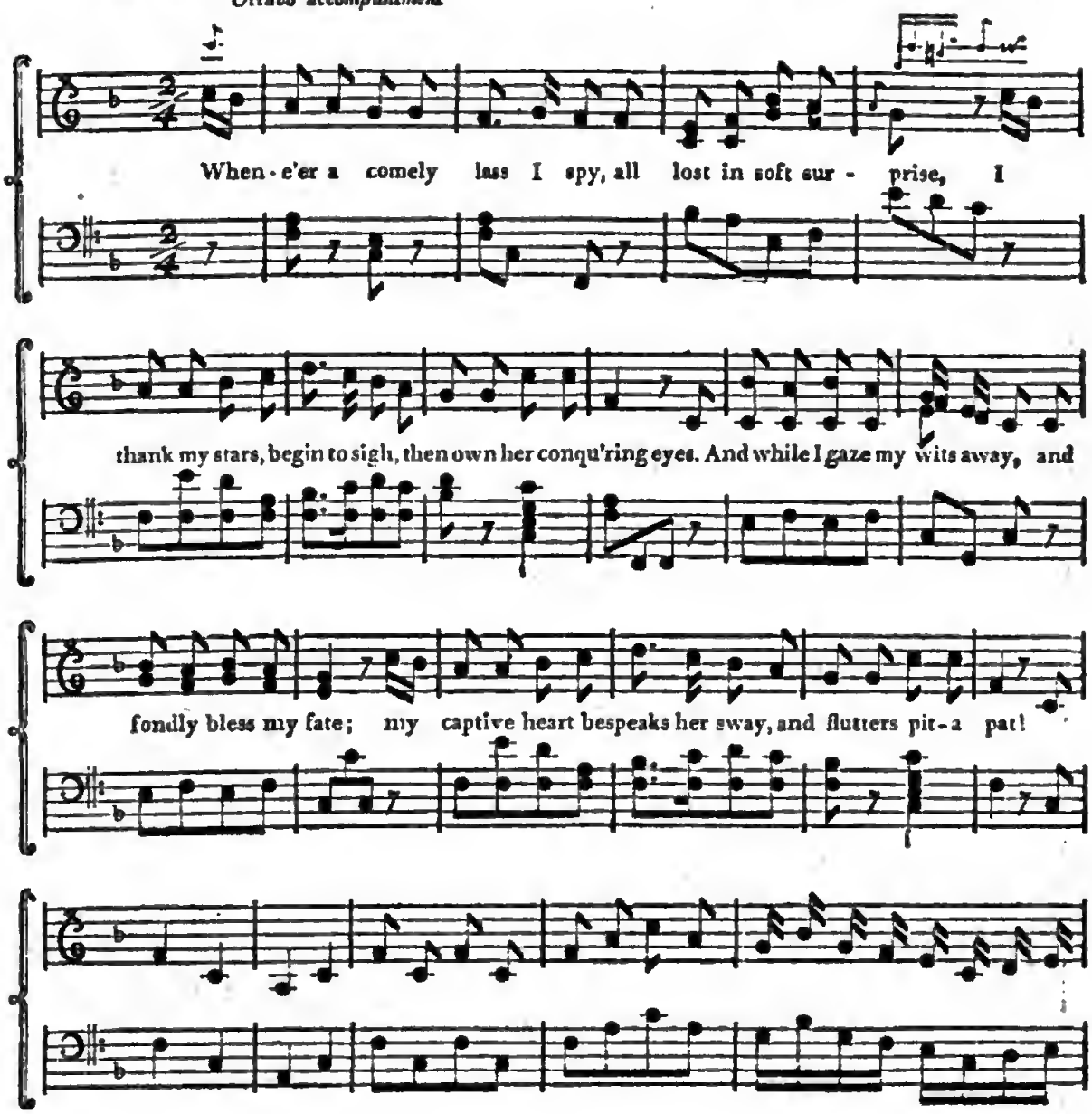
Back the victor falt'ring flies,
(Anxious doubts his breast invade)
Hears the wail of woe arise,
To the fair-one's chamber flies; —
Starts, — and falls upon his blade.

XIII.

Rodolph snatch'd his darling care,
Held her to his throbbing breast;
Torpid, lost in dumb despair,
Clasp'd the cold unconscious fair,
Two long days, — then sunk to rest!

S O N G.

Allegretto. *Octave accompaniment* *Süssmeier.*



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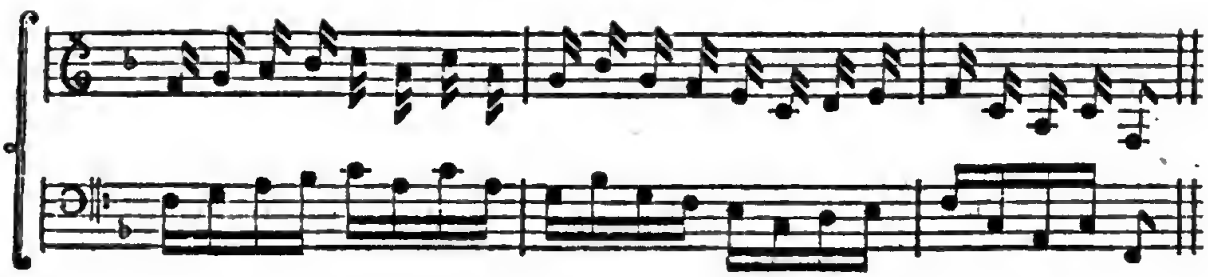


I.

WHENE'ER a comely lass I spy,
All lost in soft surprise,
I thank my stars, begin to sigh,
Then own her conqu'ring eyes.
And while I gaze my wits away,
And fondly bless my fate;
My captive heart bespeaks her sway,
And flutters pit-a-pat!

II.

At first, perchance, the bashful fair
To love is disinclin'd:
So let her be, — I little care,
Ere long she grows more kind:
For soon we smiling looks impart,
Soon toy and flirt and chat;
Then love invades her yielding heart,
And mine beats pit-a-pat!

III.

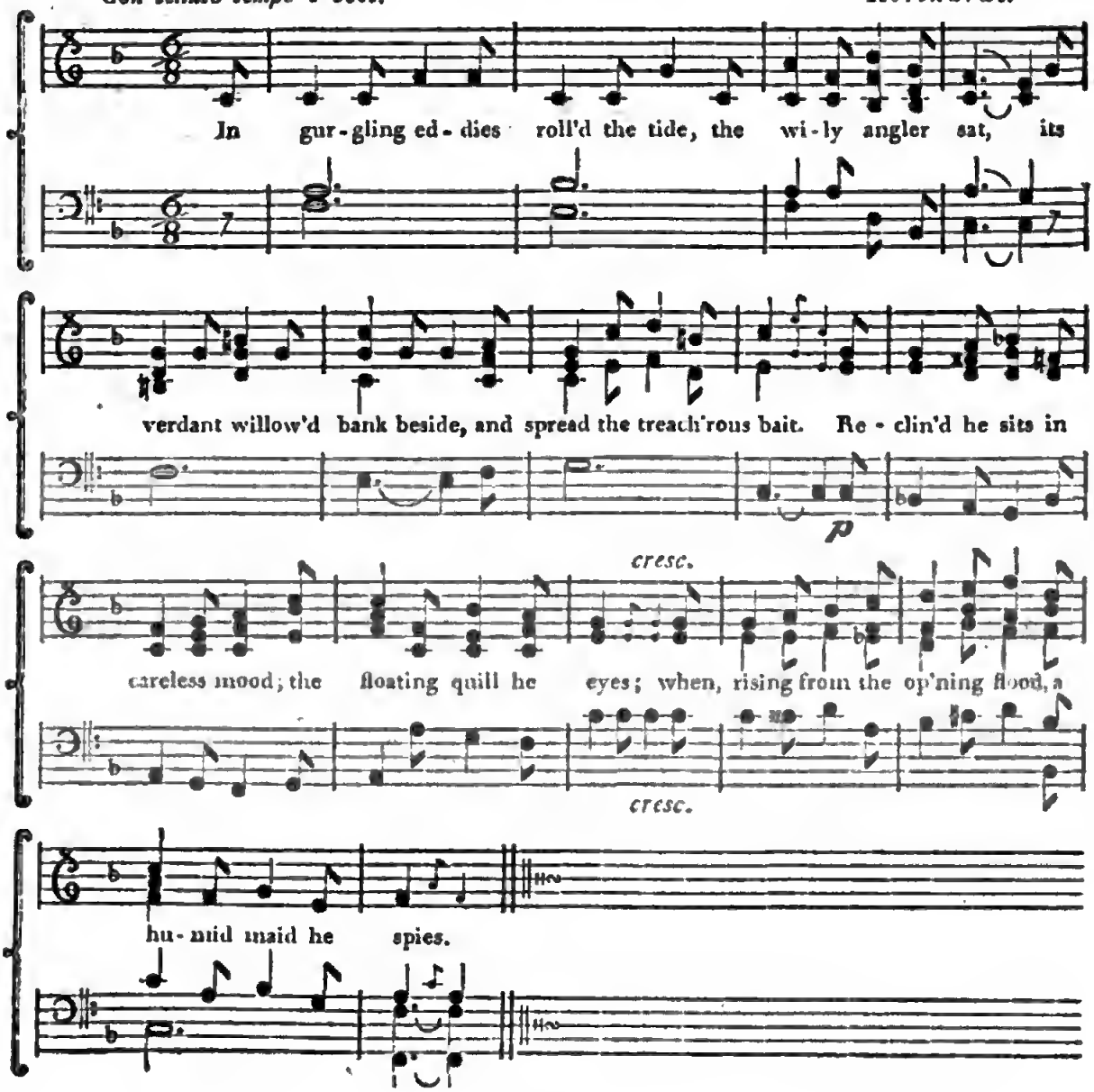
And now, as oft the maid I greet,
Her hand I softly press;
And oft the gentle squeeze repeat,
Oft taste a rifled kiss.
While silent joys each bosom charm,
And check our am'rous chat,
Each heart beats high to love's alarm,
And flutters pit-a-pat!

IV.

To him who ne'er such rapture proves,
How cheerless wears the day! —
How poor the wretch that never loves,
Nor yields to beauty's sway!
O may the heart of softer frame,
To nought but pleasure beat,
When all alive to love's dear name,
It flutters pit-a-pat!

THE FISHER.

Con tenuto tempo e voce. *Reichardt.*



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I.

IN gurgling eddies roll'd the tide,
The wily angler sat
Its verdant willow'd bank beside,
And spread the treach'rous bait.
Reclin'd he sits in careless mood,
The floating quill he eyes; —
When, rising from the opening flood,
A humid maid he spies.

II.

She sweetly sung, she sweetly said,
As gaz'd the wond'ring swain;
"Why thus with murd'rous arts invade
"My placid harmless reign?
"Ah, didst thou know, how blest, how free,
"The finny myriads stray,
"Thou'dst long to dive the limpid sea,
"And live as blest as they."

III.

"The sun, the lovely queen of night,
"Beneath the deep repair;
"And thence, in streamy lustre bright,
"Return more fresh and fair.
"Nor tempts thee yon ætherial space,
"Beting'd with liquid blue? —
"Nor tempts the not thy pictur'd face,
"To bathe in worlds of dew?"

IV.

The tide in gurgling eddies rose,
It reach'd his trembling feet:
His heart with fond impatience glows
The promis'd joys to meet.
So sung the soft, the winning fair;
Alas! ill-fated swain! —
Half dragg'd, half pleas'd, he sinks with her
And ne'er was seen again!

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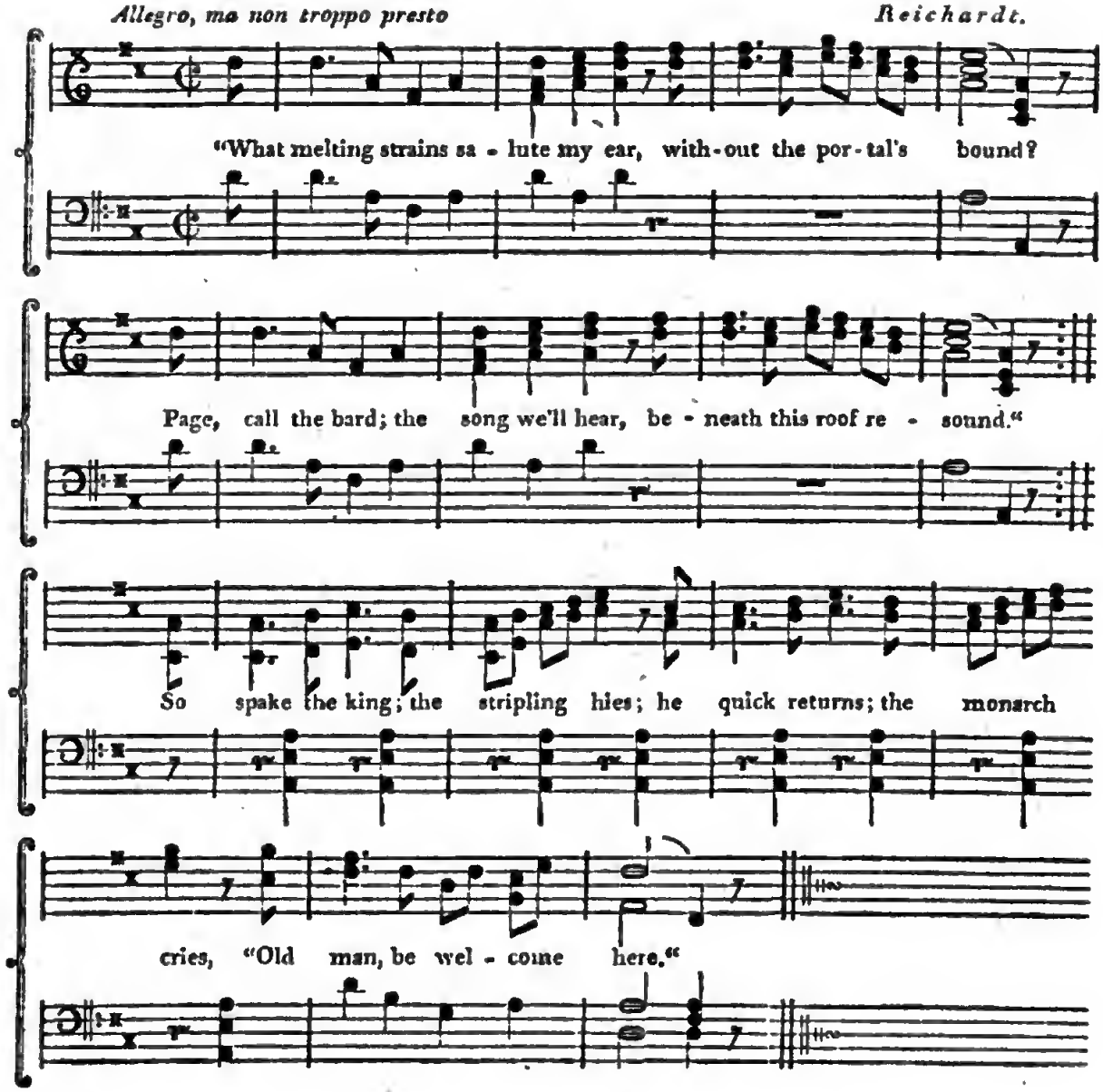
THE HARPER.

Allegro, ma non troppo presto — *Reichardt.*



I.

"WHAT melting strains salute my ear,
Without the portal's bound?
Page, call the bard; — the song we'll hear
Beneath this roof resound."
So spake the king; — the stripling hies;
He quick returns; — the monarch cries,
"Old man, be welcome here!"

II.

"Hail, mighty chiefs of high renown;
Hail, beauteous matchless dames,
Whose smiles the genial banquet crown,
Whose glance each breast inflames!
Ah, scene too bright! with down-cast eyes,
In haste, I check my fond surprise,
My rash presumption own!"

III.

With downcast looks, the song he rear'd;
The full-ton'd harp reply'd:
The knights grew fierce, their eye-balls glar'd;
Each tender fair-one sigh'd.
The king applauds the thrilling strain,
And straight decrees a golden chain,
To deck the tuneful bard.

IV.

"Be far from me the golden chain;
Ill suits the proffer'd meed.
To some bold knight 'mid yonder train,
Be then the gift decreed.
Or, let the upright chancellor
The load, with other burdens, bear:
To me such gift were vain!"

V.

"As chants the bird on yonder bough,
So flows my artless lay;
And well the artless strains that flow,
The tuneful task repay.
Yet, dare I ask, this boon be mine;
A goblet fill with choicest wine, —
On me the draught bestow."

VI.

He lifts the cup and quaffs the wine.
'O, nectar'd juice," he cries,
'O blest abode, where draughts divine,
Unvalued gifts ye prize!
Ah, thank your stars, with heart as true,
'Mid all your joys, as I thank you,
For this rich cup of wine!"

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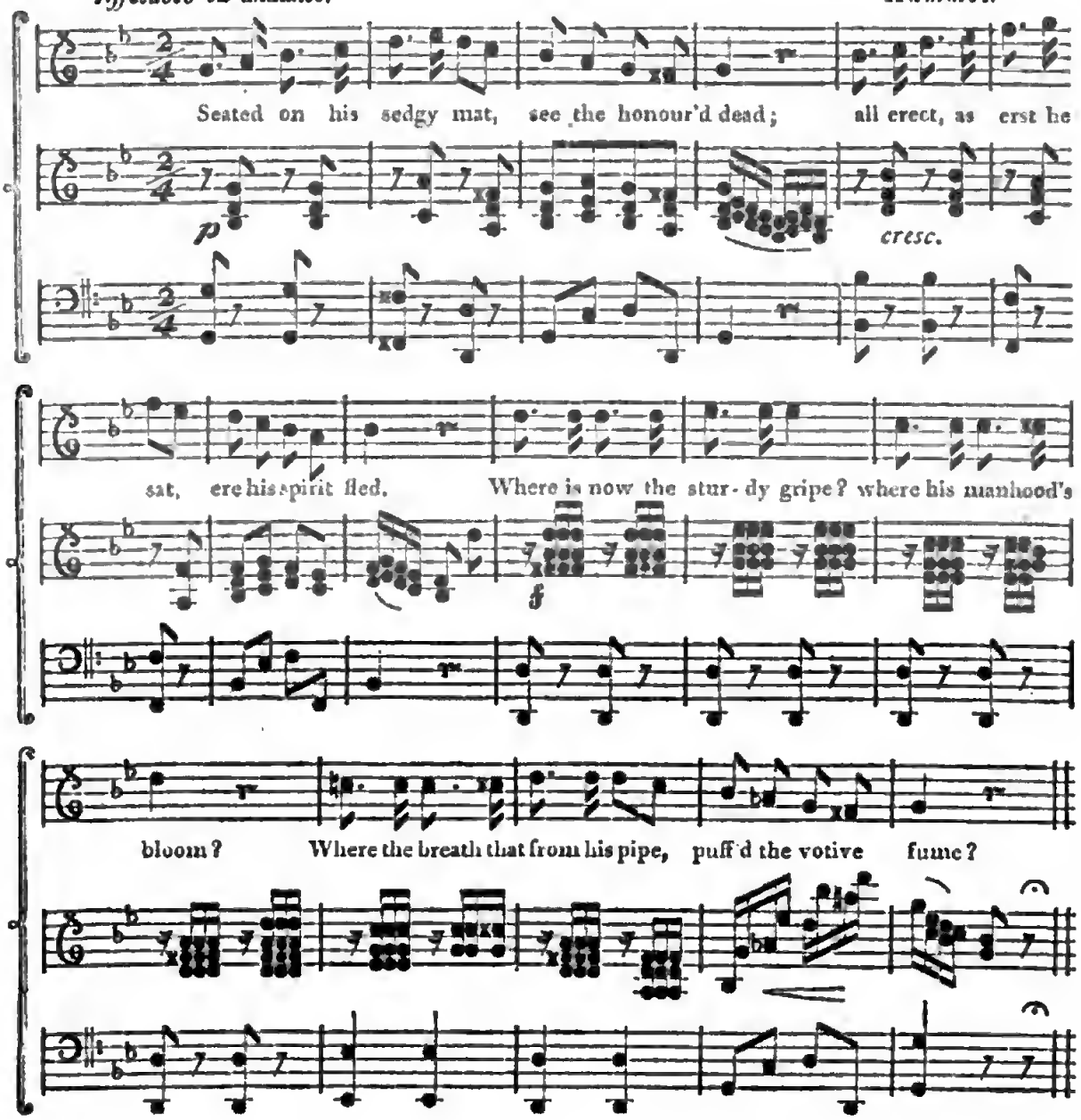
NORTH-AMERICAN DEATH-SONG.

Affetuoso ed andante. *Hummel.*



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I.

SEATED on his sedgy mat,
See the honour'd dead;
All erect, as erst he sat,
Ere his spirit fled.
Where is now his sturdy gripe?
Where his manhood's bloom?
Where the breath, that from his pipe,
Puff'd the votive fume?

II.

Where his eye, that o'er the plain,
Mark'd the rein-deer's way?
Sharper than the falcon's ken
Beam'd its piercing ray.
Where the leg, whose ample stride,
Brush'd the driven snow?
Fleet as stag, the woodland's pride,
Fleet as mountain roe!

III.

Where the arm, whose peerless might
Bent the stubborn bow?
(Death has clos'd his eyes in night;)
Nerveless hangs it now!
Cease the plaint; he soars above,
Far from snow and hail;
Rambles o'er the shady grove,
Breathes the healthful gale.

IV.

There, in ev'ry tangled brake,
Throng the feather'd brood;
Fishes swarm the lucid lake;
Game, the tufted wood;
There with happy souls he eats,
Quaffs his bev'rage there;
While we sing his valiant feats,
And his 'grave prepare.

V.

Bring the gifts, the last sad boon;
Songs funereal raise.
In his silent grave be thrown
Aught the dead can please.
'Neath his head, the hatchet lay,
Ting'd with hostile blood;
Bring the grim bear's brawny thigh;
Long's the dreary road!

VI.

Bring the knife, whose sharpen'd blade,
Scalp'd the prostrate foe.
O'er his grave the scalps be laid,
Rang'd in grisly row.
Store his hand with colours meet,
Ere he take his flight;
That his shade the ghosts may greet,
Beaming crimson'd light!

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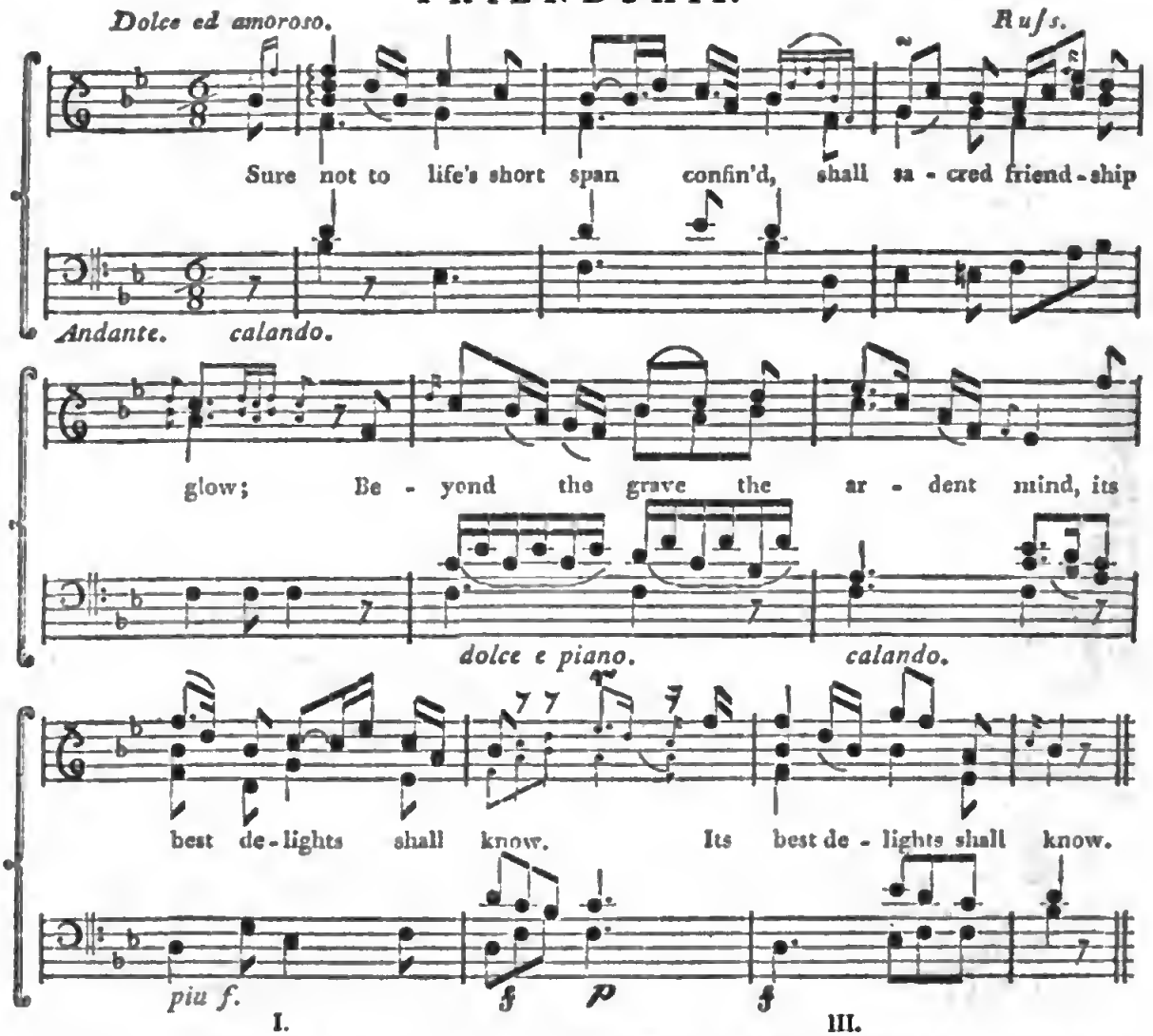
FRIENDSHIP.



I.

Sure not to life's short span confin'd,
Shall sacred friendship glow;
Beyond the grave, the ardent mind
Its best delights shall know.

II.

Blest scenes! where ills no more annoy,
Where heav'n the flame approves;
Where beats the heart to nought but joy,
And ever lives and loves!

III.

There friendship's matchless worth shall shine,
(To hearts like ours so dear!)
There angels own its pow'r divine;
Its native home is there!

IV.

For here below, tho' friendship's charm,
Its soft delights display;
Yet souls like ours, so touch'd, so warm,
Still pant for brighter day!

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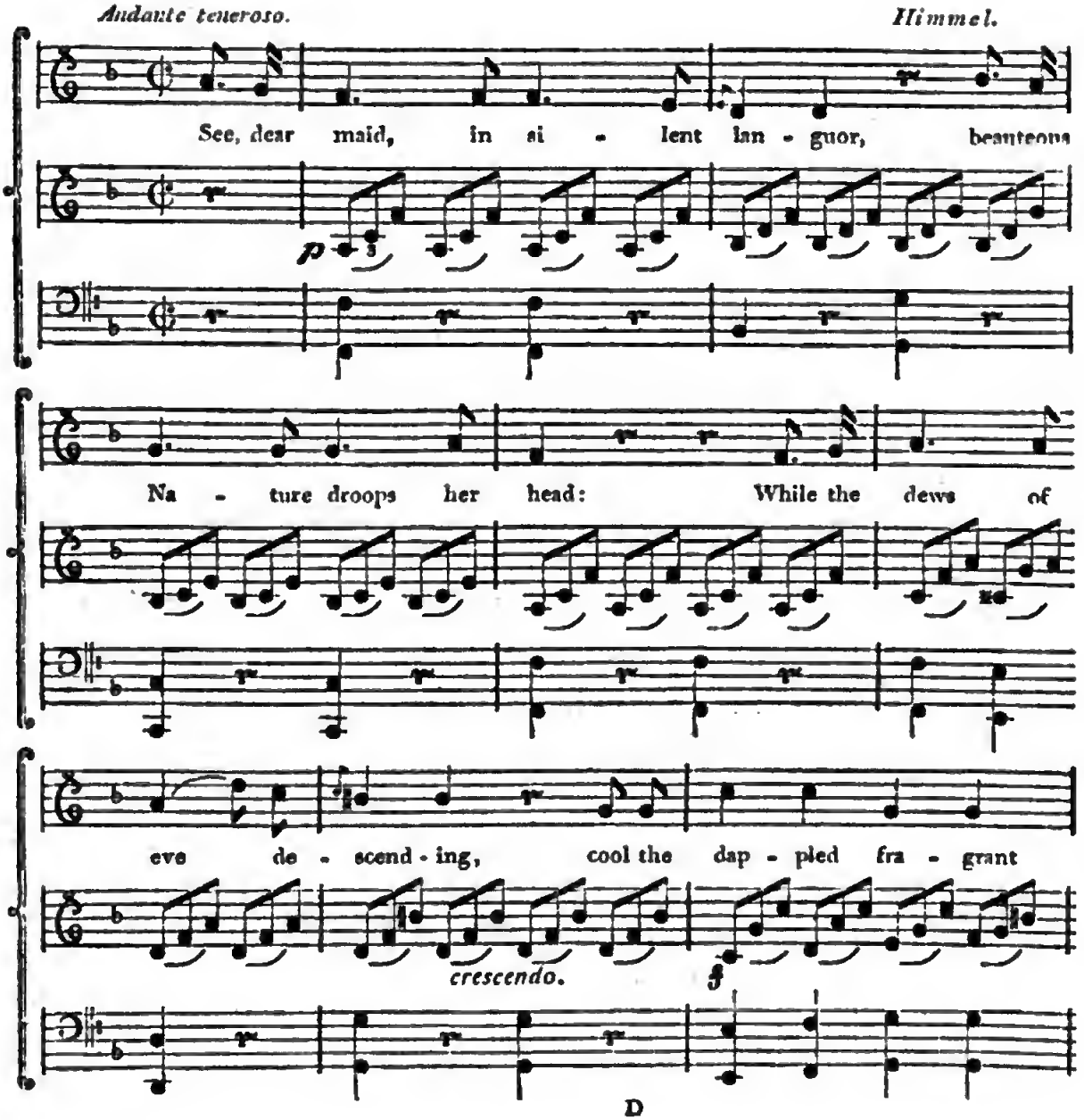
S O N G.

Andante teneroso. *Himmel.*



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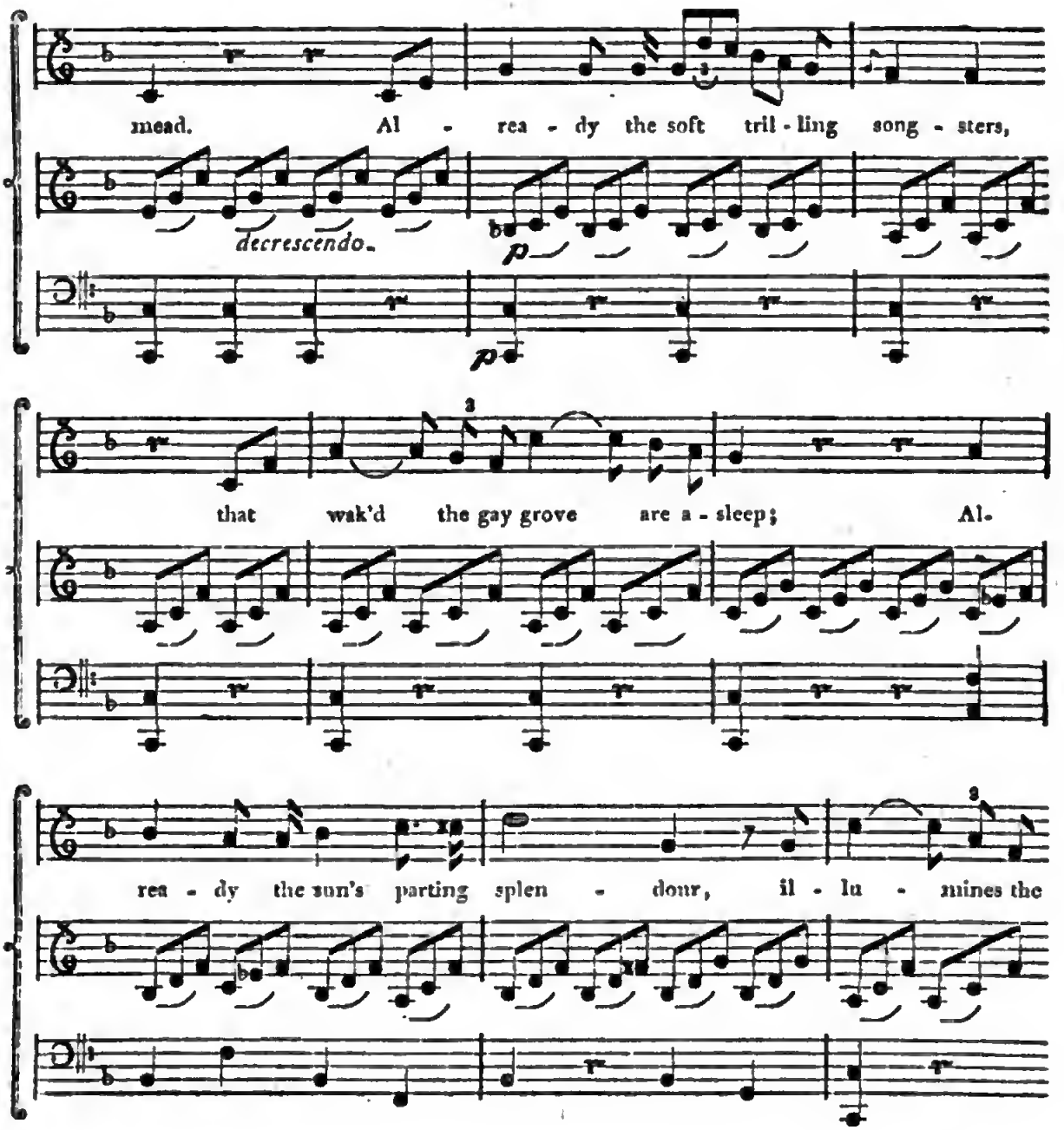
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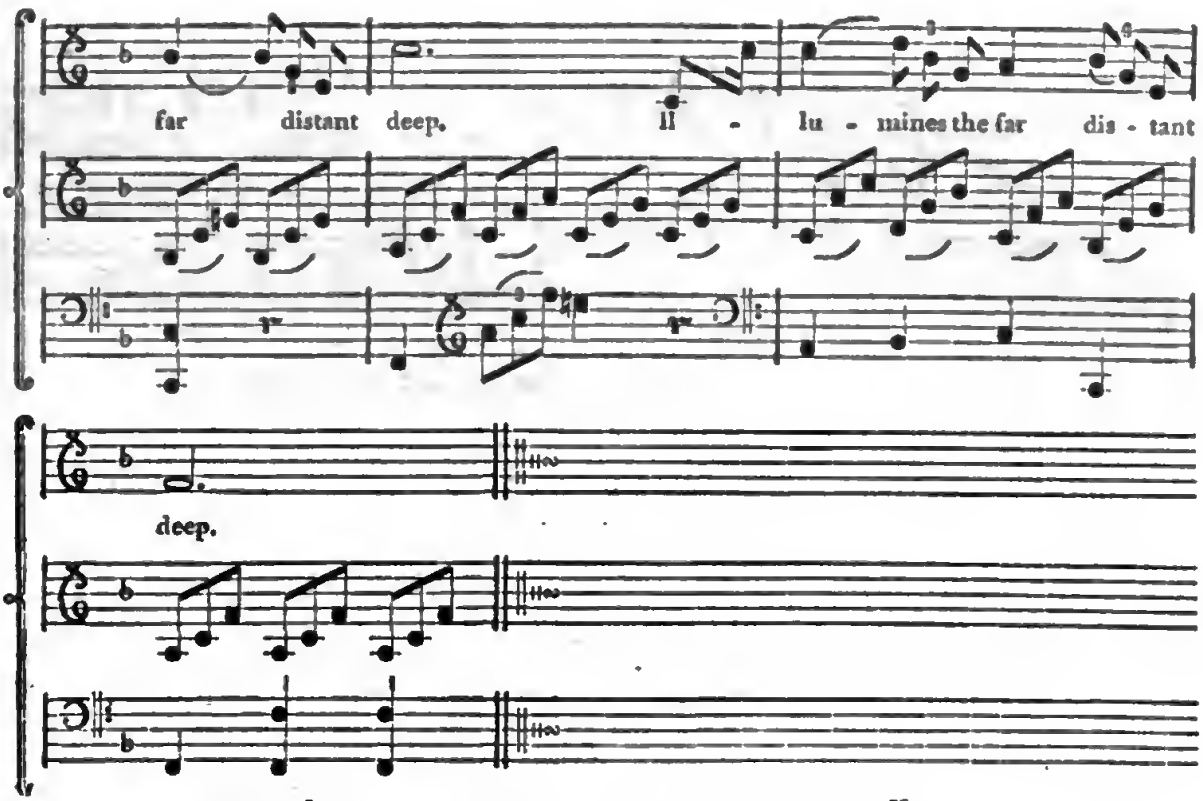


I.

SEE, dear maid, in silent languor,
Beauteous Nature droops her head:
While the dews of eve descending,
Cool the dappled fragrant mead.
Already the soft trilling songsters,
That wak'd the gay grove are asleep;
Already the sun's parting splendour,
Illumines the far-distant deep.

II.

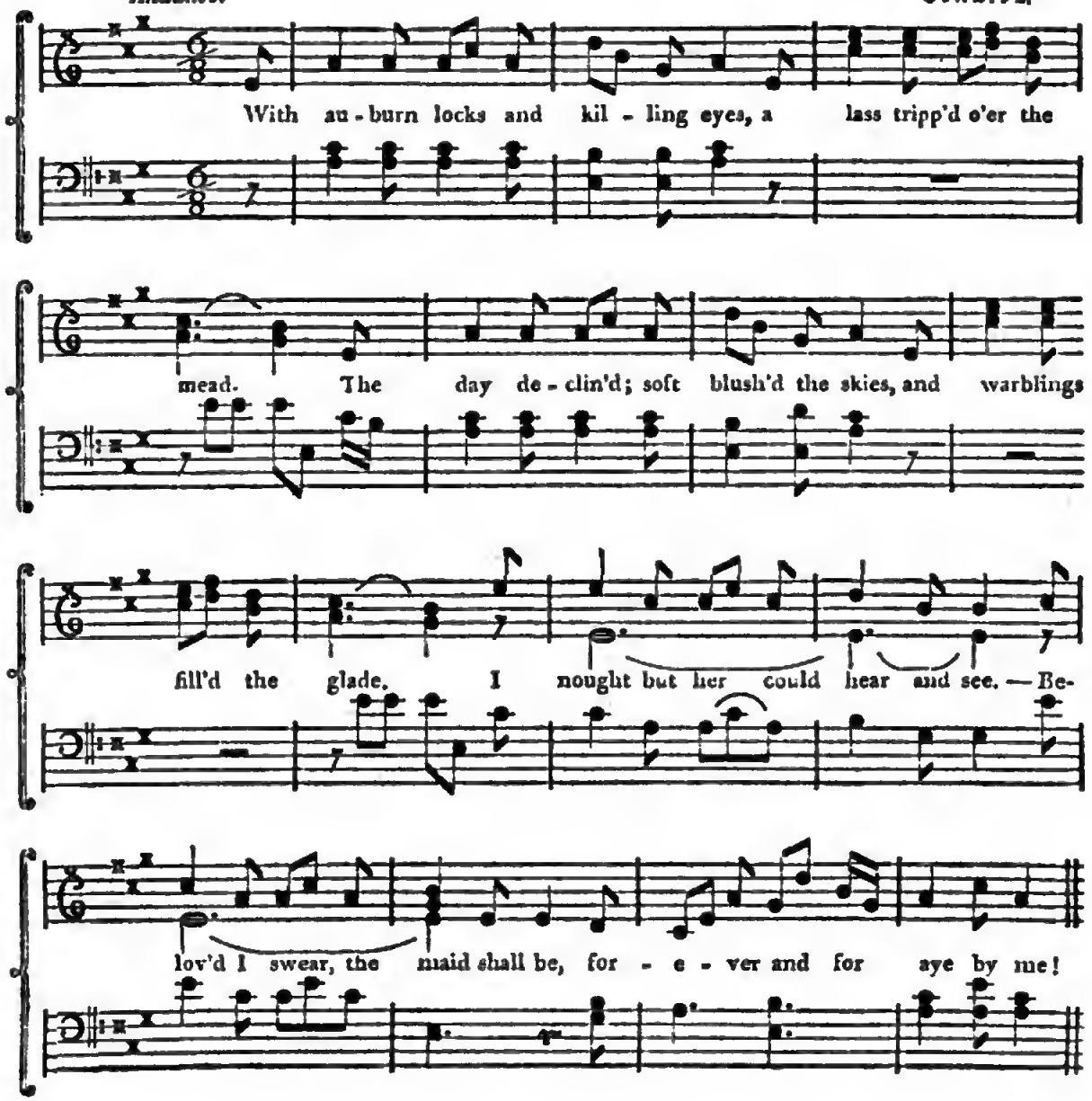
So my day's faint taper glimmers,
Fades and sinks and dies away;
Thus the song of rapture ceases,
Thus my fondest hopes decay.
Ah! since thou hast left me to sorrow,
I rove the wild desert alone;
My cheek, that was whilom so ruddy,
Is wan as the gleam of the moon.

III.

When a wreath I fain would twine thee,
From the bloomy rose-bush torn,
(Meet to deck thy flowing tresses,)
Deep I felt the pungent thorn.
Sure this my life's image resembles; —
Ah! such should my destiny be;
The thorn's sharpest puncture I'd suffer,
Would fate doom the roses for thee!

THE WOOER.

Andante. *Schultz.*



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I.

WITH auburn locks and killing eyes,
A lafs tripp'd o'er the mead.
The day declin'd; soft blush'd the skies,
And warblings fill'd the glade.
I nought but her could hear and see. —
Belov'd, I swear, the maid shall be,
Forever and for aye by me!

II.

A ruſset garb with graceful ease,
Intwin'd her slender waist.
Her coats and tresses caught the breeze,
And flutter'd as it past.
Her snow-white hose I plain could see. —
Belov'd, I swear, the maid shall be,
Forever and for aye by me!

III.

The dappled cow now jogg'd along,
And fill'd her cleanly pail:
And while the maiden milk'd and sung,
I urg'd my tender tale.
Her eye bespoke soft courtesy. —
Belov'd, I swear, the maid shall be,
Forever and for aye by me!

IV.

My tale I told, she deign'd to smile;
In sweet suspence I stood;
Yet durst to steal a kiſs the while: —
Her cheek with blushes glow'd.
As glow'd the west, so redden'd she. —
Belov'd, I swear, the maid shall be,
Forever and for aye by me!

V.

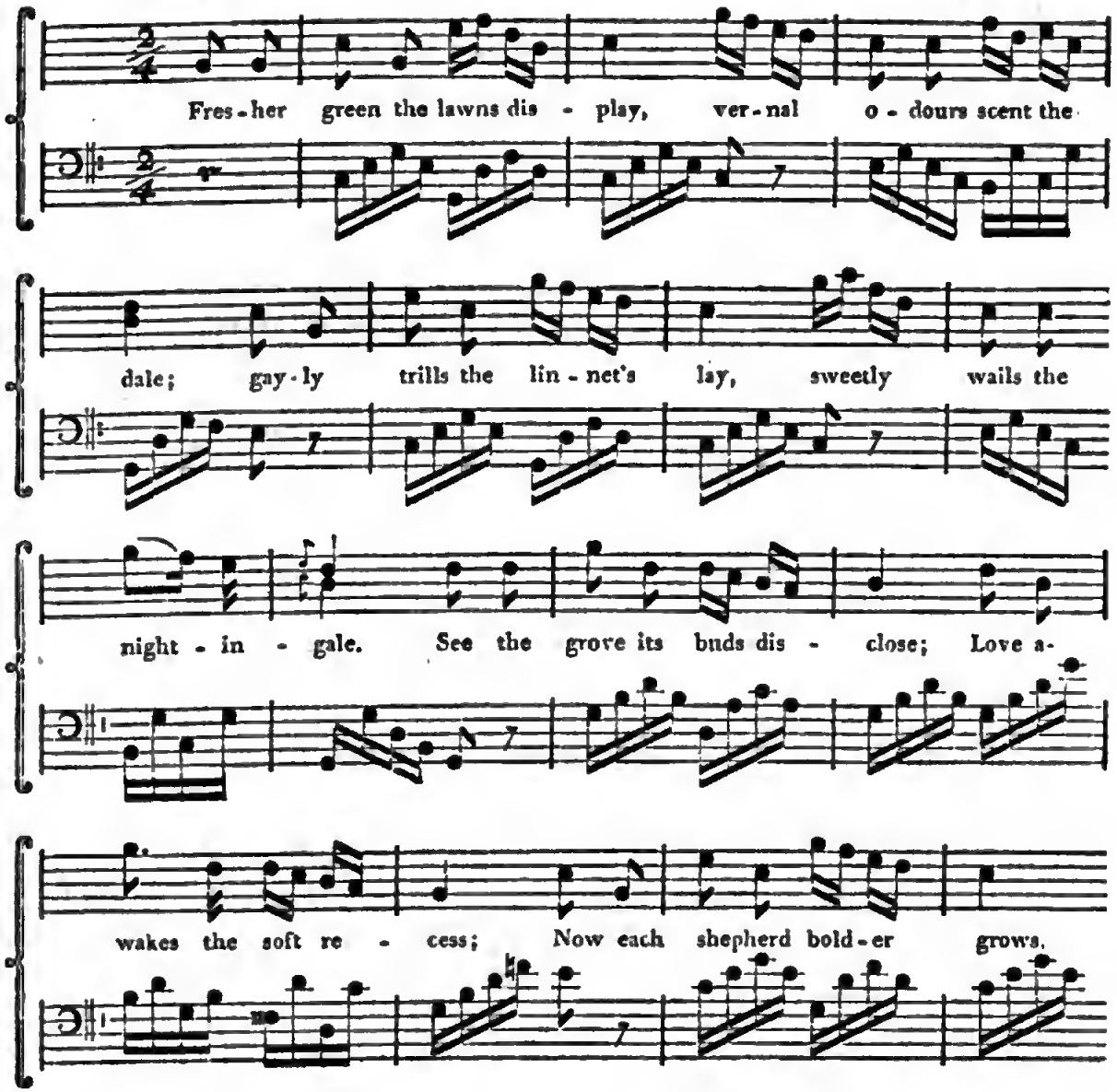
O'er stile, o'er hedge, I help'd the maid,
Her brimming pail to bear:
And chas'd the goblin from the glade,
And sung to banish fear: —
For dark it grew; we scarce could see. —
Belov'd, I swear, the maid shall be,
Forever and for aye by me!

VI.

Her mother rav'd. — "So late!" she cry'd;
The damsel hung her head.
"Good mother, hear, nor rashly chide," —
"I'd fain thy daughter wed;"
"Consent our mutual bliſs to see. —
"Belov'd, I swear, the maid shall be,
"Forever and for aye by me!"

SPRING.

Lento. *Reichardt.*



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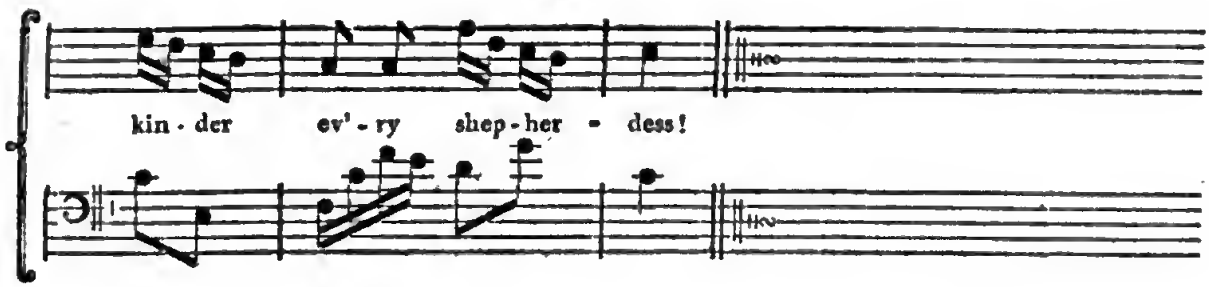

I.

FRESHER green the lawns display,
Vernal odours scent the dale;
Gayly trills the linnet's lay,
Sweetly wails the nightingale.
See the grove its buds disclose;
Love awakes the soft recess.
Now each shepherd bolder grows,
Kinder ev'ry shepherdess!

II.

Now the blossom rears its head,
Spring recalls its blooming pride:
Spring enamels o'er the mead,
Decks the hillock's sloping side.
See the lily of the vale,
Peeping through its leafy shade,
Half its modest charms conceal:
Garland meet for spotless maid!

III.

Now the woodbine's twining shade,
Sweetly forms the rustic bow'r; —
Soft retreat of youth and maid,
True to love's appointed hour!
Fonder grows the zephyr's kiss,
Pleasure wakes at Nature's call;
Vernal life, and thrilling bliss,
Feels the heart that feels at all!

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TWELVE

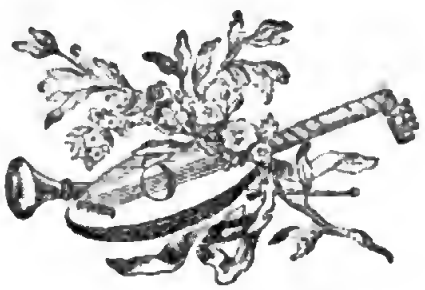
FAVOURITE SONGS,

WITH THEIR ORIGINAL MUSIC,

DONE INTO ENGLISH BY THE TRANSLATOR

OF

THE GERMAN ERATO, ETC.



BERLIN,

SOLD BY H. FRÖLICH; AND BY MESSIEURS BAUMGÄRTNERS, LEIPSIC.

1800.

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TO THE PRINCESS OF WALES, THE FOLLOWING ATTEMPT TO TRANSPLANT THE MUSIC AND POETRY OF HER NATIVE COUNTRY INTO HIS OWN, IS INSCRIBED WITH GREAT RESPECT,. BY HER ROYAL HIGHNESS'S MOST OBEDIENT AND VERY HUMBLE SERVANT,

THE TRANSLATOR.

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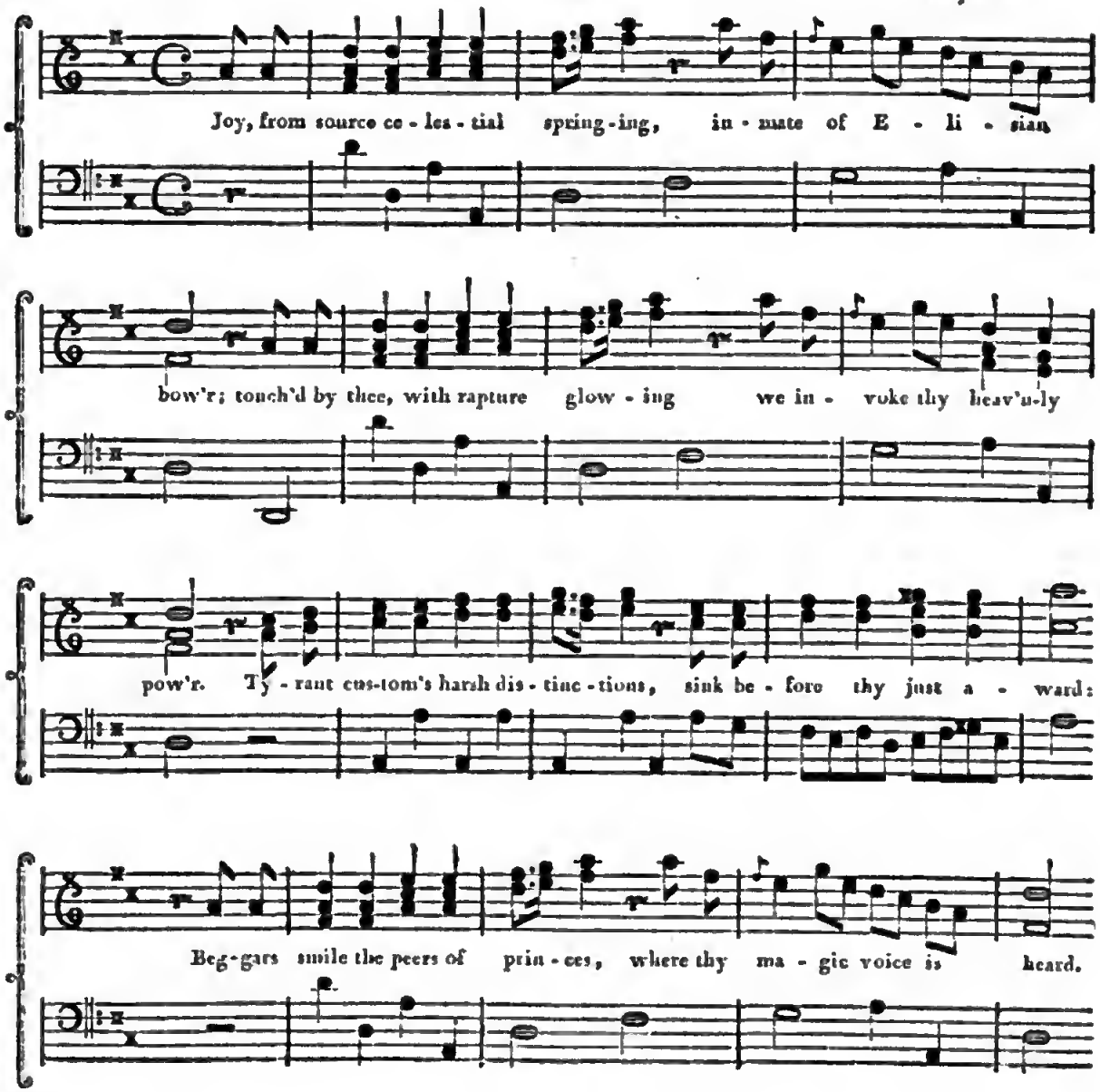
HYMN TO JOY.

A MASONIC SONG.

Anonymous.



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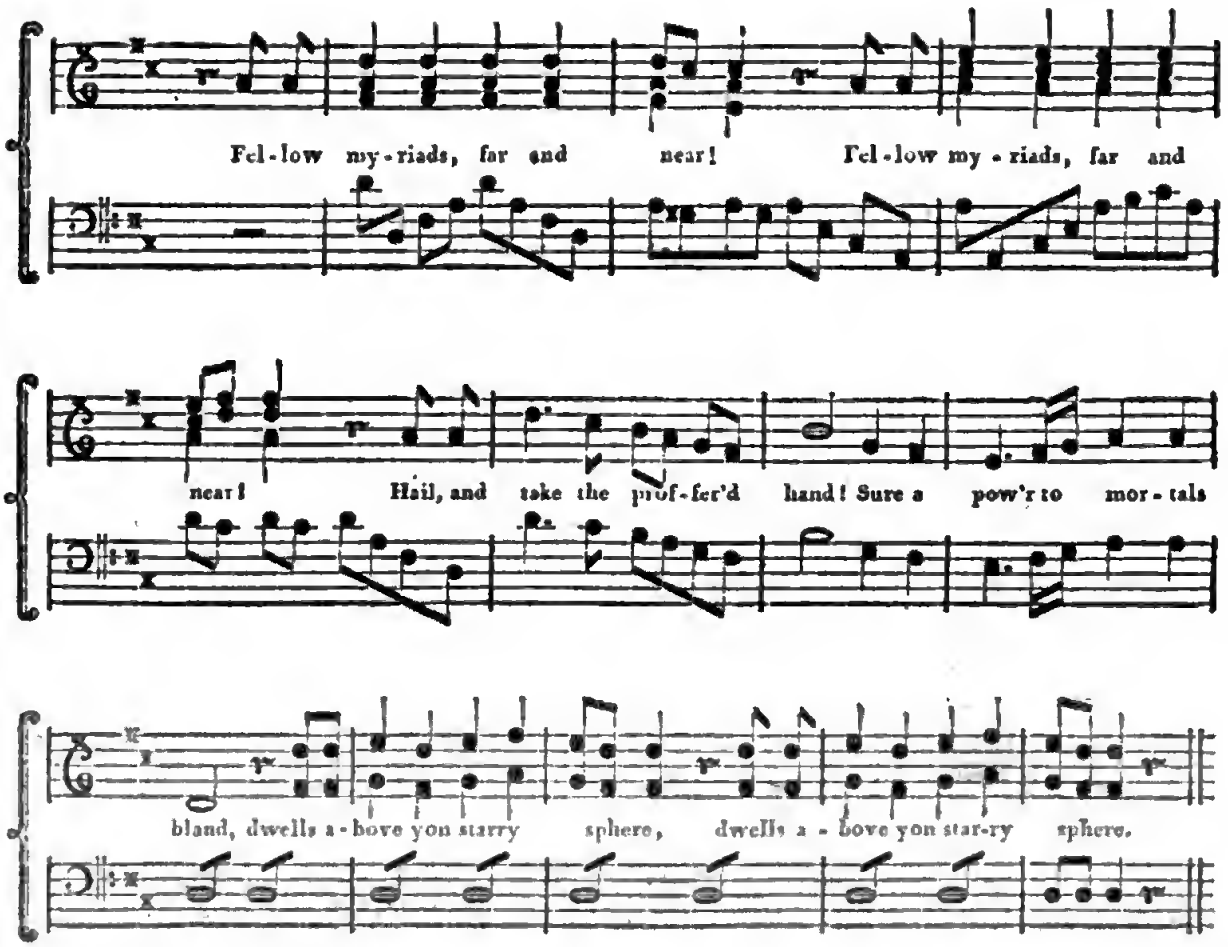

I.

JOY, from source celestial springing,
Inmate of Elisian bow'r;
Touch'd by thee, with rapture glowing,
We invoke thy heav'nly pow'r.
Tyrant custom's harsh distinctions
Sink before thy just award: —
Beggars smile the peers of princes,
Where thy magic voice is heard.

CHORUS.

Fellow myriads, far and near!
Hail, and take the proffer'd hand!
Sure a pow'r to mortals bland,
Dwells above you starry sphere!

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II.

He whom happier fortune favours,
He who bosts a friend that's true; —
He whom love's soft transport kindles; —
Let him join the gladsome crew.
But the wretch whose wayward fortunes,
Love and friendship's boons restrain;
Let him quit the joyous banquet; —
Weeping quit the genial train!

CHOR.

Sacred pow'r of sympathy!
All creation owns thy sway:
To the brighter realms of day
Thou shalt lift thy votary!

III.

All that breathes through varied nature
Sips the nectar'd cup of Joy:
Good and bad, with equal ardour,
Fondly crowd her roseate way.
Love, and wine, and friendship's treasure,
Joy with lavish hand bestows:
Joy the abject reptile gladdens, —
While on high the seraph glows!

CHOR.

Mortals, own the deity:
Own the pow'r of nature's lord.
Let the rapt'rous loud accord
Reach the blissful seats on high!

IV.

Joy, unceasing source of motion,
Animates the varied scene;
Potent spring of wide creation,
Joy impels the vast machine.
Buds to flow'rs, her influence ripens,
Suns, she draws from realms of day;
Rolls the spheres through boundless æther,
Far beyond the tube's survey.

CHOR.

Joyous as the rolling sphere
Wanders through ætherial space,
Let us speed our mortal race;
Gayly speed our short career!

V.

Smiling sweet in truth's bright mirror,
Joy the searcher's toil requites;
Joy, the prize of mild endurance,
Leads to virtue's steepy heights.
See, on faith's refulgent mountain,
High aloft her banners wave.
Joy pervades the choir of angels: —
Joy shall reach the darksome grave.

CHOR.

Learn the ills of life to bear,
Check the tear, and still the sigh;
Heav'n rewards the victory,
High above you spangled sphere.

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VI.

Nought requites indulgent heaven: —
Let us emulate its care.
Sons of poverty and sorrow,
Haste and find a welcome here.
Fell revenge and bitter rancour
Shun the social gay retreat:
Here, be ev'ry foe forgiven; —
Pardon ev'ry wrong await!

CHOR.

Jars and broils, no more be heard!
Peace hee olive-wand displays.
He, whose eye the globe surveys,
Soon shall judge as we award!

VII.

Sparkling high in flowing glasses,
Flights sublime shall joy inspire: —
Cannibals inhale soft mercy;
Wild despair, — heroic fire.
Now the foaming goblet circles,
Gayly quaff the gen'rous wine.
Wine the gift of bounteous nature!
Praise the pow'r that gave the vine!

CHOR.

He whose praise the tuneful spheres
Chant in ceaseless harmony;
He who dwells above the sky,
Gave the vine to soothe our cares!

VIII.

Calmly bear the frowns of fortune;
Soothe the heart oppress'd with woes
Sacred keep the plighted promise;
True alike to friend and foe.
Manly pride display to princes;
Give to modest worth its due;
Cherish truth and all its vot'ries;
Deprecate the perjur'd crew.

CHOR.

Closer knit one holy bands;
Low at truth's bright altar bow.
Swear to keep the plighted vow;
Swear by him who all commands!

IX.

Wide may sacred freedom triumph! —
E'en may pity vice await; —
Hope attend life's latest glimmer; —
Mercy ward the felon's fate.
Lo, the shrowded dead shall quicken!
Mortals, list, and heav'n adore.
Ev'ry crime shall be forgiven;
Death and hell shall be no more!

CHOR.

Peace at life's departing scene;
Soft repose beneath the tomb: —
Looks benign and gracious doom,
From the awful judge of men!

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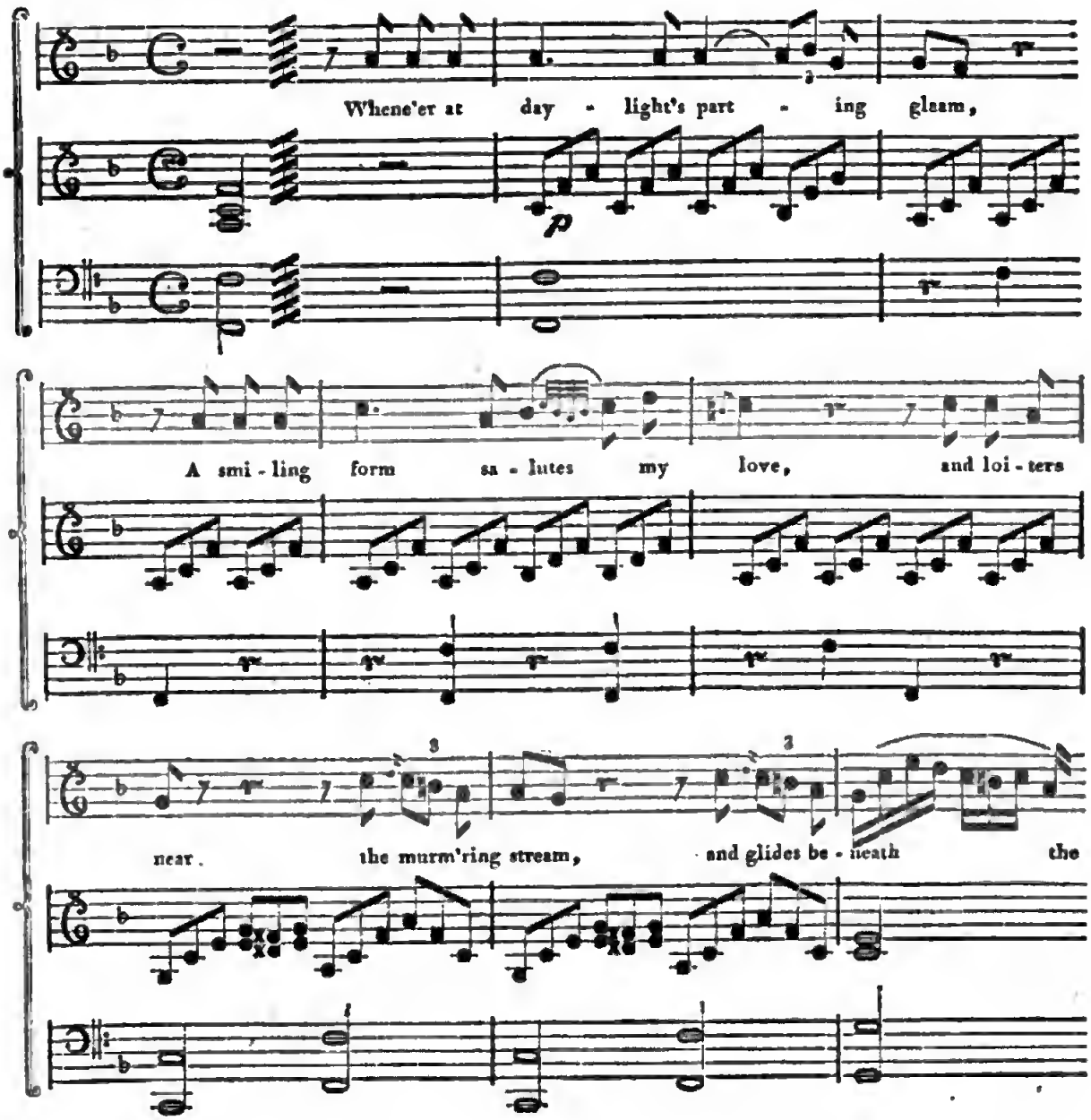
SONG.

Adagio e con espressione. *Sterkel.*



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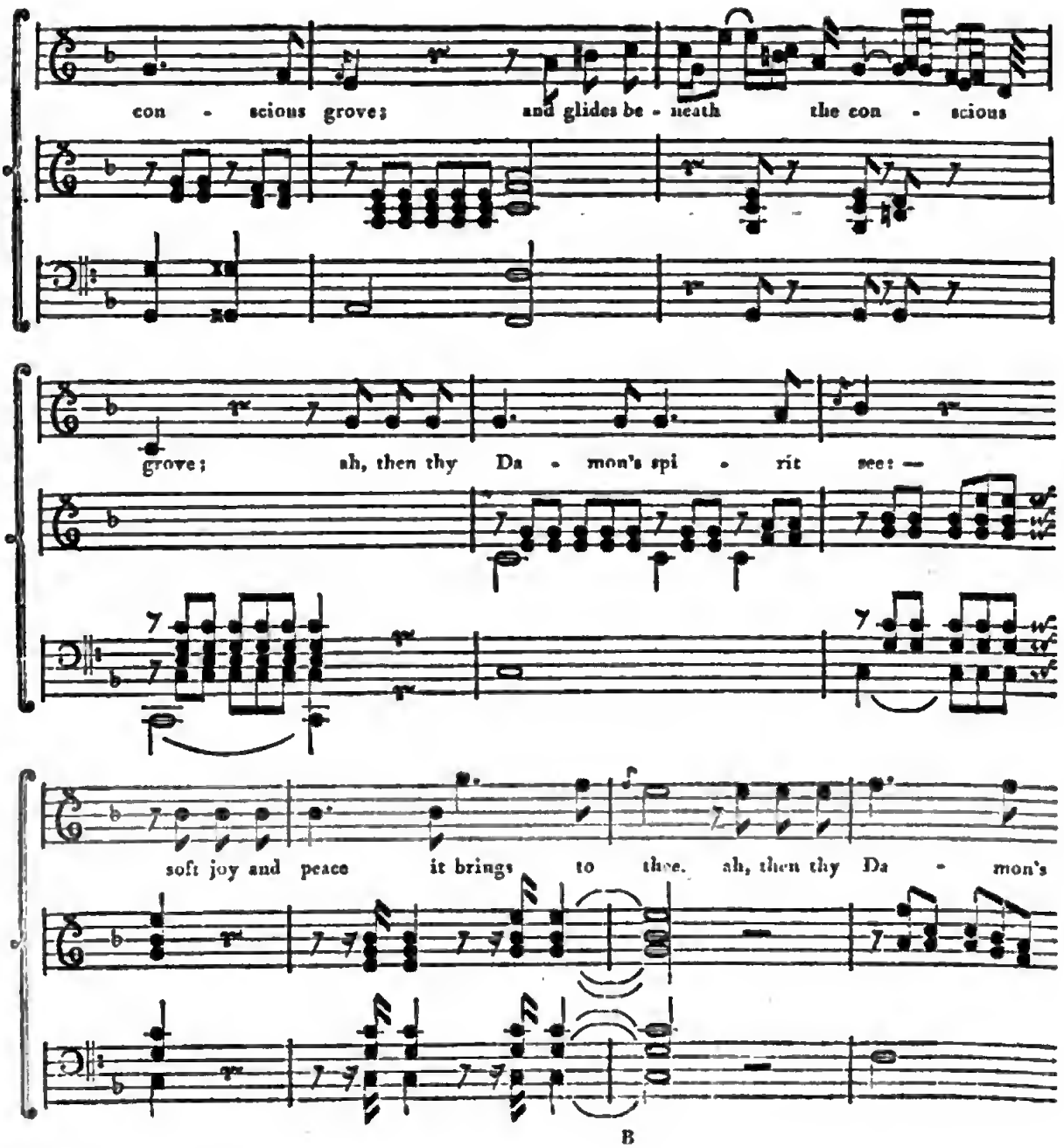

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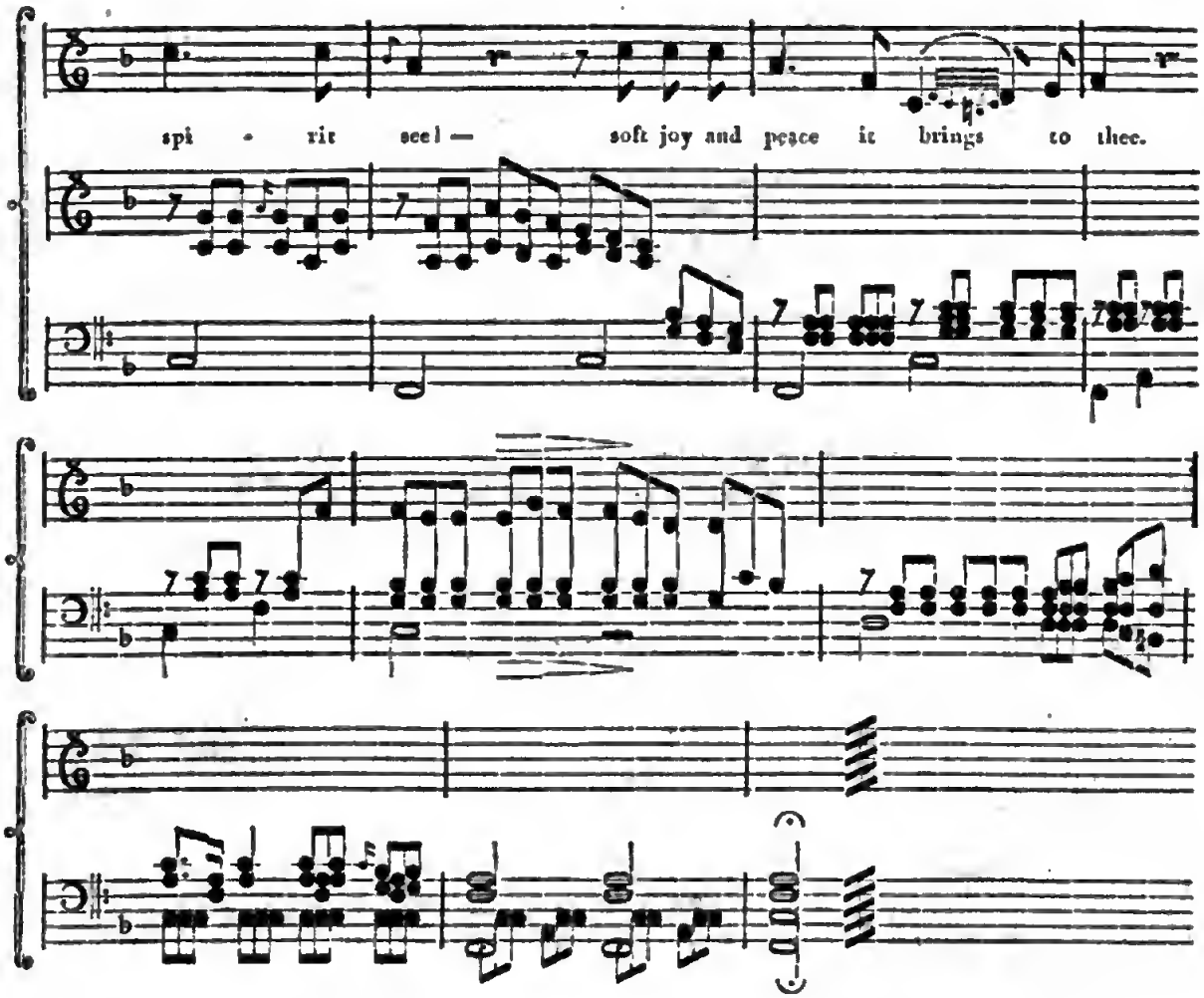

I.

Whene'er at daylight's parting gleam,
A smiling form salutes my love,
And loiters near the murm'ring stream,
And glides beneath the conscious grove;
Ah! then thy Damon's spirit see!
Soft joy and peace it brings to thee.

II.

And when at moonlight's sober ray
Thou dream'st perchance of love and me,
As through the pines the breezes play,
And whisper dying melody, —
When tender bodings prompt the sigh; —
Thy Damon's spirit hovers nigh.

III.

When o'er thy mind soft musings steal,
As thou the pleasing past hast sconn'd;
Should'st thou a gentle pressure feel,
Like Zephyr's kiss, o'er lip and hand; —
And should the glimm'ring taper fade: —
Then near thee bides thy lover's shade.

IV.

And when at midnight's solemn tide,
As soft the rolling planets shine;
Like Æol's harp, thy couch beside,
Thou hear'st the word, "forever thine!"
Then slumber sweet, my spirit's there,
And peace and joy it brings my fair!

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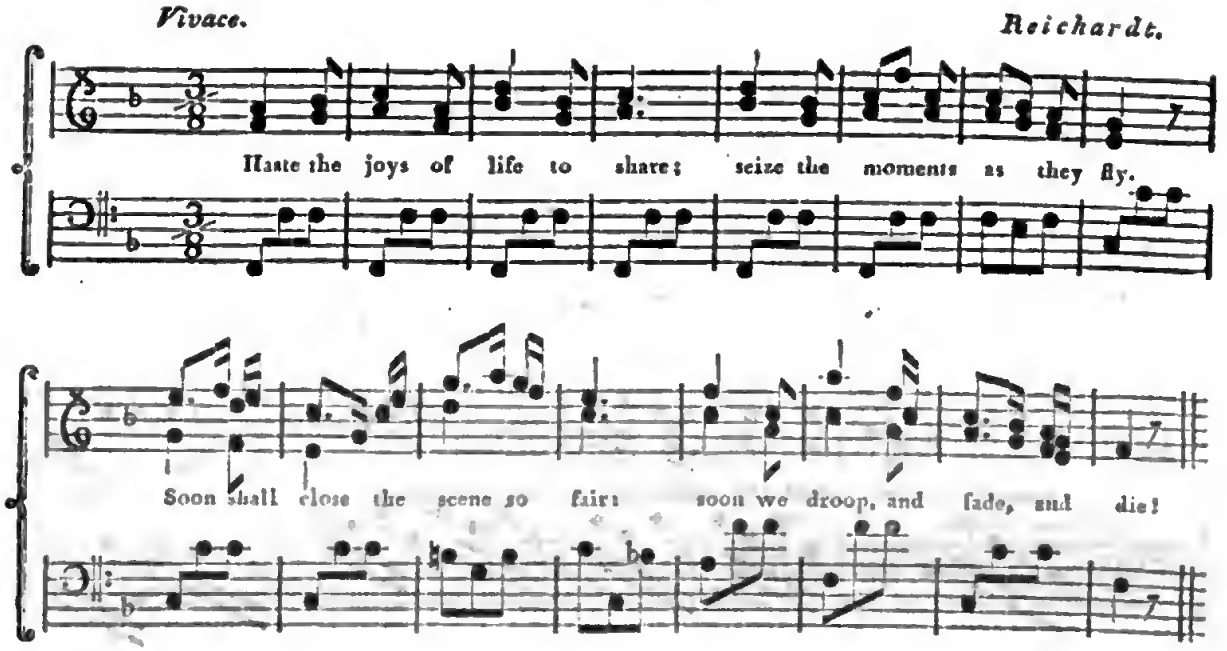
DITHYRAMBUS.

Vivace. *Reichardt.*



I.

Haste the joys of life to share;
Seize the moments as they fly.
Soon shall close the scene so fair: —
Soon we droop, and fade, and die!

II.

Laugh at physic's pert grimace;
Shun the water-drinking train: —
Wine that soothes the soul's disease,
Soothes alike the body's pain.

III.

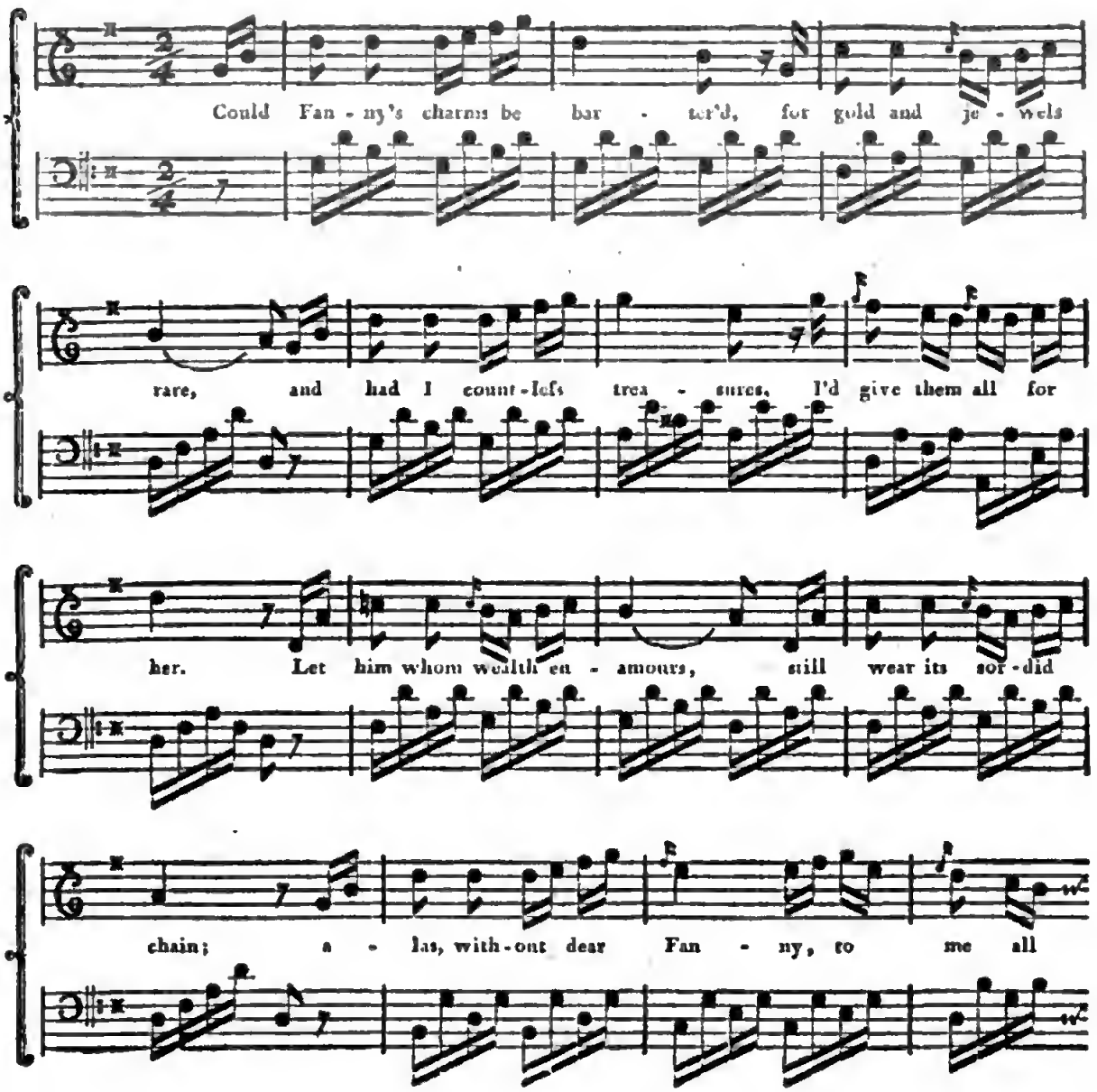
Wine, the balm kind nature pours,
Rosy health and bloom supplies.
Crown the bowl with fairest flow'rs;
Drink — and glee at bottom lies.

IV.

Now his rites let Bacchus claim,
Let his fragrant altars burn: —
Soon shall Love the breast inflame.
Love shall triumph in his turn!

FANNY'S WORTH.

Amoroso. *Pleyel.*



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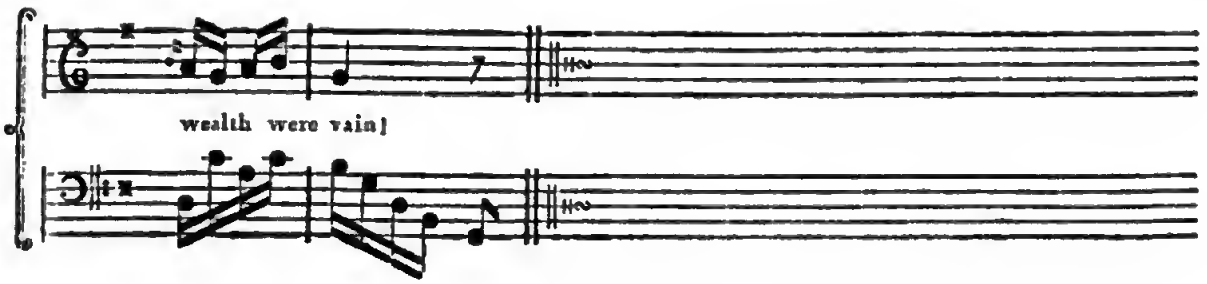


I.

COULD Fanny's charms be barter'd,
For gold and jewels rare; —
And had I countless treasures,
I'd give them all for her!
Let him whom wealth enamours,
Still wear its sordid chain;
Alas, without dear Fanny,
To me all wealth were vain!

II.

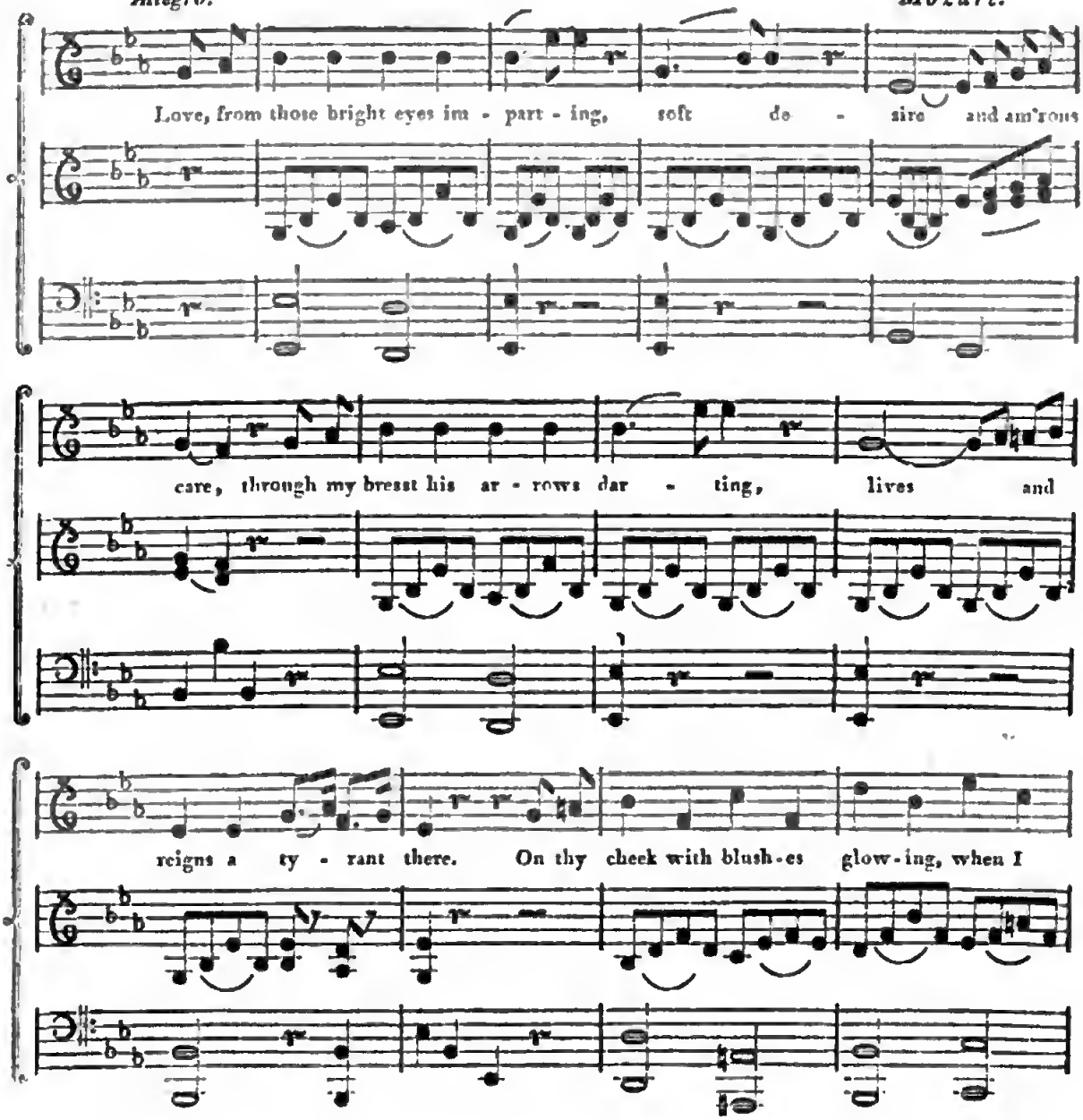
If Europe's ample regions
My potent sway should own;
And could I Fanny purchase,
I'd gladly yield my crown.
For city, throne, and palace,
And wide-extended mead,
I'd take my blooming Fanny,
Were all I own'd a shed.

III.

Tho' fate alone determines,
How long we loiter here:
Yet could I wing the minutes,
And speed their swift career;
Whole years, I swear, should vanish,
For hours, were she my own; —
For hours, and dearest Fanny,
But mine, and mine alone!

SONG.

Allegro. *Mozart.*



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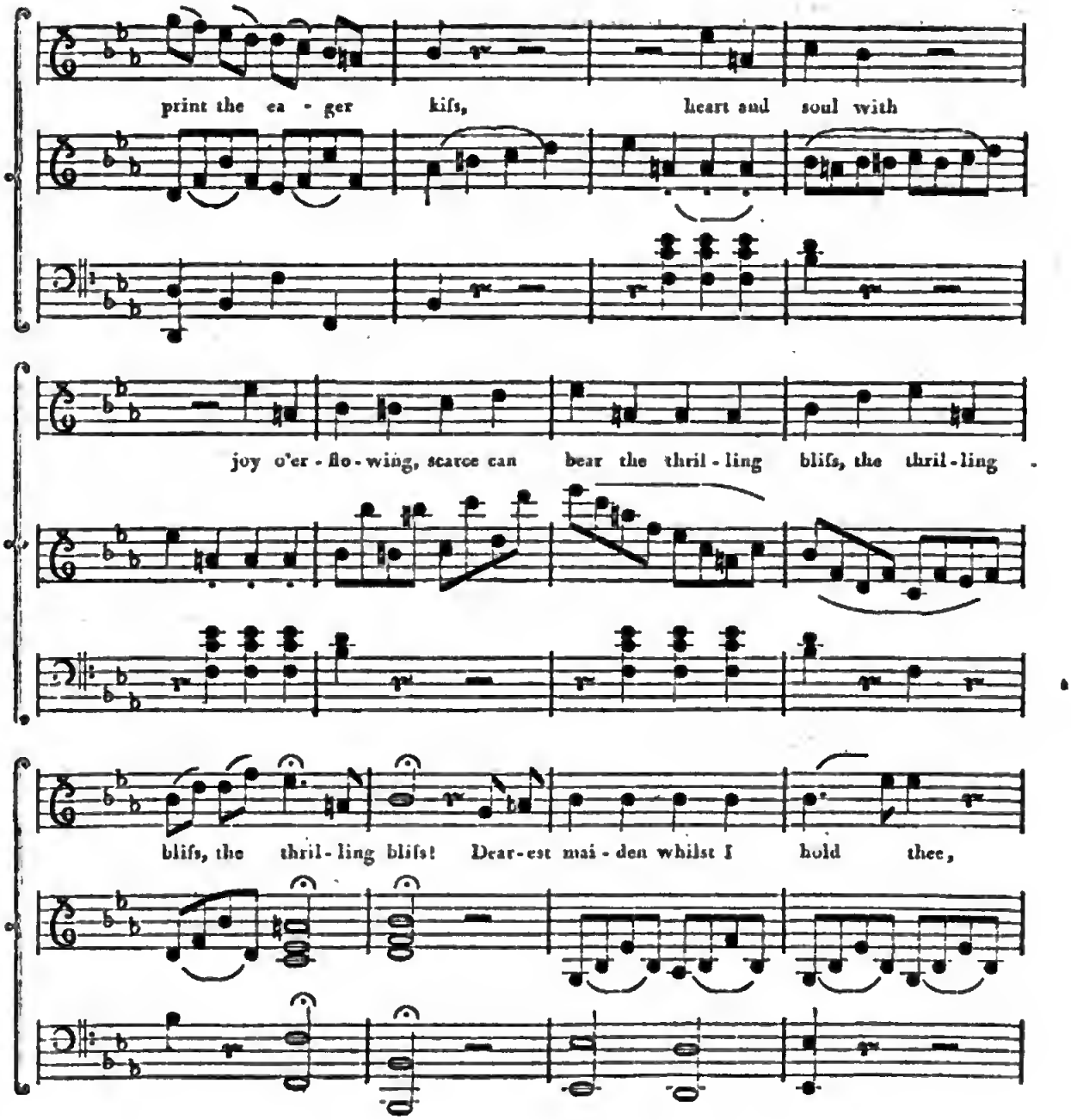

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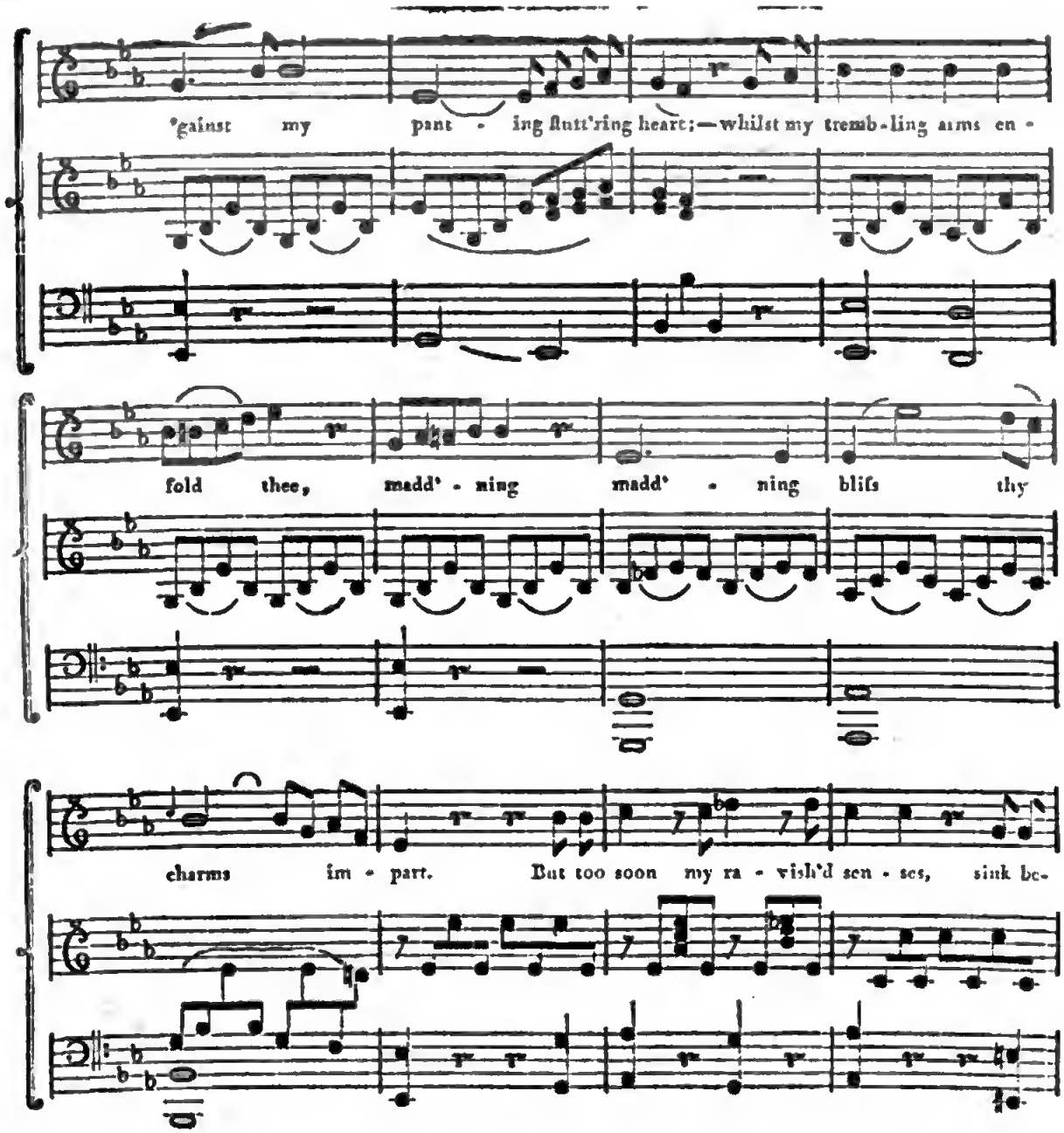

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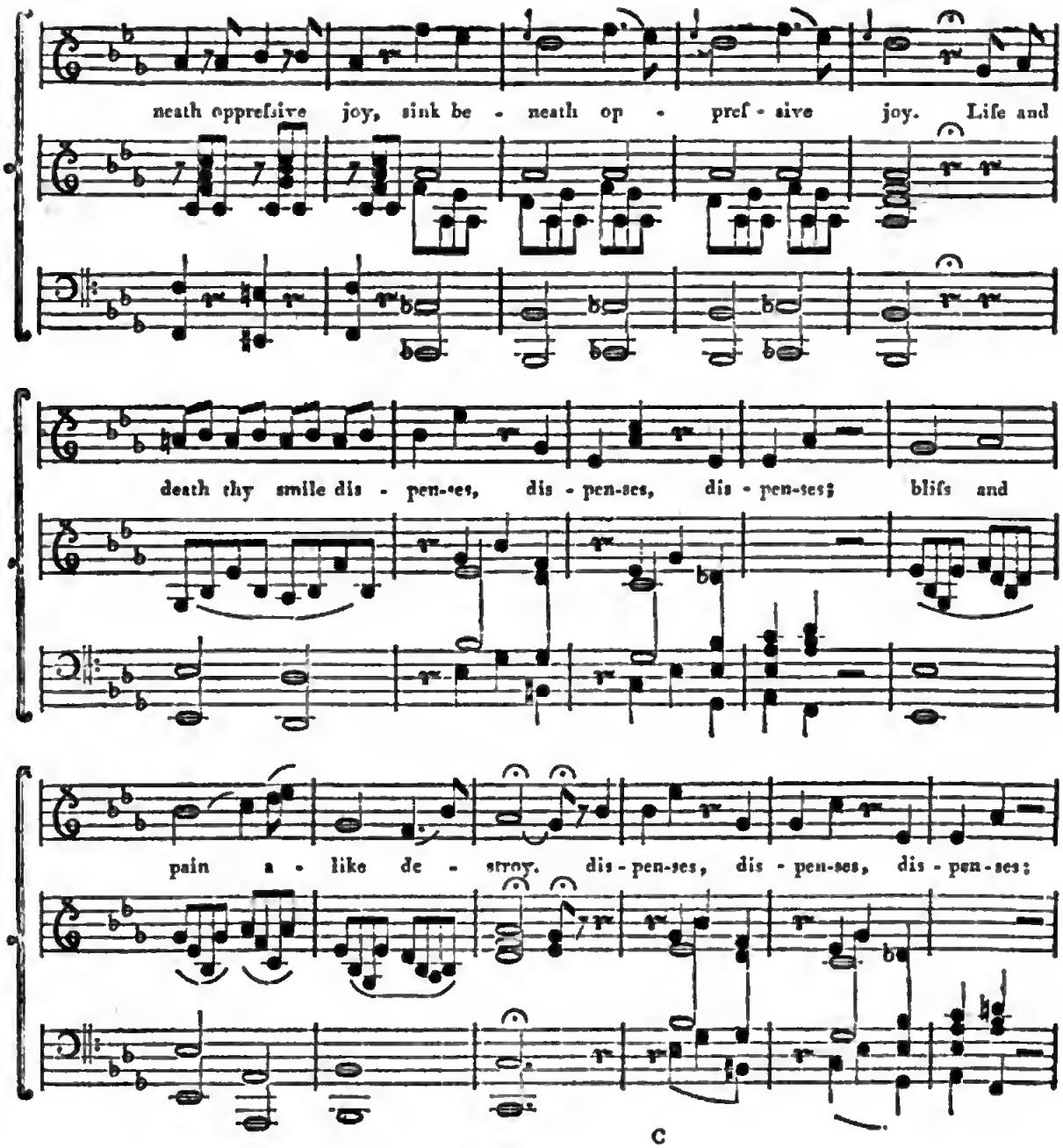

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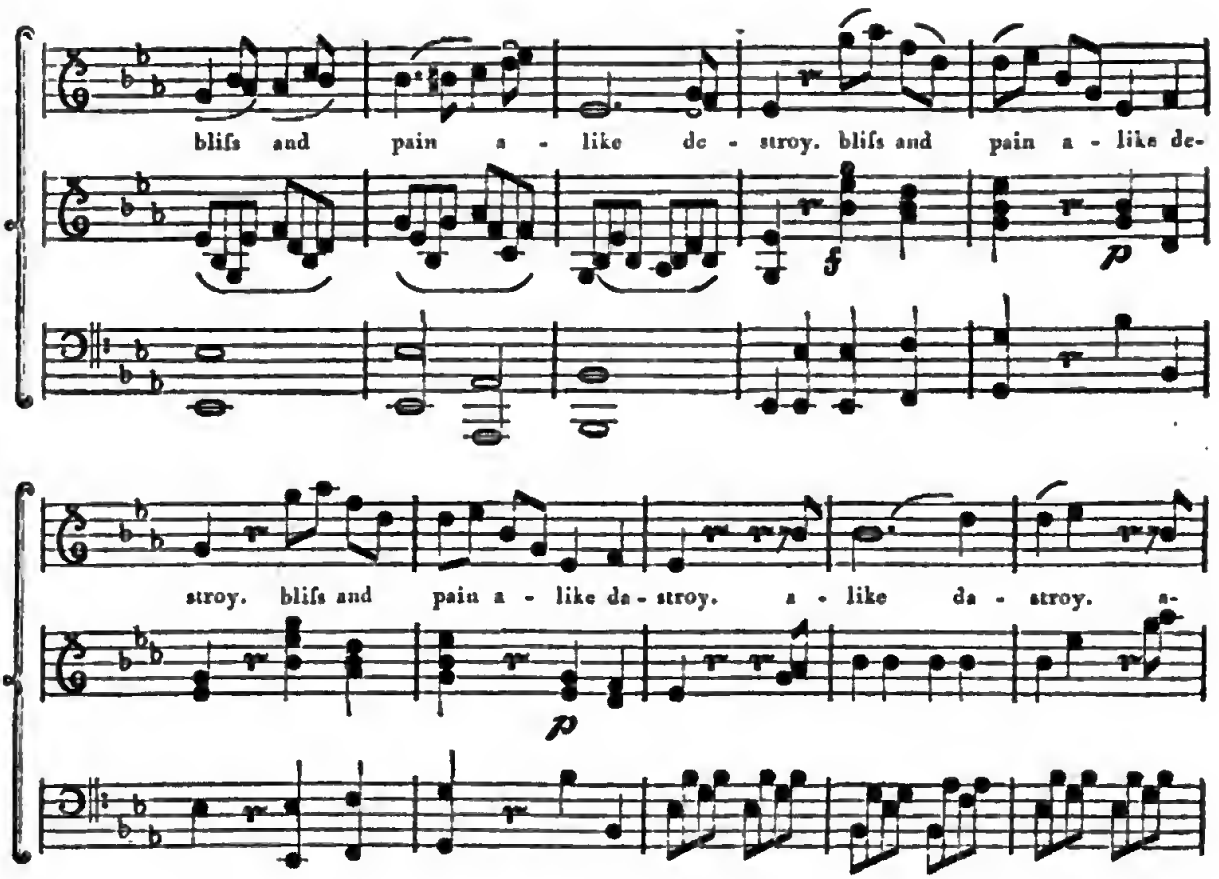

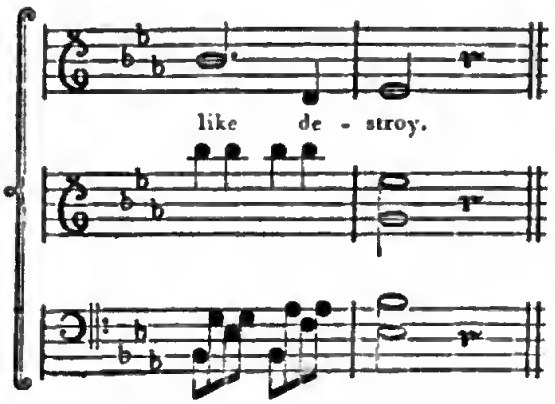

LOVE, from those bright eyes imparting
Soft desire and am'rous fire;
Through my breast his arrows darting,
Lives and reigns a tyrant there.
On thy cheek with blushes glowing,
When I print the eager kiſs;
Heart and soul with joy o'erflowing,
Scarce can bear the thrilling bliss!
Dearest maiden! whilst I hold thee,
'Gainst my panting flutt'ring heart;—
Whilst my trembling arms enfold thee,
Madd'ning bliss thy charms impart!
But too soon my ravish'd senses,
Sink beneath oppreſsive joy:
Life and death thy smile dispenses!
Bliſs and pain alike destroy!

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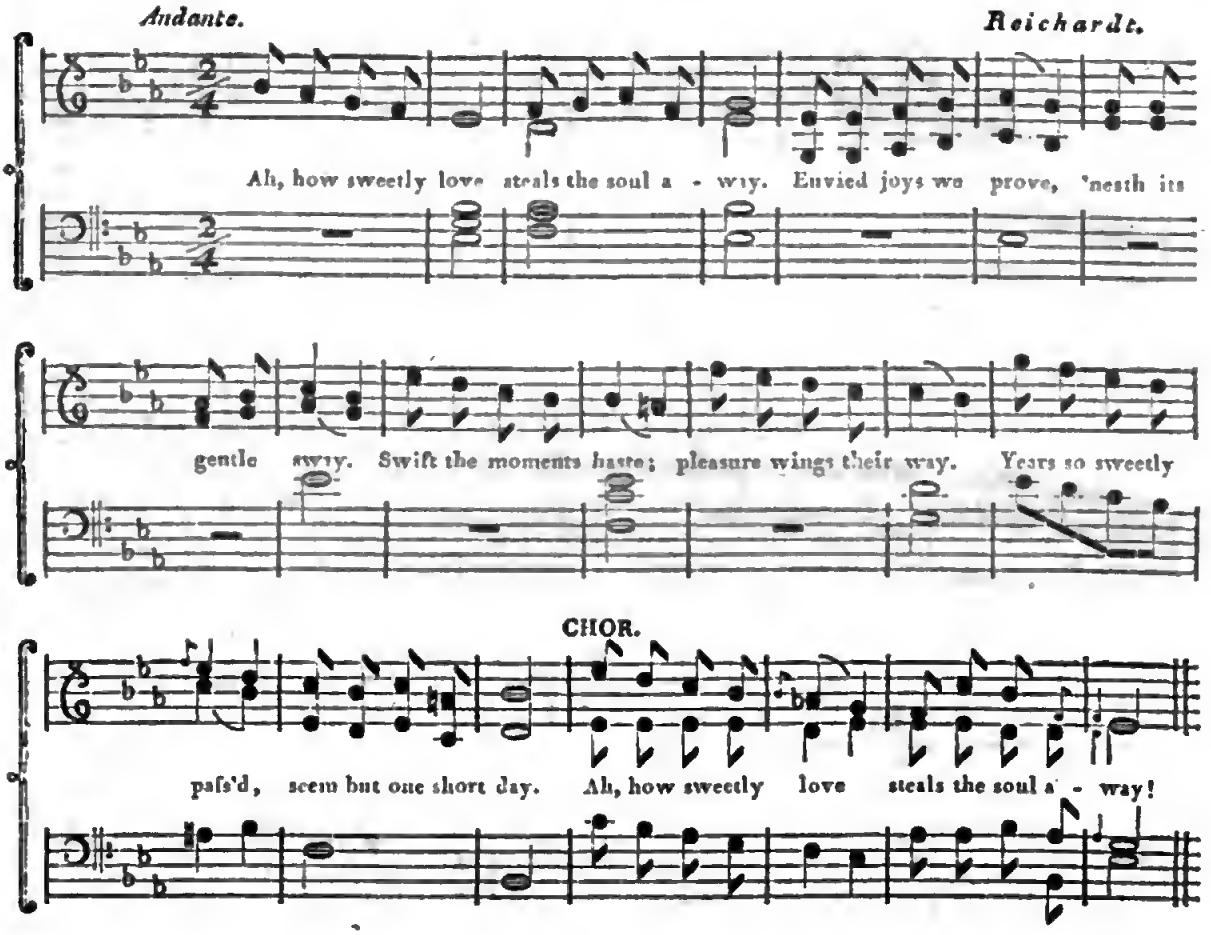
SONG.



I.

AH, how sweetly love
Steals the soul away.
Envied joys we prove,
'Neath its gentle sway.
Swift the moments haste;
Pleasure wings their way.
Years so sweetly pafs'd,
Seem but one short day.
Ah, how sweetly love
Steals the soul away!

II.

Ah, how sweetly love
Steals the soul away!
Light our labours prove,
While it gilds the day.
Duty grows a charm;
Smooth, life's rugged way.
Love's kind beams can warm
Winter's chillest day.
Ah, how sweetly love
Steals the soul away!

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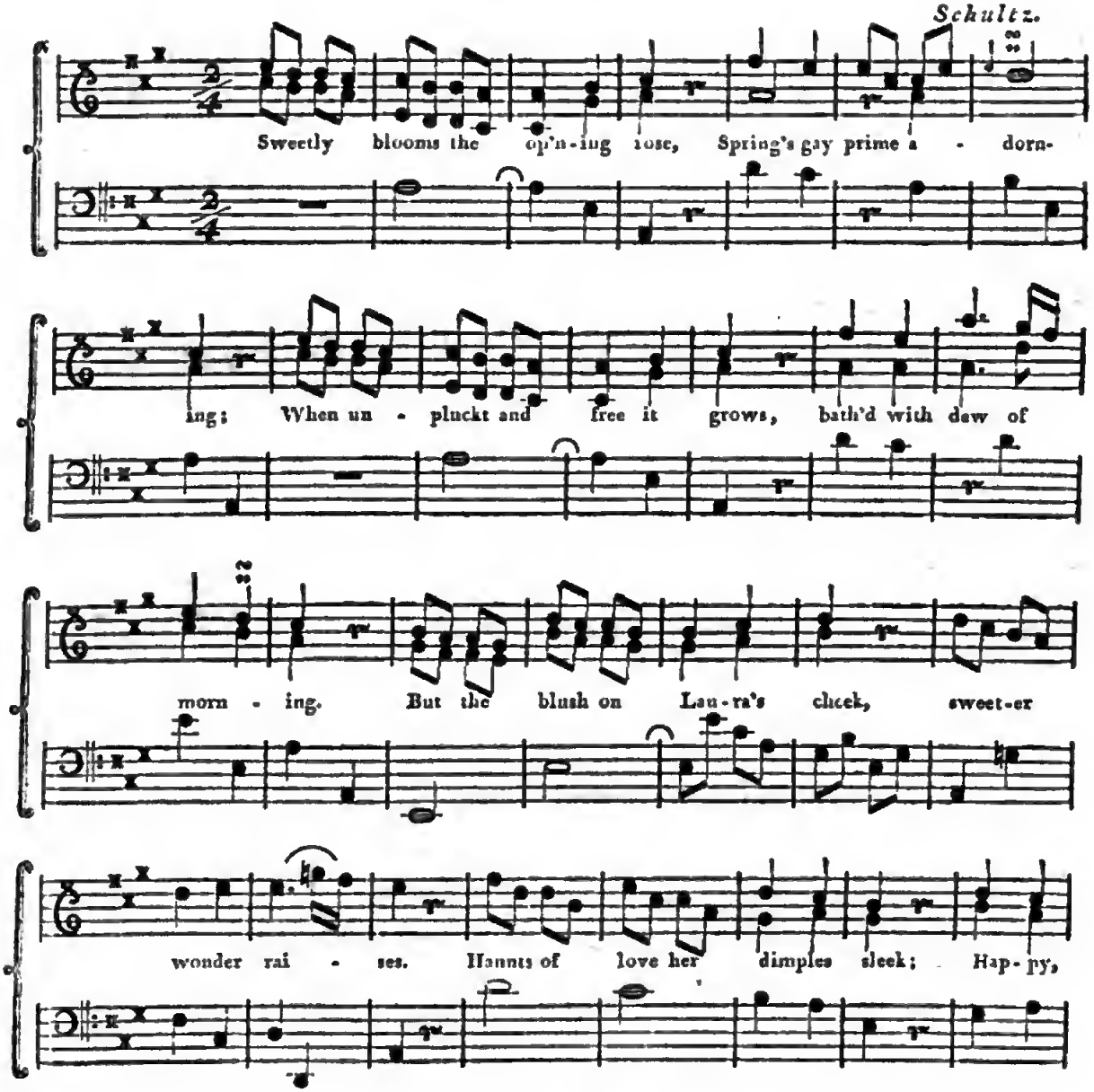
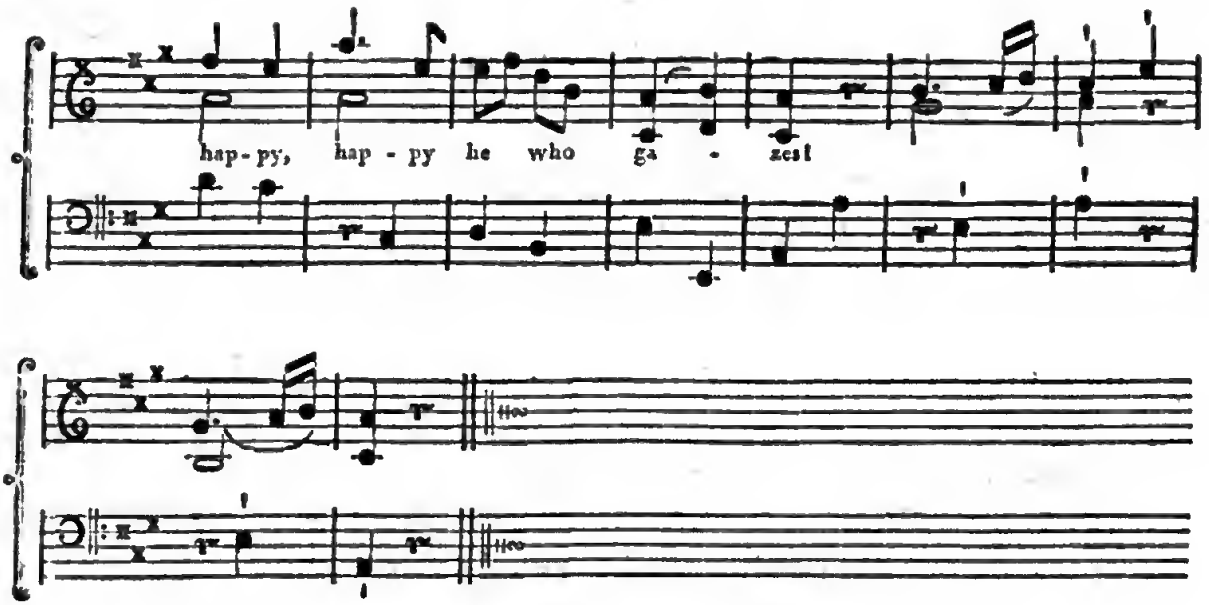
SONG.

Schultz.





I.

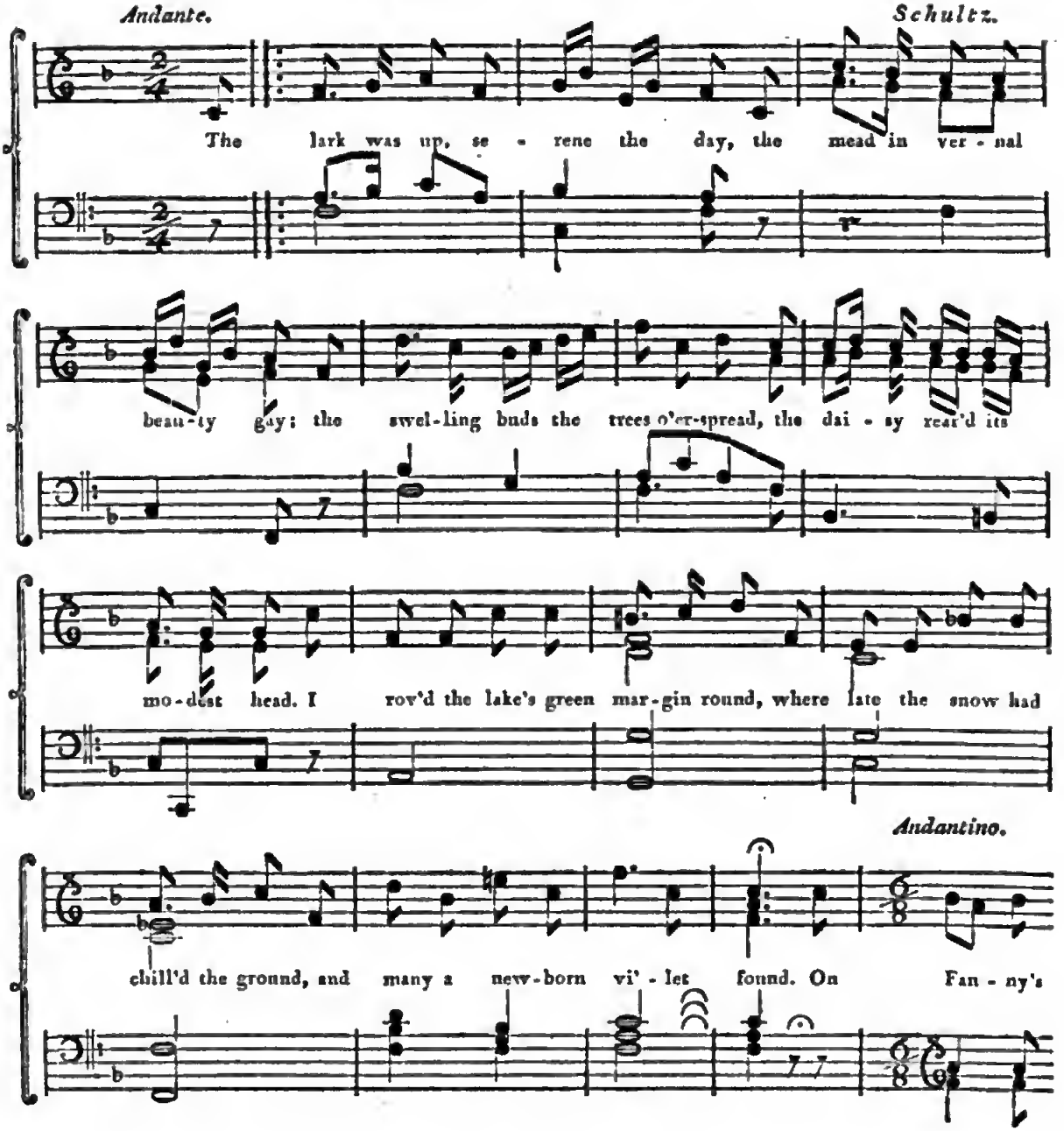
SWEETLY blooms the op'ning rose,
Spring's gay prime adorning,
When unpluckt and free it grows,
Bath'd with dew of morning.
But the blush on Laura's cheek,
Sweeter wonder raises;
Haunts of Love, her dimples sleek;
Happy he who gazes!

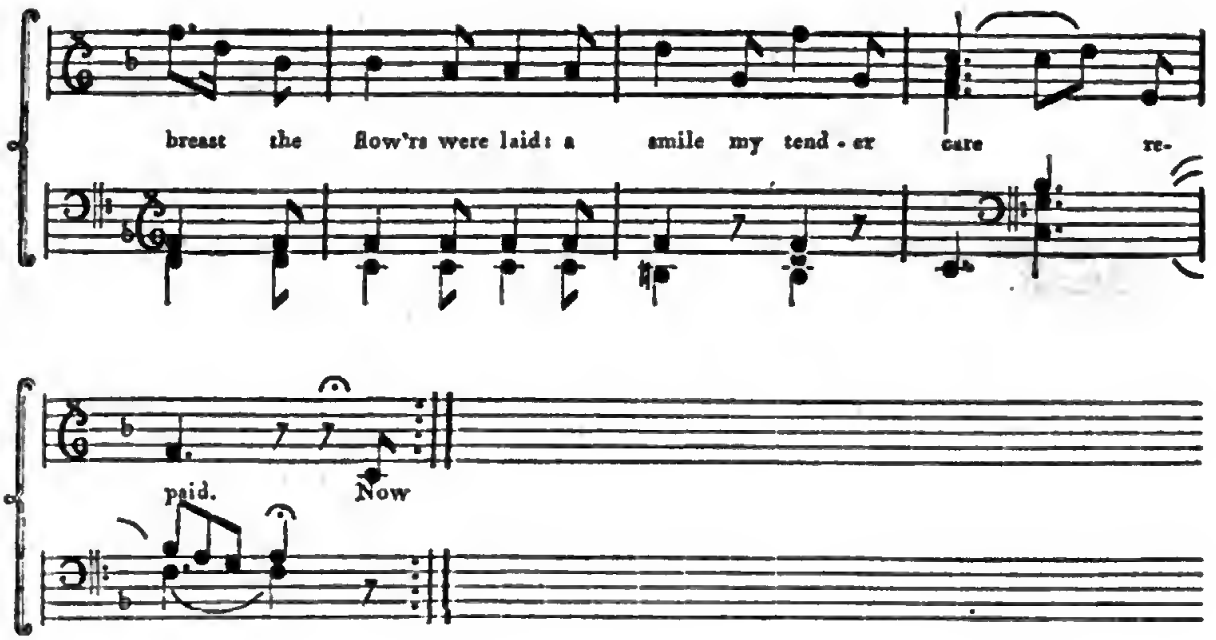
II.

Softly Zephyr bends the spray,
Fragrance softly showers; —
Wafting all the sweets of May,
Stole from new-born flowers.
But her accents softer fall;
(Nameless grace endears them;)
Rudest hearts their sounds enthral;
Happy he who hears them!

VERNAL LOVE.

Andante. *Schultz.*





I.

THE lark was up, serene the day,
The mead in vernal beauty gay;
The swelling buds the trees o'erspread,
The daisy rear'd its modest head.
I rov'd the lake's green margin round,
Where late the snow had chill'd the ground,
And many a new-born vi'let found.

On Fanny's breast the flow'rs were laid:
A smile my tender care repaid.

II.

Now here, now there, a shrub was seen,
That mark'd the grove with early green.
The streamlet, murm'ring down the glade,
Renew'd the cresset's deepen'd shade.
The mossy bank invites repose:
We sat, and caught each melting close
Of hapless Philomela's woes.

A simple wreath, her brows to bind,
Of varied moss my fair entwin'd.

III.

Then careless, hand in hand, we stray'd,
Till ev'ning cast a lengthen'd shade.
Sweet odours fill'd the breezy air,
As bloom'd the primrose fresh and fair.
Deep blush'd the sky at daylight's close,
The lake with streaming purple glows,
And bright the full-orb'd moon arose.

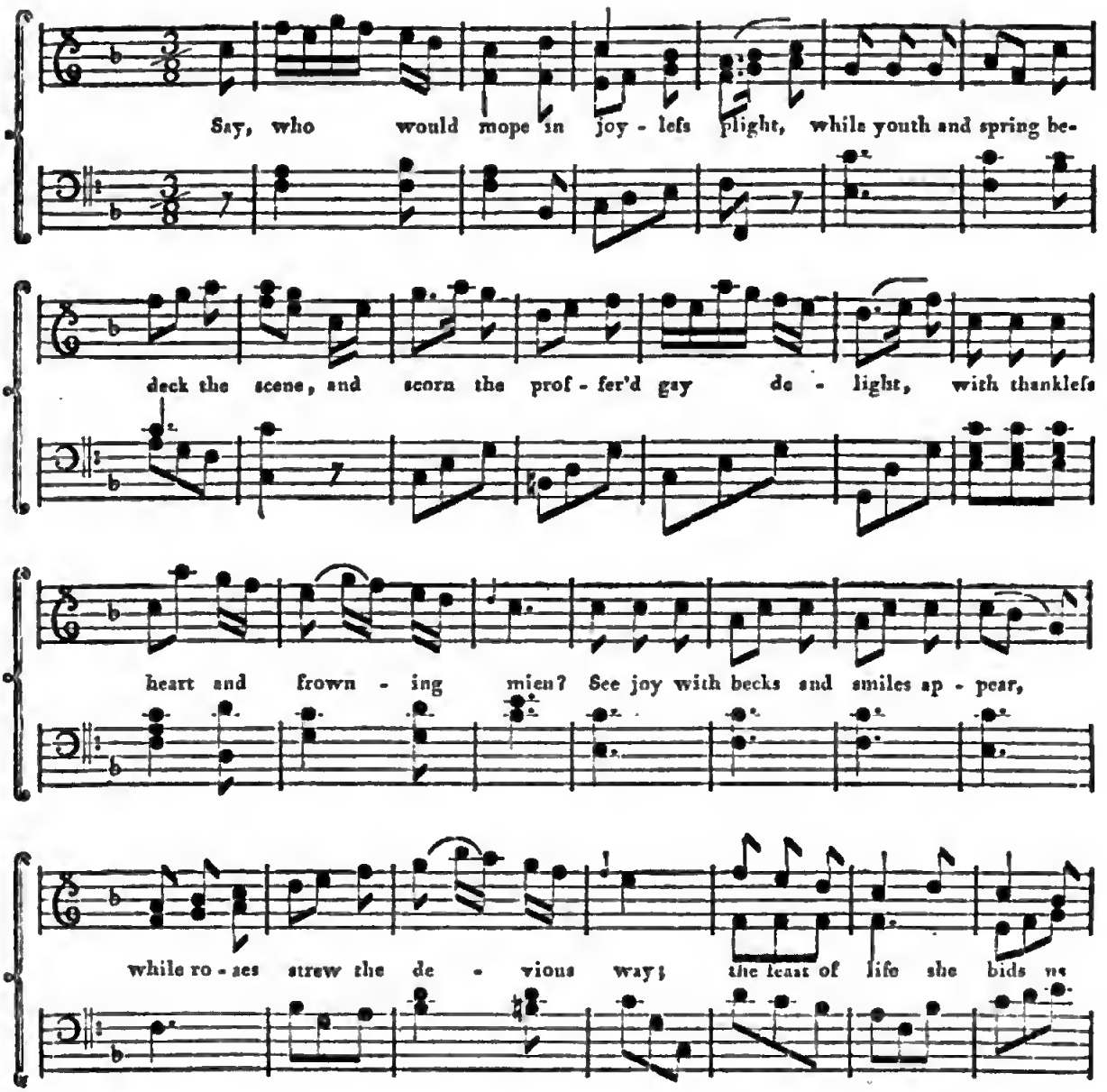
The falt'ring step, the heaving breast,
My Fanny's silent joy confess'd.

IV.

Her crimson'd cheek and loose attire,
The soft alarms of love inspire.
Again we sat, and, all reclin'd,
Inhal'd the blossom-scented wind:
Nor ought I spoke, nor ought she said;
My trembling frame, my tears, betray'd
The empire of the peerless maid.

But, ah! what transports seiz'd my soul,
The first dear kiss I softly stole!

INVITATION TO JOY.



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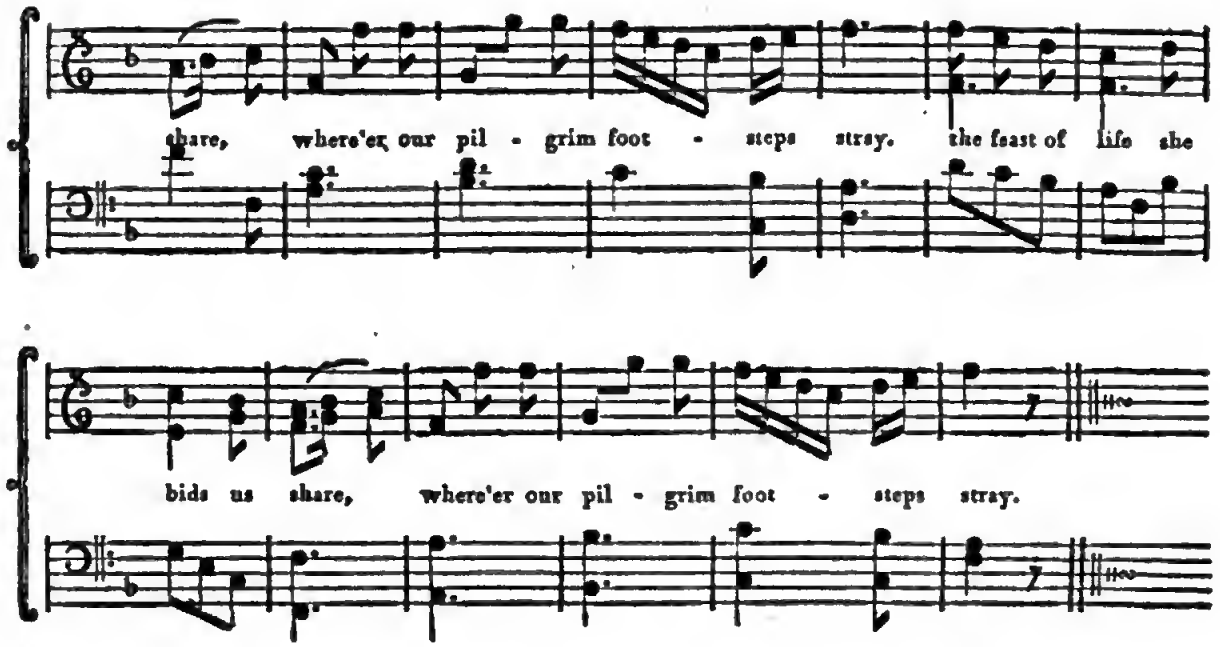


I.

SAY, who would mope in joyleſs plight,
While youth and ſpring bedeck the ſcene;
And ſcorn the proffer'd gay delight,
With thankleſs heart and frowning mien?
See Joy with becks and ſmiles appear,
While roſes ſtrew the devious way;
The feaſt of life ſhe bids us ſhare,
Where'er our pilgrim footſteps ſtray.

II.

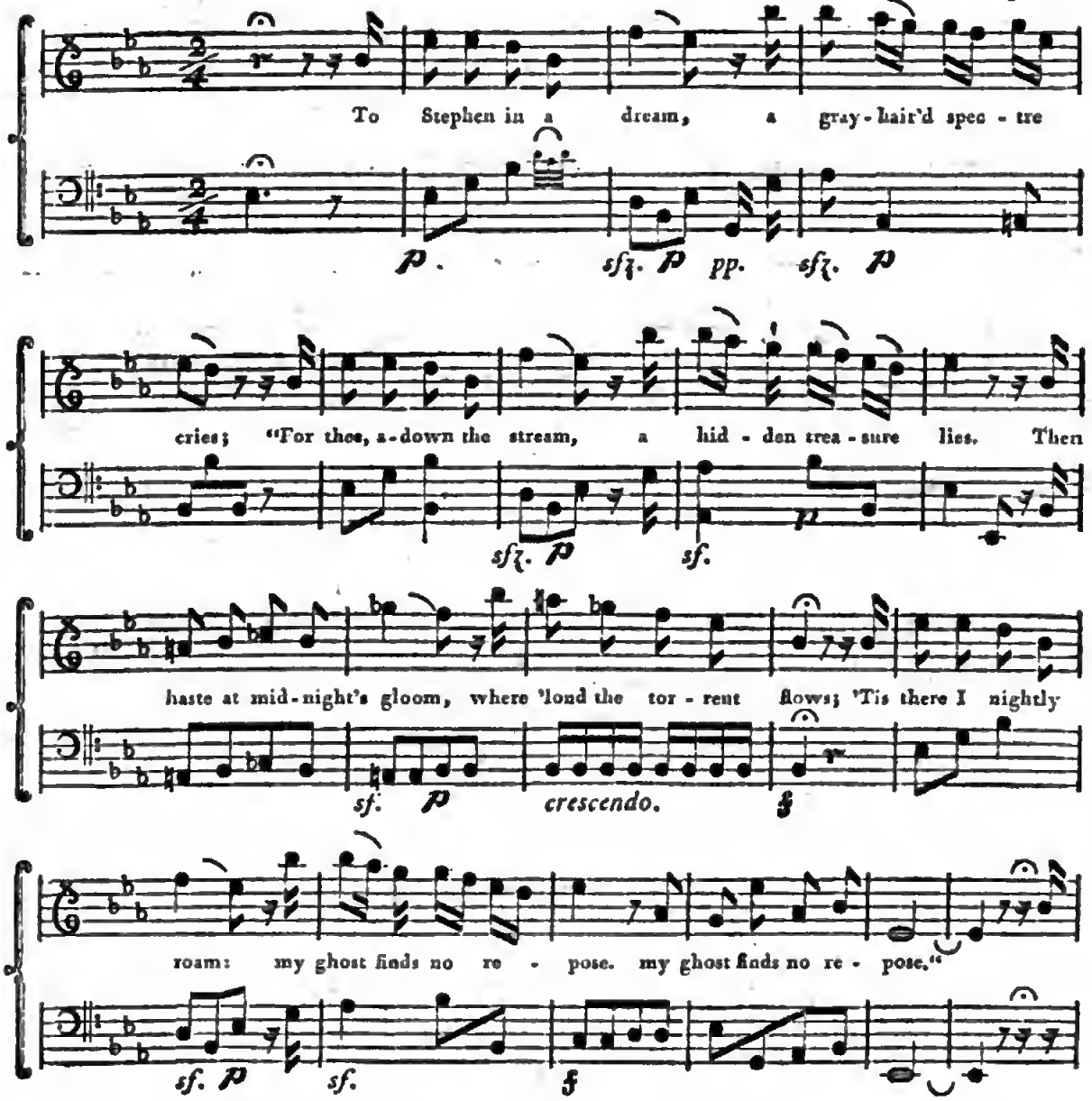
And ſtill the grove is cool and green,
And clear the bubbling fountain flows;
Still ſhines the night's reſplendent queen,
As erſt in Paradiſe ſhe roſe:
The grapes their purple nectar pour,
To ſuage the heart that griefs oppreſs;
And ſtill the lonely ev'ning-bow'r,
Invites and ſcreens the ſtolen kiſs.

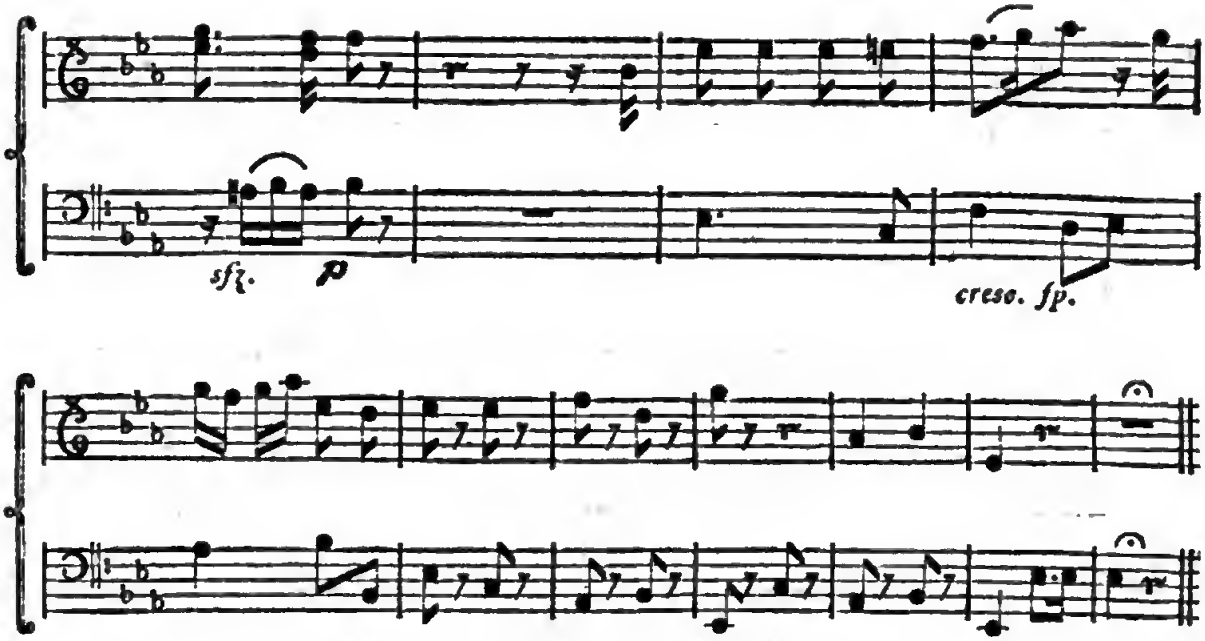
III.

Still Philomela's melting ſtrain,
Reſponſive to the dying gale,
Beguiles the boſom's throbbing pain,
And ſweetly charms the liſt'ning vale!
Creation's ſcene expanded lies; —
Bleſt ſcene! how wond'rous bright and fair!
Till Death's cold hand ſhall cloſe my eyes,
Let me the laviſh'd bounties ſhare!

SONG.

Umlauf.


To Stephen in a dream, a gray-hair'd spec-tre
cries; "For thee, a-down the stream, a hid-den trea-sure lies. Then
haste at mid-night's gloom, where 'lond the tor-rent flows; 'Tis there I nightly
roam: my ghost finds no re-pose. my ghost finds no re-pose."



I

TO Stephen in a dream,
A gray-hair'd spectre criss;
"For thee adown the stream,
"A hidden treasure lies.
"Then haste at midnight's gloom,
"Where 'loud the torrent flows;
"'Tis there I nightly roam:
"My ghost finds no repose."

II.

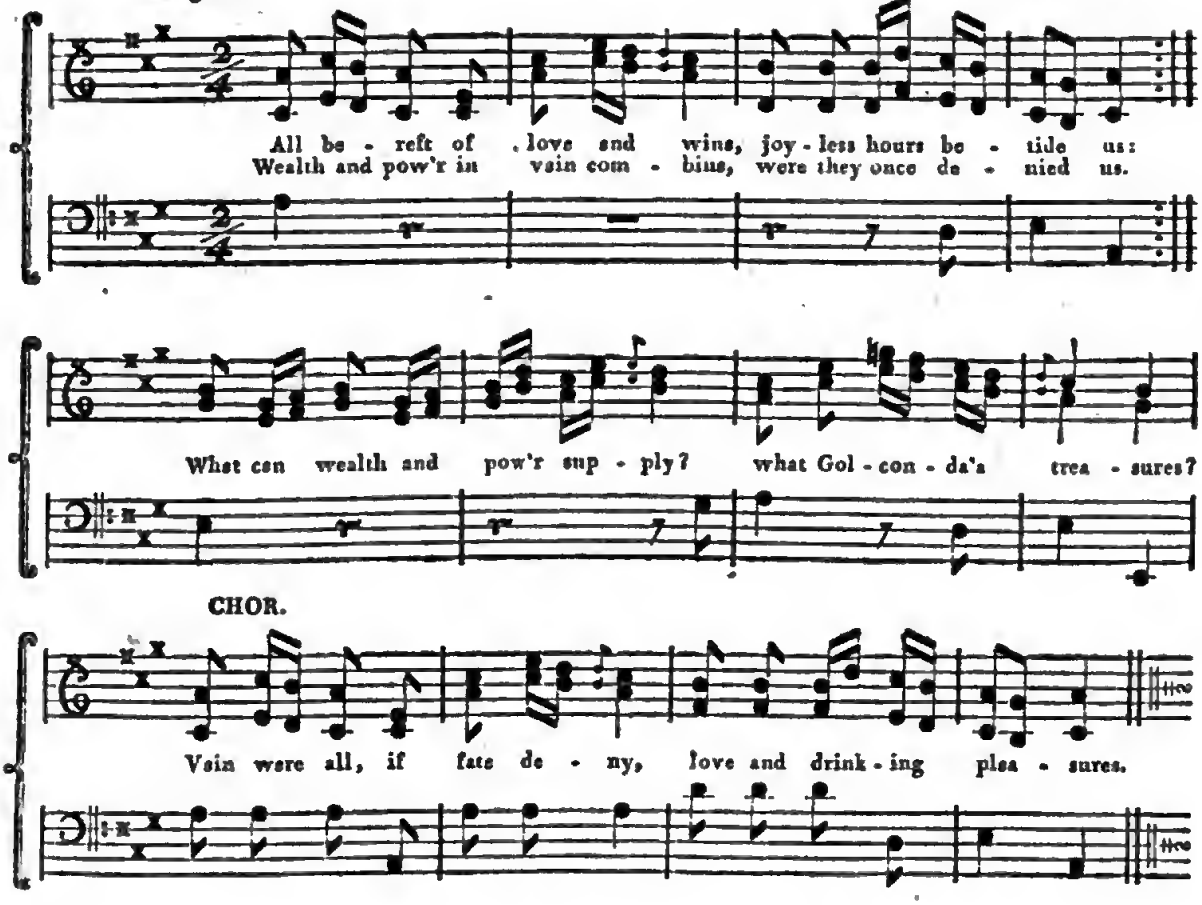
His mate cries, "Haste, my dear,
"O haste adown the stream:
"The howling winds I hear;
"'Tis sure no idle dream."
He hies the wealth to spy,
The gloomy tempests low'r;
From tombs the spectres cry,
The screech-owl from the tow'r.

III.

Adown the brook he stole,
The restless sprite was there: —
It seiz'd him by the poll;
He quak'd and shook with fear.
And lo, to deck his pate,
Two spreading antlers rise: —
He rues his wayward fate,
Then homeward sneaking hies!

SONG.

Allegro. *Hiller.*



I.

ALL bereft of love and wine,
Joyless hours betide us:
Wealth and pow'r in vain combine,
Were they once denied us.
What can wealth and pow'r supp'y?
What Golconda's treasures?
Vain were all, if fate deny,
Love and drinking pleasures.

II.

When the toils of war are o'er,
Love's the hero's duty.
Choicest gifts of fortune's store,
Wine and smiling beauty!
Sober mortals, cease to rail;
All your rules are musty.
No; — the ills of life prevail,
Only when we're thirsty!

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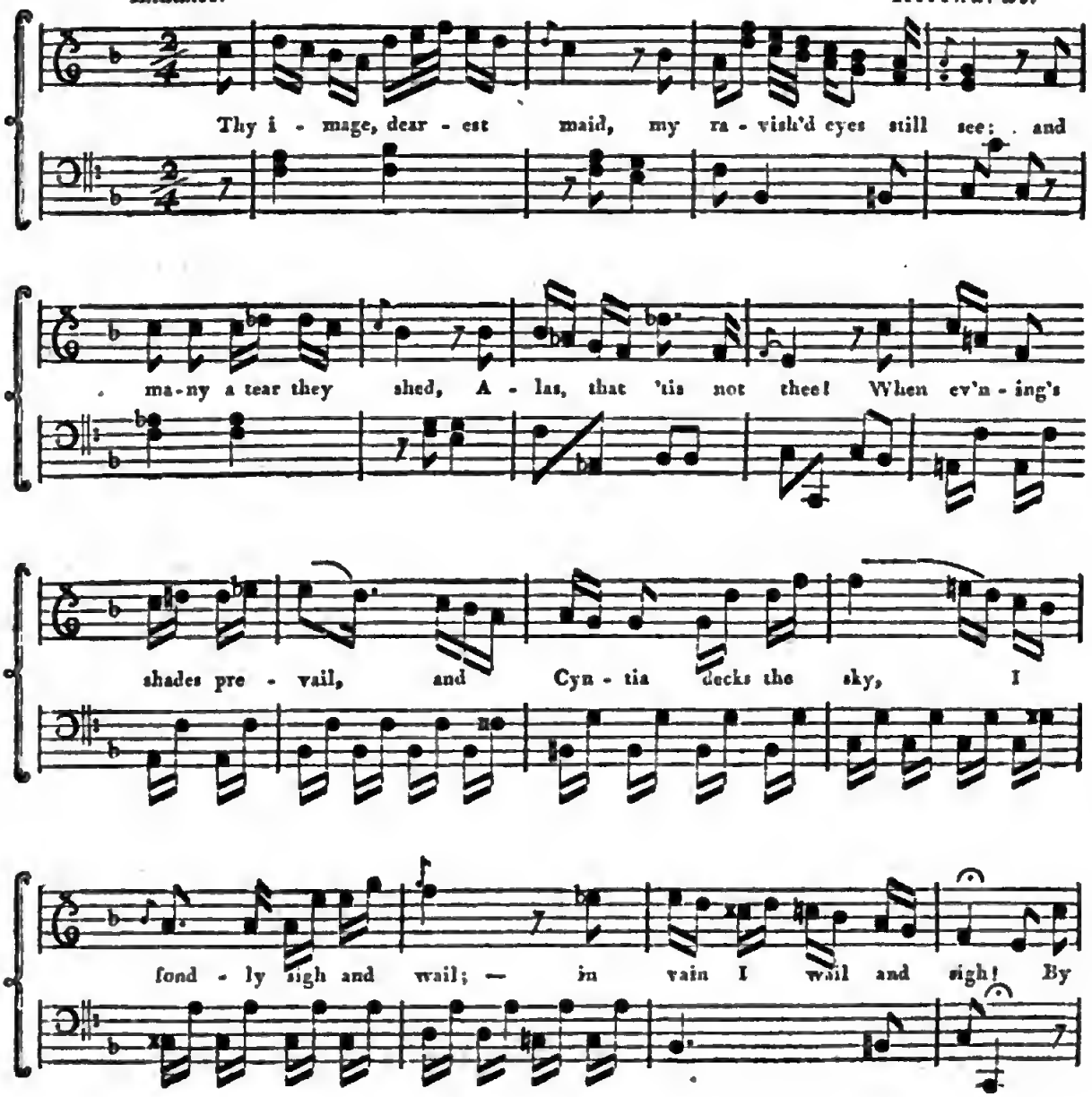
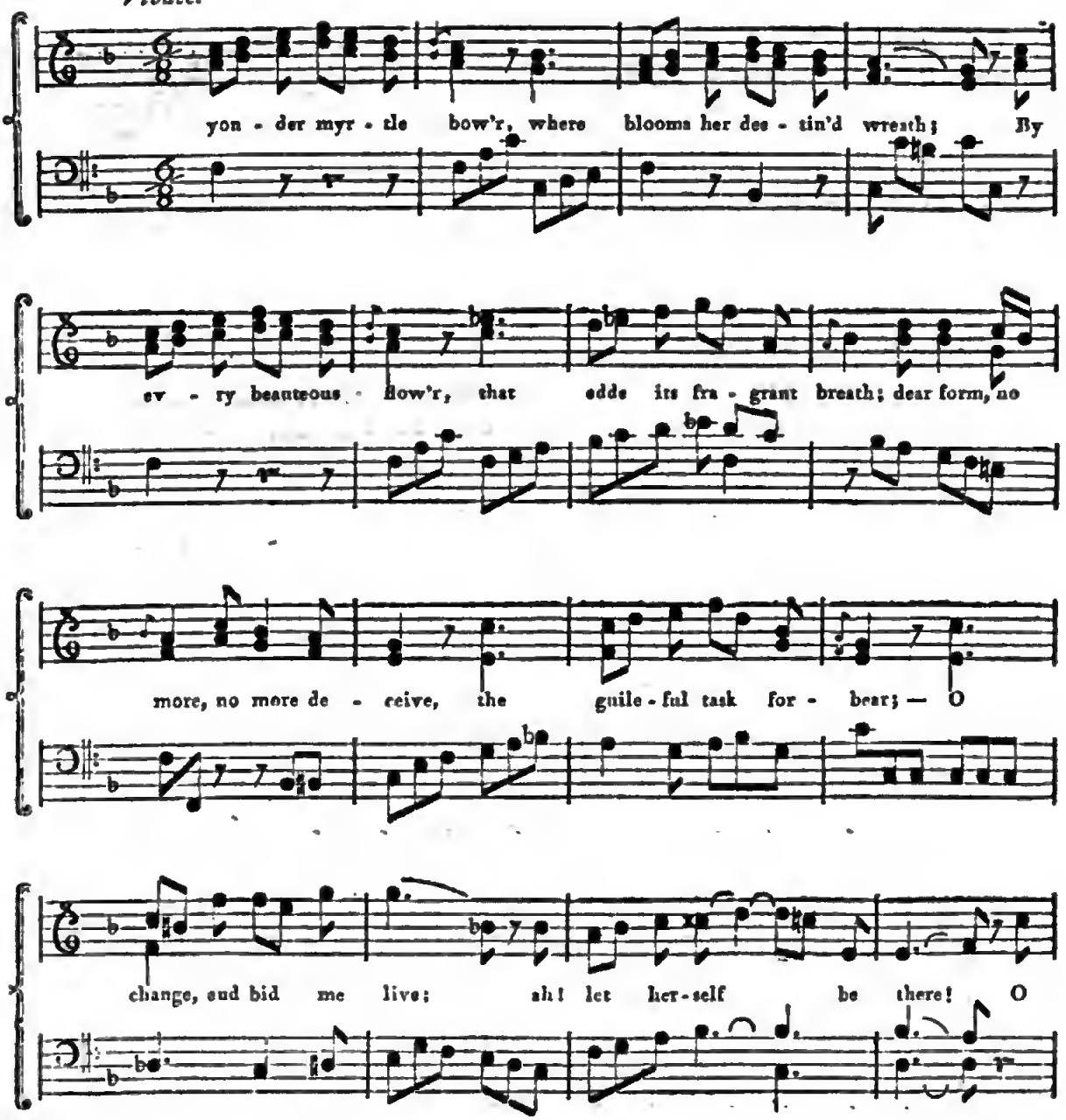
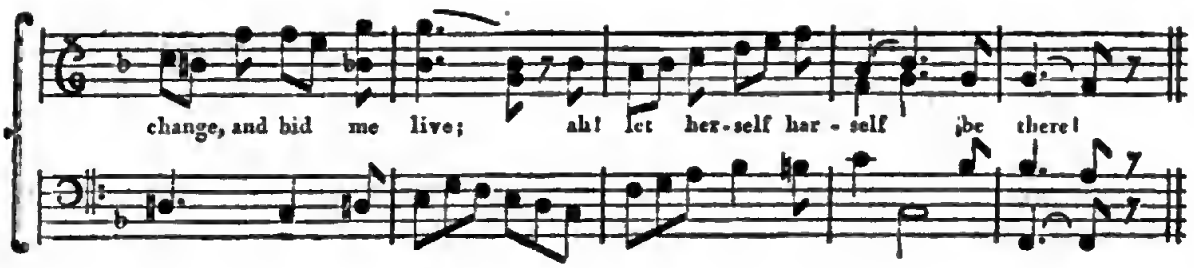
SONG.

Andante. *Reichardt.*



Vivace.


yon - der myr - tle bow'r, where blooms her des - tin'd wreath; By
ev - ry beauteous flow'r, that edde its fra - grant breath; dear form, no
more, no more de - ceive, the guile - ful task for - bear; — O
change, and bid me live; ah! let her-self be there! O



I.

THY image, dearest maid,
My ravish'd eyes still see;
And many a tear they shed,
Alas! that 'tis not thee!
When ev'ning's shadas prevail,
And Cynthia decks the sky,
I fondly sigh and wail: —
In vain I wail and sigh!

II.

By yonder myrtle bow'r
Where blooms her destin'd wreath;
By ev'ry beauteous flow'r,
That adds its fragrant breath;
Dear form, no more deceive:
The guileful task forbear:
O change, and bid me live; —
Ah! let herself be there!

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